

Blain. 541

E. S. Murray
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THE SACRED

SONGS OF THE GAEL:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Hymns, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.



EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

A Collection of Gaelic Psalm Tunes in Preparation.

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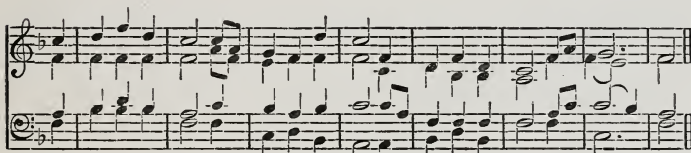
NOTE.—This is, so far as known, the First Collection of Highland Sacred Melodies published, but the vein of such Music has been found so rich and interesting, that if this Publication is well received, a second Part will shortly be added. The Compiler tenders his cordial thanks to all who have assisted in collecting and comparing Tunes.

1—LUCHD-TURUIS NA BEATHA—LIFE'S PILGRIMS.



Nach faic thu an sluagh, do chala nam buadh A fhuair tha na stuadhan beuc - ach?
 Life's pilgrims, at rest in the isles of the blest, No storms can molest for ev - er;

KEY F.	{	d	d	r	m	m	:-	s	m	r	:	d	:	r	m	:-	d		l	:	d	:	l		s	:	-	d	m	r	:	-	:	d	:-		
	d	d	:	t	:	d	d	:-	m	d	t	:	d	:	t	:	d	:	m	f	:	l	:	f		s	:	-	s	f	:	-	:	m	:	-	
	m	s	:	s	:	s	s	:-	s	s	:	s	s	:	s	s	:-	m	d	:	d	:	d	:	d	:-	d	:	t	:	-	:	d	:	-	d	:-
	d	m	:	r	:	d	d	:-	d	d	s	:	l	:	s	:	-	l	f	:	f	:	f		m	:	-	m	s	:	-	:	d	:	-	d	:-



Tha sonas is sith a Ionadh gach cridh, 'S cha sgarar iad chaoidh bho chei - le.
 But peacefully there all blessings they share, Sweet fellowship ne'er to sev - er.

{	s	l	:	d	:	l	s	:	-	s	m	r	:	d	:	l	s	:	-	d	:	l		s	:	-	d	m	r	:	-	-	d	:-	
	d	d	:	d	:	d	d	:-	m	d	t	:	d	:	d	d	:-	s	l	:	f	:	f		m	:	-	d	d	:	t	:	-	d	:-
	m	f	:	l	:	f	m	:	-	s	f	:	m	:	f	s	:	-	s	m	d	:	d	:	d	:-	m	s	:	-	f	m	:	-	:
	d	f	:	f	:	f	d	:-	d	s	:	l	:	f	m	:	-	m	f	:	l	:	f		d	:-	d	s	:	-	-	d	:-	:	

Tha'n truaighean aig crìch, tha cruin air an cinn,
 Gu binn tha iad seinn le eibhneas,
 Toirt moladh is cliù dh' Fhear-saoraidh an ruin,
 Thug sabhailt 'g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

'Nuair theann iad ri falbh bh'a'n t-slighe dhaibh dorch,
 'S mu'n cuairt dhaibh bh'a'n stoirm a seideadh
 Gu' robh lomadh ni cur eagal 'nan cridh
 Bh'a'm peacanna lionmhor eitidh.

Chaidh sgapadh 's na neoil bha cur orra sgleo,
 Is chunnaic iad glòir an Treun-fhir;
 Le creideamh 'na ghradh 's na umhlachd 'nan ait,
 Iad fein thug iad dha le eibhneas.

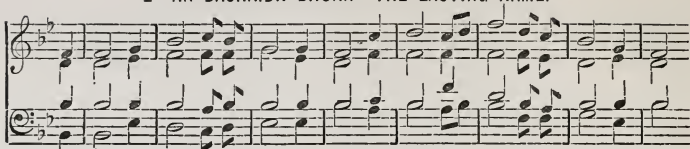
Now free from all pain, in glory they reign,
 With sweetest refrain high swelling;
 His praises, who bore them safe to that shore,
 Their songs evermore are telling.

They set out in fear, their journey seemed drear,
 And tempests severe distressed them;
 Dire trouble they found, dark night on them
 frowned,
 And sins all around sore pressed them.

Their terrors were quelled, their darkness dispelled,
 God's light they beheld down-pouring;
 With faith in His grace, they came to His place,
 And fell on their face, adoring.

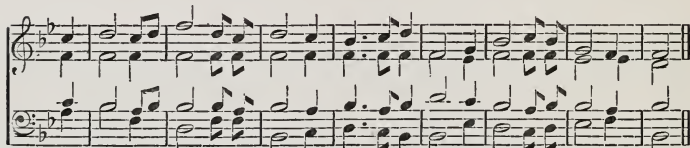
The verses are from JOHN MACLEAN'S "Saorsa tre fhuil an Uain," translated by L. MACBEAN. Slightly different versions of the air appeared in the "Popular Gaelic Melodies," and Professor BROWN'S "Thistle." The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

2—AN DACHAIDH BHUAN—THE LASTING NAME.



Air dhomh bhi sealltuinn air saoghal trugh Chi mi caochladh tigh'n air gach uair,
In this pair warl', fu' o' sin an' shame, Where death an' change can ilk moment claim,

	: S ₁	S ₁ :-: l ₁	d :-: r . d	l ₁ :-: l ₁	S ₁ :-: r	m :-: r . m	S :-: m . r	d :-: l ₁	S ₁ :-:
KEY	: m ₁	m ₁ :-: f ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁ S ₁	l ₁ :-: f ₁	m ₁ :-: S ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁ f ₁	m ₁ :-: f ₁	m ₁ :-:
B ₇	: d	d :-: d	d :-: t ₁ . d	d :-: d	d :-: r	d :-: s	m :-: d . t ₁	d :-: d	d :-:
	: d ₁	d ₁ :-: f ₁	m ₁ :-: r . m ₁	f ₁ :-: f ₁	d :-: t ₁	d :-: t ₁ . d	d :-: S ₁ . S ₁	l ₁ :-: f ₁	d :-:



Chi mi daoine a cur an cul riom, 'Sa dol gu dluth chum an Dachaigh Bhuan.
Where frien's are ev - er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Name,

	: r	m :-: r . m	S :-: m . r	m :-: r	d :-: r . m	S ₁ :-: l ₁	d :-: r . d	l ₁ :-: S ₁	S ₁ :-:
	: S ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁ S ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁ S ₁	S ₁ :-: f ₁	S ₁ :-: S ₁ S ₁	f ₁ :-: f ₁	m ₁ :-:
	: r	d :-: t ₁ . d	d :-: d . t ₁	d :-: t ₁	d :-: t ₁ . d	m :-: r	d :-: t ₁ . d	d :-: t ₁	d :-:
	: t ₁	d ₁ :-: S ₁	m ₁ :-: S ₁ S ₁	d ₁ :-: r ₁	m ₁ :-: r ₁ . d ₁	d ₁ :-: f ₁	m ₁ :-: r ₁ m ₁	f ₁ :-: S ₁	d :-:

The sean is og a dol sios do'n uaigh,
Air lag 's air laidir tha'm bas toirt buaidh,
Nuair thig an t-am dhaibh an saoghal fhagail,
Ma's tinn no slan iad, cha tarbh iad uair.

Ach 's rabhadh mor sud do chach de'n t-sluagh
'S is mithich dhomhsa gun chur fad uam,
Tha rabhadh garbh ann bhl deas gu falbh as
Oir tha'n taigh talmhaidh gu tigh'nn a nuas.

Ach ma's frean thu thuig am fuaim,
'S do'n d' rinnadh priseal an Ti thug buaidh,
Tha 'g iarraidh imeachd an ceum na firinn,
Is t' aghaidh direach air Sion shuas;

'S na h-uile cuis anns am bi ort feum,
'S e fantuinn dluth ris, fo sgail a sgeith,
Bheir ort gun giulan thu h-uile cuis diubh,
Nuair bhithas do shuil ris na dh' fhuiling e.

Is ged tha chairdean an so air chuairt
Bheir e ap air d iad, is gheibh iad duais;
Nuair thig am bas theid iad suas gu Farras,
'S bi' iad gu brath aig an Dachaigh Bhuan.

Baith young an' auld tae the grave are ta'en,
Baith weak an' bauidh death will mak' his ain,
In health or sickness, in peace or aeger,
They can nae langer on earth remain.

A solemn warin' is this tae a',
That I maun never pit far awa'
But aye be ready, for this is tellin'
The earthly dwellin' is sune tae fa'.

But if we ken the sweet joyfu' soun',
An' ha'e our treasure in Jesus foun',
An' tread the pathway o' truth an' blessin'
Still forward pressin', tae Zion houn',

In ilka trial we ha'e tae bear
We'll nestle near Him, there's shelter there,
For if we trust Him, what'er betide us,
He 'll save an' guide us for ever mair.

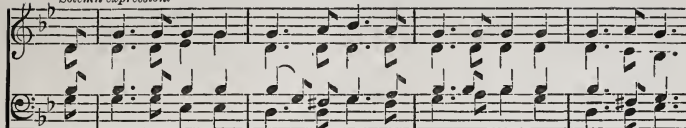
His frien's on earth He will ne'er disclaim,
But bring w' joy a' that lo'e His name,
Frae His dear presence nae mair tae sever,
But share for ever His Lasting Name.

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACDEAN. The air was noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer, and harmonized by Mr MURRAY, Glasgow.



3—AN AISEIRIGH—THE RESURRECTION.

Solemn expression.



	Air At	meadh-on oidhch' nuair midnight, when a	bhios an saogh'l slumber deep	Air Has	aomadh thairis ov - er man and	ann an suain, nature passed,
KEY	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{C}_2 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{f}_1 & : \text{I}_1 \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$		$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{f}_1 & : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 \end{matrix} \right\}$
B♭.	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{d} & \text{d} & : - . \text{d} & \text{d} & : \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{I}_1 & \text{f}_1 & : \text{f}_1 \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{d} & : \text{I}_1, \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{d} & \text{d} & : \text{d} & \text{d} & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{I}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{f}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{d} & : \text{I}_1, \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{d} & \text{d} & : \text{d} & \text{d} & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{I}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{f}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$		$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{d} & : \text{I}_1, \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{d} & \text{d} & : \text{d} & \text{d} & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{I}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{f}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{d} & : \text{I}_1, \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{d} & \text{d} & : \text{d} & \text{d} & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{I}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{C}_1 & \text{f}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$



Grad dhuisgear suas Mankind shall be	an cinn - e - daoin' awaked from sleep,	Le guth na trom - paid 's airde fuaim. By sound of the last trumpet's blast.
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	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{C}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 \\ \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : \text{d} & \text{d} & : \text{d} \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{r} & \text{m} & : \text{f} & \text{m} & : - . \text{r} & \text{d} & : \text{t}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & : - . \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : \text{r}_1 & \text{d}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{r} & \text{m} & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{t}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{r} & \text{m} & : \text{f} & \text{m} & : - . \text{r} & \text{d} & : \text{t}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & : - . \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : \text{r}_1 & \text{d}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{r} & \text{m} & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{t}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{matrix} \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : - . \text{r} & \text{m} & : \text{f} & \text{m} & : - . \text{r} & \text{d} & : \text{t}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : - . \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & : - . \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & \text{S}_1 & : - . \text{f}_1 & \text{C}_1 & : \text{r}_1 & \text{d}_1 & : - . \\ \text{C}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{I}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : - . \text{r} & \text{m} & : - . \text{t}_1 & \text{d} & : \text{t}_1 & \text{I}_1 & : \text{se} \text{I}_1 & : \text{I}_1 & : - . \end{matrix} \right\}$
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Air neul ro ard n' fhoillseach' féin,
Ard-aingeal treun le trompaid mhòir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,
Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a' mhòid.

Seididh e le sgal cho cruaidh,
'S gu'n cuir e sléibhte 's cuan 'nan ruith;
Clisgidh na bhíos marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhíos beò le h-uamhunn crith.

Le h-osaig dhoinnnaich a bheil
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhùin an t-seanain dol 'na ghluais,
Grad bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a nìos a' mairbh.

Mosglaidh na freanach an t'is,
Is dhuisgear iad gu léir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o' ghlòir,
Ga'n còmhlachadh aig beul na h-uaigh'.

Le aoibhneas togaidd iad an ceann,
'Ta àm an fuaiglaidh orra dlù;
Is mar chraoibh-mheas fo lomlan blàth
Tha dreach an Sìlanaighear 'nan gnùis.

Ach daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhuin
Gu 'n ùmhlaicheadh iad-féin do Dhia;
O! faic a mìs' iad air an glùn;
A' deamamh ùrnaigh ris gach sliabh.

'N sìu togaidd ainig glòrmhor suas,
Ard bhatach Chrìosd da'n suaineas fuil,
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa' chòir
'S da' fhulangas rinn dòigh is bun.

A great archangel on a cloud,
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,
Calling mankind, with accents loud,
To the last Judgment to convene.

Then at that awful trumpet sound
The hills and seas shall flee away,
The dead shall startle in the ground,
The living tremble in dismay.

This solid earth shall rend and rive
By tempest breath, before him sped;
And, like an ant-hill all alive,
The grave shall yield her countless dead.

The righteous dead shall first awake
From restful sleep, and life resume;
Their souls shall down from glory break,
And meet them at the open tomb.

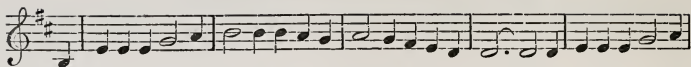
They shall with joy lift up their head,
For their Deliverer is near;
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,
His likeness shall in them appear.

But haughty men who would not deign
Before Almighty God to bow,
Oh, see them on their knees, in vain
Praying to rocks and mountains now!

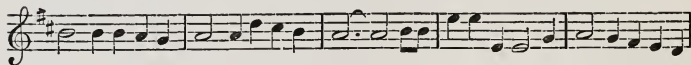
Then shall a glorious angel raise
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,
To gather those that loved His ways
And made His sufferings their plea.

Words from BUCHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air is of Ossianic origin, and a good version of it was recovered by the late J. F. CAMPBELL of Islay. The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

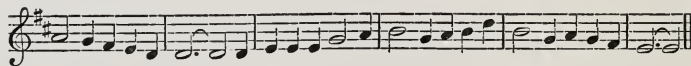
4—GLOIR AN UAIN—THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.



KEY: f; 1. | r: r: r: f: - : s | l: - : l | l: s: f | s: - : f | m: r: d | d: - : - : d | r: r: r: f: - : s |
 D. (Tha | Sìon a' seinn co | bìnn's isurraim, Toirt mìle urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn a' r'ghaol nach |
 Hark! Sìon loud rings her King's high praises, She sings and raises her voice His power to proclaim who



{ l: - : l | l: s: f | s: - : s | d: t: l | s: - : - : l | l | r: r: r: r: - : f | s: - : f | m: r: d |
 caochail tuille; 'S e | shaor i buileach o'n truaigh; Halle-luiah gu buan aig | slugh nam fàiteas A' |
 came to aid her, His fame who made her His choice. Hallelujahs prolong the song that's given A-



{ s: - : f | m: r: d | d: - : - : d | r: r: r: f: - : s | l: - : f | s: l: d' | l: - : f | s: f: m | r: - : - : - : |
 cuairteach' cathair an Rìgh, 'S na | lannas an t-Uan de 'u | t-slughair thalamh, So'n | fhuain ni tairis an cridh'.
 mong high heaven's bright host; And all who would here live near to Jesus, That dear sound pleases them most.

O, 's beag a chaidh luaidh dhe bhuidhean taitneach,
 Measg slugh 's tu's maistich na cach,
 'S tu's maistich na ghrian, 's tu miann nan cinneach,
 'S do bhriathran sìleadh le gras;
 Is tu meangan cliuichteach, ur, dh'fhas fallain,
 'S tu lub' gu talamh o ghloir;
 'S an toradh a ghluinain thu, ma shreasa,
 Cheibh Iudhaich 's cinnich dhe coir.
 'So ghaol a bha sìorruidh riarraich sinne,
 Is Dia bhi leinne 's an fheoil;
 Is cupan a ghaohl bhi taomadh thairis,
 'Se saor dha 'r n-anam ri oil;
 Tha sìmhichean solais, ghloimhor, fallain,
 Tigh'n beo o charraig nan al,
 So 'm fìor-uisge beo chuireas cool 's gach anam .
 A dh'olas glan e mar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an drithead, ni's cubhraidh na oladh
 'S o d'fhianuis thig solus is gras,
 'S tha briathran do bheil mar cheir na meala
 Toirt sgeul d'ar n-anam ri ch'air.
 'S tu leomhann treubh Iudah, fur nan gaisgeach,
 'S tu dhuig a mach as an uaign;
 'S bith' naimhdean do ghloir 'n an stol fo d'chosaidh
 'S do mhòrachd marcachd le buaidh.

Oh! who can declare how fair and gracious,
 How rare and precious His worth?
 That Branch of Renown with crown of blessing,
 Weighed down and pressing to earth,
 The Faithful and True, the Dew on Sìon,
 And Judah's Lion most strong,
 The Arm of the Lord, the Word most glorious,
 With sword victorious o'er wrong.

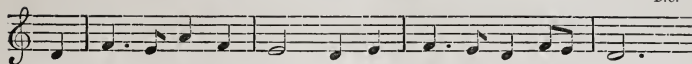
The love He bestowed long flowed high swelling,
 For God was dwelling in flesh;
 Those streams full and free that we inherit,
 The weary spirit refresh.
 We joy in Thy sight, Delight of Nations,
 Whose might salvation has won,
 Sweet Star, pure and bright, our night adorning,
 Our Light of Morning and Sun.

We praise Thee, O Lord, adored of heaven,
 Whose word has given us breath,
 Thy greatness is ours, Thy powers unending
 Are towers defending from death.
 O Mighty to save! all favour giving,
 Thou ever-living "I am,"
 Creation shall raise loud praise resounding,
 For aye surrounding the Lamb.

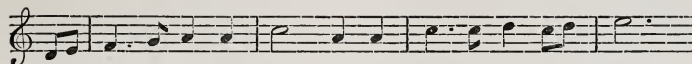
From the hymn bearing this title by P. GRANT. The English, by L. MACBEAN, is not a translation, but imitates the expressions and poetical form of the Gaelic verses.

5—LAOIDH MOLAIHD—HYMN OF PRAISE.

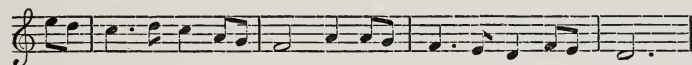
D.C.



KEY: F
C. | f : - . m | l : f | m : - | r : m | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - }
 A | Shlánuighear ro ghlór - mhor, Mo threoir ged bha mi mall,
 Bu tu fear-stiúraidh m'ò - ge, Gu m' threibeach anns gach ball;
 O Lord, I sing Thy prais - es, Who art my strength and stay,
 My lead - er through life's maz - es, To bring me to Thy way;



| r . m | f : - . s | l : l | d' : - | l : l | d' : - . d' | r' : d' . r' | m' : - | - }
 'S na'n d' fhag thu mi 's an uair sin, Bu truaigh dhomh bhos is thall,
 Thou didst not leave me stray - ing When I a - far would go,



| m' . r' | d' : - . r' | d' : l . s | f : - | l : l . s | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - ||
 'S mi cluich air bruaich ain - eibh - inn, Is nach bu leir dhomh'n call!
 With heed - less footsteps play - ing Up - on the brink of woe!

Oir dh'fhoillsich thu do gloir dhomh
 'S bha mais' gu leoir 'n ad ghnuis,
 'S nuair thuir tu "Mair-sa beo" 's ann
 Rinn m'anam sòlas ùr;
 Is grian 's is sgiath do lathaireachd,
 Is bheir thu gràs is gloir,
 'S na gheibh bhi ann ad fhabhoir
 Bbeir thu dhaibh slainte mhor.

Mo charaid thu, na fàg mi,
 'S an fhasach stiur mo cheum,
 Thoir neart a reir an là dhomh.
 Na fàg-sa mi 's na treig;
 Is nuair ni tinn mo bhualadh,
 'S nach dean an slughadh domh feum,
 Dean thus' mo leabaidh suaimhneach,
 A' cluinntinn luaidh ort fein.

Nuair thionailas mo chairdean,
 'S an uaigh 'g am charamh sìos,
 Bidh 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thamh dhomh,
 Gus an là an tig thu ris;
 Bi dluth troimh ghleann a' bhàis domh,
 'S a ghaoil, na fàg-sa mi
 Gus 'm faic mi ann ad ghloir thu
 Fad shiorruidheachd mhor gun chrich.

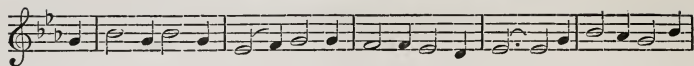
For Thou, Thy glory showing,
 Madest me Thy beauty see;
 Thy love has been bestowing
 New life and joy on me.
 Thou grace and glory givest,
 Thou art a Sun and Shield,
 Thou only ever livest,
 Thy words salvation yield.

O Lord, do not forsake me,
 But guide me as a friend,
 And strong in heart still make me,
 For what Thy love may send.
 When seized by sore diseases,
 Which no kind hand allays,
 Make Thou my bed, Lord Jesus,
 And hear me sing Thy praise.

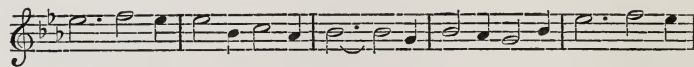
When friends, with grief high swelling,
 Have laid me 'neath the sod,
 The grave shall be my dwelling,
 Until the day of God.
 Through death's dark vale victorious,
 Oh, let me lean on Thee,
 And let me see Thee glorious,
 Through all eternity.

Words from a sacred song by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The melody has not been printed before.

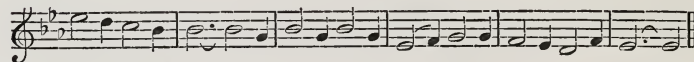
6—AN T-AITE BH' AIG EOIN—WHERE JOHN LAY.



KEY: F | $\text{S} : - : \text{M} | \text{S} : - : \text{M} | \text{D} : - : \text{R} | \text{M} : - : \text{M} | \text{R} : - : \text{R} | \text{D} : - : \text{T} | \text{D} : - : | - : \text{M} | \text{S} : - : \text{F} | \text{M} : - : \text{S}$
 E². | $\text{S} | \text{nigh-can Shi-on's fear dheth, 's i fluaig am fa-bhoir} | \text{mor, Bhi} | \text{tigh inn as an}$
 How blessed Si-on's daughter, who leaneth by the way Upon her strong Be-



{ $\text{D} : - : | \text{R} : - : \text{D} | \text{D} : - : \text{S} | \text{L} : - : \text{F} | \text{S} : - : | - : \text{M} | \text{S} : - : \text{F} | \text{M} : - : \text{S} | \text{D} : - : | \text{R} : - : \text{D}$ }
 fhasach, is | Fear a graidh 'n a coir, . . Cha'n | iarrainns' tuille fa-bhoir no }
 lov-ed, her nev-er-failing stay! It is the greatest bless-ing for



{ $\text{D} : - : \text{T} | \text{L} : - : \text{S} | \text{S} : - : | - : \text{M} | \text{S} : - : \text{M} | \text{S} : - : \text{M} | \text{D} : - : \text{R} | \text{M} : - : \text{M} | \text{R} : - : \text{D} | \text{T} : - : \text{R} | \text{D} : - : | - : \text{M}$ }
 gras an tir nam beo, . . Ach luidh air uchd an | t-Slan'gheir, an | t-ait'anns an robh Eoin.
 which I ev-er pray, . . To lean on Jesus' bo-som, where John at supper lay.

Ehiodh am broilleach blath sin 'g am arach 's bhithinn beo,
 Le neart nam briathran grasmhor ri'n iarraidh b'fhearr m'n t-^{or}.
 Ehhiodh m'anam air a shasach le pairt de'n aran beo,
 'Nuair gheibhinn bhí fo sgail-san, an t-ait'anns an robh Eoin.

Cha b'egal leam an tra' sin gach namhaid th' air mo thoir,
 'S gu'm b'e do ghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaínt 's mo thoir,
 Cha sgaradh beath' no bas mi gu brath o ghaol co mor,
 Bha cordan graidh co laidir 's au ait'anns an robh Eoin.

'S nuair dh'fhainnicheas mo bhuaidhean 's mi dol thoirt suas an deo,
 Cha dean Rìgh nan Uamhas mo sgaradh nat 's thu beo,
 Nuair bhios mo chridhe faillinn 's mi fagail gleann nam deoir,
 Bu mhath an leabaidh bhais sud bli'anns an ait' bh'aig Eoin.

'S ma dhuiseas mi 'n a ionnhaig fo dhion 's an latha mhòr,
 'Se fein 'n a sgail 's 'n a ghrian domh, 's mi riaraichte gu leoir,
 Chathinnse an t-siorruidheach 's cha'n iarrainn tuille glòir,
 Ach suidhe sìos fo sgail 's an ait'anns an robh Eoin.

Then would that loving bosom my trembling form enfold,
 I'd hear His words most gracious, more precious far than gold;
 I'd feed on living bread, and His loving face behold,
 When laid beneath His shadow where John reclined of old.

Nor death nor life could tear me from love so leal and long,
 When hidden there I'd fear not the enemy's angry throng,
 For then the strength He wieldeth would all to me belong,
 And oh! where John was lying the cords of love are strong.

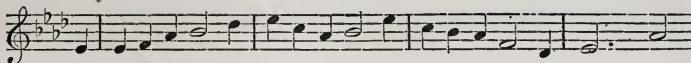
And when my life is ebbing, my earthly journey o'er,
 Thy love shall never fail me when terrors press me sore,
 When passing through the valley whence I return no more,
 Oh, happy were my death-bed where John reclined of yore.

If I waken in Thy likeness when Thy great day has shone,
 With Thee for sun and shield when the earth and seas are gone,
 Oh, this is what my heart would be ever set upon,
 To sit beneath Thy shade in the place Thou gav'st to John.

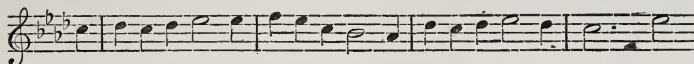
7—AM BÀS—DEATH.

Solemnly.

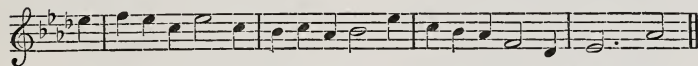
D.C.



KEY: S; | S; | l; : d | r : - : f | s : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l; : - : f; | s; : - - | d : -)
 A. 2. { Se mo | bheachd ort, a Bhais, Gur | brais' thu ri pairt, 'S gur | teachdaire laid - ir | tréun thu,)
 An cog-adh no'm blàr Cha | toir-ear do shàr, 'S aon duine cha'n fhàir do threig - siun.
 O Death, thou art still A herald of ill, Thy grasp, hard and chill, ne'er fall - eth;
 Where warri-ors fight Thou showest thy might, To shun thee no flight a - vail - eth.



{ f : m | f : m : f | s : - : s | l : s : m | r : - : d | f : m : f | s : - : f | m : - - | s : -)
 { Ach 's | teachdair ro dhàn Thu | tighinn os àird, Oir | buailidh tu stataibh 's | deire - ean,)
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Saves peasant or peer before thee;



{ f : s | l : s : m | s : - : m | r : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l; : - : f; | s; : - - | d : - ||
 { Cha | bhacar le pris Air | ais thu a ris 'S tu | dheasbhuidh anti mu'n teid thu. ||
 For gold and for gain Thou hast but disdain, And victims in vain implore thee.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu's faic iad an soills' air eigin;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinnibh an oig,
 Mu'm faodar am posadh eigheachd;
 Ma's beag no ma's mor
 Ma's sean no ma's og,
 Ma's cleachdadh dhuiunn coir no eucoir;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich nd.

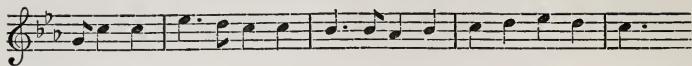
A Chumhachd a tha
 Cur h-againn a' bhais,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear fheich da,
 Tha misneach is bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheil da.
 Oir 's Athair do chlànn
 A dh' fheithes a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do'n bhàntraich fein e;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoillean sinn anns a' chreutair.

The babe at its birth,
 Ere sorrow or mirth
 It knows upon earth, thou takest;
 For the maid to be wed,
 Ere to church she is led,
 An aعرisome bed thou makest.
 If old or if young,
 If feeble or strong
 In wisdom or wrong and error;
 If small or if great,
 Whatever our state,
 We have the same fate of terror.

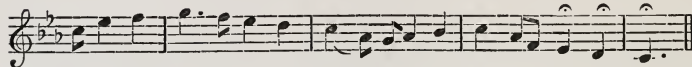
O Power, from whom
 Our sorrowful doom
 Of death and the tomb descendeth,
 How happy is he
 Whose confident plea
 On Thy promises free dependeth!
 Our Father Thou art,
 The widow's sure part,
 Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her;
 All good is bestowed,
 All favour is shewed
 By our bountiful God and Maker.

Words selected from an elegy by ROB DONN; translated by L. MACBEAN. The air is also by ROB DONN, and was published in *Popular Gaelic Melodies*, 1877.

8—AIDEACHADH—CONFESSION.



KEY. f. m | l : l | d' : - t | l : l | s : - s | f : s | l : t | d' : t | l : - . }
 E. 7. O! Thighearn' is a Dhia na glòir, An t-Ard-Rìgh mòr os ceann gach sluaigh,
 O God of glo - ry, great a - dored, Above all nations mighty King!



{ l | d' : r' | m' : - r' | d' : t | l : f . m | f : s | l : f . r | d : t | l : - . }
 { Cia dhàna ni air t-ainm ro mhòr Le bìlìbh meò-ghlan bhì 'g a luadh!
 How dare my lips, un - ho - ly, sing Thy high and ho - ly name, O Lord?

Am beachd do shùilean fìorghlan féin,
 Cha 'n 'eil na reulta 's airde glan;
 'S cha 'n 'eil na h-àngle 's naomha 'n glòir,
 'An làthair do Mhòrachd sa gun smal.

Ach O an dean thu t-isleach' féin,
 A dh'èisdeachd cnuimhe anns an ùir!
 Fo stòl do chois a' gabhail tàmh,
 'S nach faic ach sgàile beag do d' ghnùis.

Na lasadh t-fhearg O Dhia nan dùl,
 Am feadh a dheanam ùrnaigh riut:
 'S mo pheacadh aidicheam le nàir,
 'S an truailleachd ghràineil anns 'n a thuit.

Mo chiont tha mar na sléibhte mòr;
 Is leòn iad mi le iomadh lot:
 Ta m'anam bochd le 'n cudthrom brùit,
 'S o m' shùilìbh fàsg' nan dèura goirt.

Gach uile mhallachd a ta sgrìobht,
 A t-fhacal fìor le bagradh teann,
 O Thighearn thoill mi aig do làimh,
 Gu'm biodh iad cànaich' air mo cheann.

Ged dh' fhàs na nèamhan dubh le gruaim,
 'S mo bhual' le tairmeanachd do neirt
 Ged thilg thu mi gu frìnn shìos,
 Gu siorruidh aidicheam do cheart.

Gidheadh am feud an lasair threun
 A sgoilteas as a chéil an tuil;
 Drùghadh orm troimh ùmhilachd Chrìosd,
 'S mi gabhail dìon a steach fo 'fhuil?

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sìth,
 'S an tobair ioc-shlaint bhruhadh a thaobh,
 A bheir dhomh beatha as a' bhàs
 'S o m' thruaillidheachd a ni mi saor.

Seen by those purest eyes of Thine
 How dim the stars of brightest sheen!
 The holiest angels are unclean
 Before Thy majesty divine.

But, oh! wilt Thou Thyself abase
 To hear an earthly worm like me,
 Beneath Thy footstool, who can see
 But dim reflections of Thy face?

Lord, when I make my prayer to Thee,
 When I my sins with sorrow tell,
 And vilence into which I fell,
 Let not Thy wrath enkindled be!

My guilt like mountains high appears,
 That crush my soul beneath their weight,
 It has me pierced with sorrows great,
 And from mine eyes brought bitter tears.

The threatenings and the curses read
 Found written in Thy Word, O Lord,
 My sins deserve they should be poured
 In all their terrors on my head.

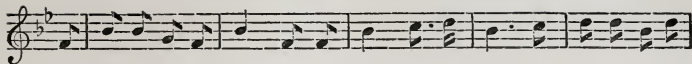
Although the skies grew black with gloom,
 And all Thy thunders on me fell,
 And Thou shouldst cast me down to hell,
 I would admit the righteous doom.

But can that flame that licks each flood
 Have any power over me,
 If Christ's obedience be my plea,
 And I am sheltered by His blood?

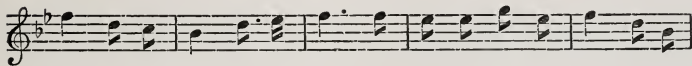
Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,
 In healing waters from His side;
 Life from His death shall these provide,
 And me from filthiness release!

Words from DUGALD BUCHANAN'S "Prayer;" translated by L. MACBRAN. The tune has not been published before.

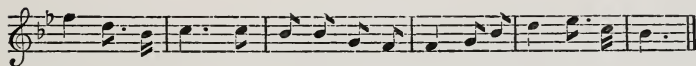
9—ORAN DO'N T-SAOGHAL—THE WORLD.



KEY. S₁ | d . d : l₁ . s₁ | d : s₁ . s₁ | d : r , m | d : - . r | m . m : d . m)
 B² Is | fhad a rinn thu, | shaoghail, Mo | shladadh mu'n | cuairt, Mo | chumail o'n Fhéar.)
 O world! thou long didst chain me, Fast bound to thy wheel, From Jesus to re-



{ s : m . r | d : m . f | s : - . s | f . f : l . f | s : m . d }
 shaoraidh 'S a | ghaol fho'ach | uam; Nam | faighinn-sa | de'n | ghaol sin Na)
 strain me, His love to conceal; If freed from thy de - stroy - ing Re-



{ s : m . d | r : - . r | d . d : l₁ . s₁ | s₁ : l₁ . d | m : f . r | d : - . }
 shaoradh mi | uat, Bhiodh m' | intinn tighinn | beo Air a' | ghloir sin tha shuas. }
 strains by that love, My heart would be en - joy - ing The peace from above.

Bhiodh m' intinn 's mo mhiann
 Air an Dia sin tha beo,
 An oighreachd a tha siorruidh,
 'S a ghrian tha gun neoil,
 An tobair o'n tig slàint'
 Agus gairdeachas mor,
 'S a ghairdean nach failinn
 'S e Ard-Rìgh na gloir.

Nam faighinn tuille fàbhoir
 Is gràs bheireadh buaidh,
 Bhiodh m' intinn a' tannh
 Anns an aros tha shuas,
 Ged bhithinn anns an fheoil
 Bhiodh mo dhochas gu buan
 Rì aon latha mor
 Anns nach comblaich mi truaigh.

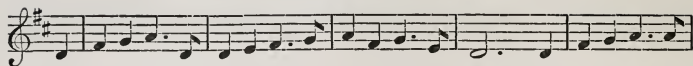
Nam faighinn tuille naomhachd
 Is saorsa o'n Uan,
 'S tuille de 'n a ghaol sin
 A shaor mi o thruaigh
 Thaisginn mo chuid òir
 'S an tigh stoir sin tha shuas
 Far nach goid na meirlich
 'S nach cnamh e le ruaidh.

My mind would be ascending
 To heaven's Highest One,
 The Kingdom never-ending,
 The bright cloudless Sun;
 Salvation's founts unfailing,
 Whence joys ever spring,
 The right arm all-prevailing,
 The great glorious King.

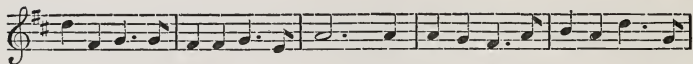
If love to me were given,
 And overcoming grace,
 My thoughts should be in heaven,
 In God's holy place;
 And though in flesh remaining,
 My hopes still should be straining,
 For that day ever striving,
 That brings bliss to me.

If I were made more holy,
 And more free by Christ,
 More pure and true and lowly,
 By His love unpriced,
 My hopes in Him should centre,
 My wealth should be stored
 Where thief nor rust can enter—
 The stores of the Lord.

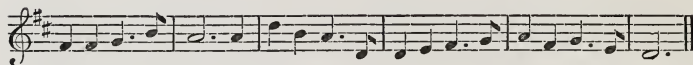
10—CUIREADH CHRÍOSD—CHRIST'S INVITATION.



KEY: \sharp D. $\{$ $\text{m} : \text{f} | \text{s} : - \text{d} | \text{d} : \text{r} | \text{m} : - \text{f} | \text{s} : \text{m} | \text{f} : - \text{r} | \text{d} : - | - : \text{d} | \text{m} : \text{f} | \text{s} : - \text{s} \}$
 D. $\{$ Tha daoine taghta ann le Dia, D'an d'fhunge riann a lghradh, Ged tha iad ciontach, $\}$
 God has His chosen ones for whom His love flows full and free, Though they deserve a



$\{$ $\text{d}' : \text{m} | \text{f} : - \text{f} | \text{m} : \text{m} : \text{f} : - \text{r} | \text{s} : - | - : \text{s} | \text{s} : \text{f} | \text{m} : - \text{s} | \text{l} : \text{s} | \text{d}' : - \text{f} \}$
 caillte, truagh, Seol truaillidh ole ri each, Tha tagha Dhia 'n a uaigneas mor, Nach
 sinner's doom, And poor and wretched he, God's choice is still a hidden thing, To



$\{$ $\text{m} : \text{m} | \text{f} : - \text{l} | \text{s} : - | - : \text{s} | \text{d}' : \text{l} | \text{s} : - \text{d} | \text{d} : \text{r} | \text{m} : - \text{f} | \text{s} : \text{m} | \text{f} : - \text{r} | \text{d} : - | - \}$
 col do dhuil fo'n ghrein; Cha riaghailt dleasnaís e do neach, Ach reachd is soisgeul Dé.
 sons of men unknown; The Law and Gospel of our King Must be our rule alone.

Tha cuireadh Chríosd 'n a fhacal fein,
 'S o bheul a theachdair, caomh,
 'Nuair ghabhar é 'n a aobhar-carbs'
 D'ar n-anmaibh falamh faoin;
 Co daingean is co dearbht' le cheill'
 'S ged leughamaid 's an uair
 Ar n-ainmeana gu leir fa leth
 An Leabhar Beath' an Uain.

Theid neamh is talamh thart gun cheisid,
 Ach seasaidh facl Chríosd;
 A pheacach, eisd r'a chuireadh reidh
 'S gabh e le creideamh fíor—
 "O thigibh h-ugam-sa gach aon
 Ta saothrachadh 's fo oblaoidh,
 A ta fo eallach throm 's fo chuail
 Is bheir mi suaimhneas duibh.

"Mo chuing-sa ceanglaibh ribh gu teann,
 Is ionmsaichibh mo dhoigh;
 Oir ta mi macant' agus mín
 An cridh' 's an cleachdadh fós;
 Is eirmisidh bhur n-anama truagh
 Air suaimhneas is air sgein;
 Oir ta mo chuing-sa socrach caomh
 Is m'eallach aotrom seamh."

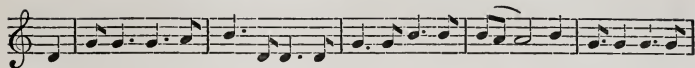
Christ's invitation, full and free,
 By Book and voice conveyed,
 When once accepted as our plea,
 On which our hopes are laid,
 In spite of sin and inward strife,
 We may as firmly claim,
 As if within the Book of Life
 We each could read our name.

Though heaven and earth shall disappear,
 Christ's word abideth sure;
 His loving call, O sinner, hear,
 And blessedness secure—
 "Come unto Me, ye weary ones,
 Who labour sore oppressed;
 Come, all men's heavy-laden sons,
 And I will give you rest;

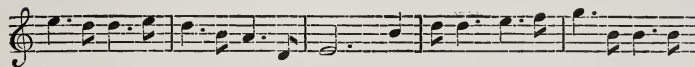
"Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
 The lessons I impart;
 My meek and gentle spirit see,
 And lowliness of heart;
 So shall your souls for ever live,
 At rest from toil and care;
 For easy is the yoke I give,
 My burden light to bear."

From a hymn by Dr. M'GREGOR. Translation by L. M. The air appeared in the *Gael*, to JOHN MORRISON'S hymn, "Maise Chríosd."

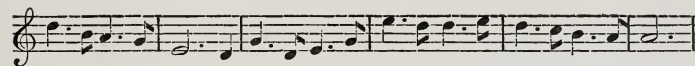
11—FULANGS CHRÌOSD—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY: F | S .S : - | S : -l | t : -r | r : -r | s : -s | t : -t | t .l : - | - : t | s .s : - | s : -s)
 C. 'S e fulang - as mo Shlanuigher A bhith's mo dhan a luaidh, Mor-ìrios-lachd an /
 The sufferings of my Sav - iour I cel - ebrate and sing, The birth and meek be-



{ m' : -r' | r' : -m' | r' : -t | l : -r | m : - | - : t | r' .r' : - | m' : -f' | s' : -t | t : -t)
 Ard-Rìgh sin 'N a bhreith's 'n a bhàs ro chruaidh. 'S e'n t-iongantas bu mhìorbhuilich, Chaidh /
 haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wonder most in - seru - ta - ble That



{ r' : -t | l : -s | m : - | - : r | s : -r | m : -s | m' : -r' | r' : -m' | r' : -d' | t : -l | l : - | - ||
 inise riadh do'n t-sluagh, An Dia bha ann o shiorruidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chìochran truaigh!
 human tongue can name, Th' E - ter - nal and Im - mu - ta - ble A suckling Child became!

'Nuair ghabht' am broinn na h-òighe e;
 Le còmhnaidh Spioraid Dé,
 A chum an Nàdur Daonna sin,
 A dheanamh aon ris féin;
 Ghabh e sgàil mu Dhiadhaidheachd
 'S de'n BHRÌATHAR rinneadh feòil,
 Is dh' fhoillsich an rùn diomhair sin,
 Am pearsa Chrìosd le glòir.

Rugadh 'an stàbulla dèibhidh e,
 Mar dhilleachdan gun treòir;
 Gun neach a dheanadh chàirdeas ris,
 No bheireadh fàrdoch dhò,
 Gun mhuintir bhì 'g a fhìthealadh,
 No uidheam mar bu chòir;
 Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartaichadh
 D' a dual gach uile glhòir.

Eha tuill aig na sionnachaidh
 Gu'm falachadh o thèinn;
 Eha nid aig na h-eunlaithè
 An gèugaibh àrd nan crann;
 Ach e-san a rinn uile iad,
 'S gach nì 's a' chruinne ché,
 Eha e féin 'n a fhògarach,
 Gun chòmhnaidh aig fo'n ghréin.

Conceived in pure virginity
 By God the Spirit's might,
 He deigned with His divinity
 Our manhood to unite;
 He took on corporeity
 And flesh the WORD was made,
 The mystery of Deity
 In Jesus was displayed.

His birth was one of lowliness
 Within a stable bare,
 Which He, the Lord of holiness,
 With cattle had to share.
 No retinue attended Him
 In robes of brilliant hue,
 No tender hand befriended Him
 To whom all love is due.

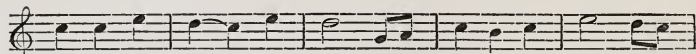
The foxes had their hiding-place
 Where they could safely rest,
 The birds their own abiding-place
 In tall tree-tops possessed;
 But He, whose liberality,
 Gave them and all things birth,
 Was needing hospitality—
 A fugitive on earth.

Hymn by DUGALD BUCHANAN. The air is that sung in Rannoch, where the hymn was composed. It was contributed to this collection by a native of that district.

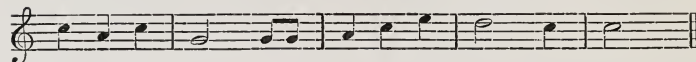
12—ORAN MU LEANABH OG—A CHILD IN HEAVEN.



KEY: f: S . S l : S : l | d' : - : S . S | l : l : d' | s : - : s . l |
 C. (Eha mi'm chadal gu blath An n am fagadh mo mhath'r, I'g am)
 I lay warm at rest On my mother's dear breast, And her



{ d' : d' : m' | r' : d' : m' | r' : - : s . l | d' : t : d' | m' : - : r' . d' }
 { phagadh 's a bhfh fo mo cheann, Thainig teachdair a bhais, Thuirt gu'n }
 arm held me pressed to her side, When Death's herald came nigh To



{ d' : l : d' | s : - : S . S | l : d' : m' | r' : - : d' | d' : - : ||
 { sibhlainn gu'n dall, 'S nach robh fuireach no tiamh domh ann. ||
 call me on high, And no longer could I a-bide.

Dhuigs mo mhathair le gaor,
 'S thuir i "M'aillean gaol,
 Ciod dh'fhairich thu? Cha'n fhaod thu falbh!"
 Rinn i greim orm cho teann,
 Cha bhithheadh dealachdainn ann,
 'S mo chridhe cho fann 's mi balbh.

'Nuair dhuin iad mo shuil
 Thainig ainglean na cùirt,
 'S thug iad mis' leo cho dluth 's cho luath;
 Chaidh sinn troimh na glinn dorch'
 Far nach bu leir dhuibh bhur lorg,
 Ach thainig sonas nis orm bhithas buan.

Nam faiceadh m'athair 's mo mhath'r
 Meud mo shonas 's an ait' s'
 Bhiodh iad toilicht gun d'fhag mi'n saogh'l;
 'S bhiodh gach latha mar bhliadhn'
 Gus am faigheadh iad triall,
 Gu co-chomunn ta siurruidh buan.

Tha cuid so as gach ait'
 Air an tional le gras,
 As gach treubh agus pairt de'n t-sluagh,
 Ach 's ann aca tha'n gaol
 Nach robh 'n leithid measg dhaoin'
 'Nuair a bha iad 's an t-saoghal thrugh.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n ceòl
 Nach teid mhasgadh le bròn;
 Tha e fantuinn 'n a oran nuadh,
 Clu is onoir is glòir
 Do'n tì bha marbh is tha beo,
 A shaor sinne o'n doruinn bhuan.

She awoke with a start,
 Crying, "Love of my heart!"
 What ails thee? Thou art not dead!"
 And she fondled me so,
 She would not let me go
 Till my life, ebbing low, had fled.

When they closed my young eyes,
 Angels came from the skies,
 And they made me to rise above;
 Oh, swift was our flight
 Through the valleys of night,
 And I now dwell in light and love.

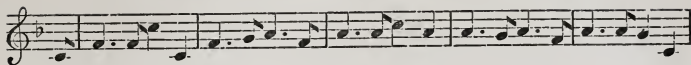
Could my parents conceive
 What joys I receive,
 They never would grieve for me;
 They would long to appear
 With the holy ones here,
 Where such fellowship dear can be;

Saints from many a place
 Assembled by grace,
 From each nation and race below;
 And such love in them swells
 As on earth never dwells,
 And pure gladness dispels their woe.

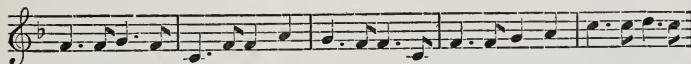
Free from discords of pain,
 We hear the sweet strain,
 Which shall ever remain a new song;
 A new song which we raise
 To our Saviour always,
 To whom honour and praise belong.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. MACBEAN. Melody written down from a native of Strathspesy.

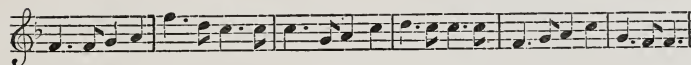
13—MORACHD DHE—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



KEY: $\left. \begin{matrix} S_1 \\ F. \end{matrix} \right\} \begin{matrix} | d :-d | s : s_1 | d :-r | m :-d | m :-m | s : m | m :-r | m :-d | m :-m | r : s_1 \end{matrix} \right\}$
 Co chuartaicheas do bhith a Dhè! An dòimhne' shluig gach reusan suas; 'N an oidhirpibh tha
 Who can Thy being, Lord, contain? That deep where reason's efforts sink; Angels and men are



$\left\{ \begin{matrix} | d :-d | r :-d | s_1 :-d | d : m | r :-d | d :-s_1 | d :-d | r : m | s :-s | l :-s \end{matrix} \right\}$
 aingle's daoin' Mar shligean maoraich glacadh chuain. O bhith-bhantachd that thus'a'd Rìgh 'S nì
 shells that fain Would all the mighty ocean drink. Thou hast been King, O God, for aye; Thy



$\left\{ \begin{matrix} | d :-d | r : m | d' :-l | s :-s | s :-r | m : s | l :-s | s :-s | d :-r | m : s | r :-d | d :- \end{matrix} \right\}$
 bheil 'an t-saogh'is' ach an c'n dà: O 'a beag an eachdraidh chualas dìot, 'S cha mbò do d'ghulomb a fa fo'n ghréin.
 history has been lit - tie told; This world is but of yesterday; Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

Ge d' thionndadh 'ghrian gu neo-ni rìst,
 'S gach ni fa chuairt a soluis mhbòir;
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndrainn uath,
 'S bhiodh'n euan ag ionndrainn sìleadh 'mheòir.
 An cruthach' cha dean le uile ghlòir,
 Lan-fhoillseachadh air Dia nam feart;
 Cha 'n 'eil 's na h-oibre ud gu léir,
 Ach taisbean earlais air a neart.

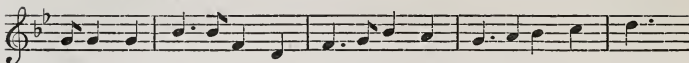
Le'r tuigse thana 's diomhain duinn
 Bhi sgrùdadh 'chuain a ta gu chrìoch;
 An litir 's lugha dh' ainm ar Dé,
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'r reusan l.
 Oir ni bheil dadum coltach riut,
 An measg t'uil' oibre fein gu leir,
 'S an measg nan daoine ni bheil cainnt
 A dh' innseas t' ainm ach t' fhacal fein.

The sun and all things that exist
 Within its circling light, would be
 From Thy vast works as little missed
 As tiny drop from brimming sea.
 Creation, glorious though it be,
 Brings not the power of God to light,
 For all His works that we can see
 Give but an earnest of His might.

Our shallow minds in vain explore
 This fathomless and shoreless main;
 One letter of God's name is more
 Than human reason can sustain.
 Nought is there like Thyself among
 The works which Thou of old didst frame;
 Nor is there speech on human tongue,
 But Thine own Word, can tell Thy name.

14—EARBS' A CHRIOSDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

Slow and with feeling.



KEY (. l₁ | l₁ : l₁ | ḍ : - . ḍ | s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ | ḍ : t₁ | l₁ : - . t₁ | ḍ : r | m₁ : - .)
B^b. Dhia, dean mo phlannadh ann an Crìosd, 'S mo chrìonach bristidh mach le blath, }
 Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree, }



(f. m | s : m | r : - . d | r : m | s₁ : - . s₁ | l₁ : d | m : - . r | ḍ : t₁ | l₁ : - . ||
 { Is bi'dh gach sùbhailc 's naomha gleus Mar mheas a lùb mo gheug gu làr!
 Weighed down to earth its boughs shall be, With graces as with fruits unpriced! ||

Mo smuaintean talnabaidh tog gu nèamh,
 Is thoir dhomh earlas air do ghràdh,
 A dh' fhògras m' eagal uile uam,
 'S a shaoras mi o uambunn bàis.

'N sin atadh tonnan borb a' chuain,
 Is beucadh torann chruaidh nan speur ;
 Thigeadh crìth-thalmhuinn, gort, is plàigh,
 Bhios 'roinn a' bhàis gach taobh a théid.

Bi thus' a'd Dhia do m'anam féin,
 'S bi'dh iad gu léir dhomh 'n cùirdes gràdh ;
 Cha loisg an tein' gun òrdugh uat,
 Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrios a phlàigh.

Am feadh bhios cumbachd ann ad làimh,
 Bi'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach olc :
 'S cha 'n eagal lean gu 'm bi mi 'n dìth
 Gu slorruidh no gu 'm fas thu bochd.

Mo dhùrachd, m' eagal, 's m' uile mhiann
 A'm Dhia tha còmhlachadh gu léir ;
 Oir nèamh, is talamb, 's ifrinn shìos,
 A ta iad do mo Rìgh-s' a' géill'.

Oh, grant an earnest of Thy love,
 Which shall me from life's terrors save,
 And all the horrors of the grave,
 And raise my thoughts to heaven above.

Then let the billows rise in pride,
 Let thunders through the heavens roar,
 Come earthquakes, plagues, and famines sore,
 Dispensing death on every side ;

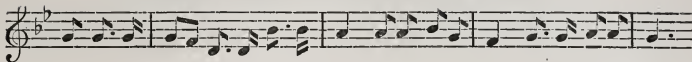
Be Thou the God of my poor soul,
 Their friendship I shall then enjoy ;
 No sea can drown, nor plague destroy,
 Nor fire burn, but with Thy control.

While Thou hast power in Thine arm,
 From every ill I am secure,
 And as my God can ne'er be poor,
 Want cannot cause my soul alarm.

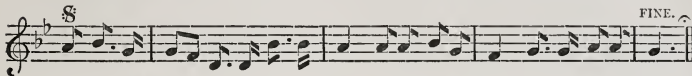
My hope, desire, and fear for aye
 Shall in my God centred dwell,
 For heaven and earth and lowest hell
 Shall my Almighty King obey.

Words from EUCHANAN'S "Prayer." The tune is a common Gaelic air adapted. A version of it appears in the *Celtic Lyre*.

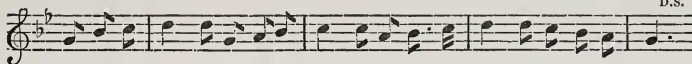
15—GRADH M' FHEAR-SAORAIDH—MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.



KEY, $f, I_1 : I_1, I_1$ | $I_1, S_1 : M_1, M_1 : d, d$ | $t_1 : t_1, t_1 : d, I_1$ | $S_1 : I_1, I_1 : t_1, t_1$ | $I_1 : -.$)
 Bⁿ. { 'S e'gradh m' Fhàir - saor - aith a bhios 'n a' cheol dhomh, 'S ann air bu choir dhomh bhi deanamh 'seut;)
 My Saviour's love shall be still my sto - ry, It is my mu - sic while here below;



(. $t_1 : d, I_1$ | $I_1, S_1 : M_1, M_1 : d, d$ | $t_1 : t_1, t_1 : d, I_1$ | $S_1 : I_1, I_1 : t_1, t_1$ | $I_1 : -.$)
 'O'n 's e thug coir dhomh le fhàil a dhortadh Air saorsa ghloirmhor a chloinne fein. ||
 'S nuair theid mi dhachaidh a gleann nan deoir so 'S e sud mo cheol anns an t-saoghal chein.
 He brought me freedom and life and glo - ry, And by His death saved my soul from woe.
 And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.



(. $I_1 : d, r$ | $M : M, I_1 : t_1, d$ | $r : r, t_1 : d, r$ | $M : M, r : d, t_1$ | $I_1 : -.$)
 { 'S e sud an t-oran a bheir dhomh solas Cho fad's is beo mi 's a chruinne-ché;)
 What can console me when heavy - hearted, But this sweet song of His gracious love?

Tha mi an dochas a dhol 'n a chodhail
 Anns na neoil 'nuair a thig e fein,
 'S ni'n sealladh mor sin de aghaidh ghloirmhor
 Na h-uile bron a chur uam is deur.
 Tha doimhne's aird' ann an gradh an t-Slanuigh'r
 Nach gabh aireamh no cur an ceill;
 Ach chì sinn moran 'n a bhreith 's 'n a bhas deth,
 Is chì sinn pairt deth's 'n a h-uile ceum.

Bu Duine bronach air iomadh doigh e,
 O 'n uair a thoisich a thurus sgith;
 Air son a ghraidh thug iad fuath gu leoir dha,
 'S bha iad 'g a fhogradh o thir gu tìr.
 Le meud a ghairdeachas ann ar slainte
 Chuir e an naire ann an neo-bhrìgh;
 'S le meud a ghraidh dhuinn ghabh e ar nadur
 A chum ar tearnadh o'n t-slochd is isle.

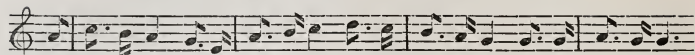
Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacaich Adhamb,
 'N uair thug e'm bas air a shlochd gu leir,
 'S ann rinn an Slanuighear gach ni an aird
 'S an lagh rinn ardach le umhlachd fein, [dheth,
 'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhlachd bais
 Leig e bheatha mhàn, deanamh 'n aird na reit';
 Is chum a bhraithrean a thoirt gu Parras
 Dh' fhuiling e 'm bas air a chranna-cheus.

My sweetest hope is at last to meet Him
 When in the clouds His blest form appears;
 That sight most glorious, when I shall greet Him.
 That shall wholly banish my griefs and tears.
 The love of Jesus, that boundless treasure,
 Has depths and heights that can ne'er be known;
 Its strong endurance we ne'er can measure,
 Though in His sufferings so much was shown;

A Man of sorrows, with none to aid Him,
 The scoff and scorn of an evil race,
 Who for His love with fierce hate repaid Ilim
 As they pursued Him from place to place;
 But such His joy in our soul's salvation,
 That He despised all the pain and shame,
 And to redeem us from condemnation,
 He in the nature of sinners came.

In that same nature that we inherit
 From our first father, all stained with sin,
 Did Jesus' sufferings, His life and merit,
 A great salvation for sinners win.
 To reconcile us His flesh was riven
 From death to save us He came and died
 And to bring brethren from earth to heaven
 He bore our sins and was crucified.

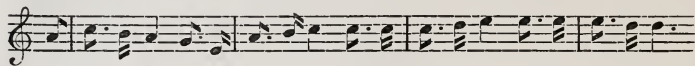
16—GEARAN NAN GAIDHEAL—THE CRY OF THE GAEL.



KEY. f. 1 | d' „, t : l : s „, n | l „, t : d' : r' „, d' | t „, l : s : s „, s | l „, s : s : - . }

C. { 'S an | t-seann seanachas bha | Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg' dhaolne b'ainmig an | leithid ann, }

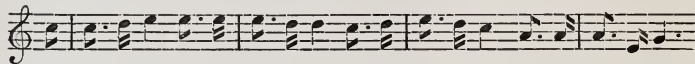
In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft vic-tor-ious in fields of fight;



{ . l | d' „, t : l : s „, n | l „, t : d' : d' „, d' | d' „, r' : n' : n' „, n' | n' „, r' : r' : - . }

{ Le | gaisg is cruadal, is | creach air uairibh, 'S bha'm full co uabhbreach toirt | buaidh dhaibh ann }

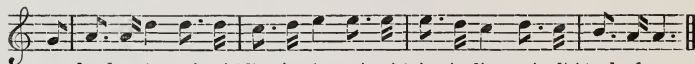
Their strength was proudest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;



{ . d' | d' „, r' : n' : n' „, n' | n' „, r' : r' : d' : l „, l | l „, n : s : - . }

{ Gun | tuigs' gun chiall ac' mu | thimchiall siorr' achd 'S chal chual iad diadhachd bhi | idir ann, }

But in their rudeness they knew not goodness, No godly fear in their hearts was found,



{ . s | l „, l : r' : r' „, r' | d' „, r' : n' : n' „, n' | n' „, r' : d' : r' „, d' | t „, l : l : - . }

{ Ach | baist' is posadh is | suidh aig orduigh'n, B'e | sud an dochas a | bha 'n an ceann. }

Though they were christened, and sat and listened At high communions when they came round.

Bhithheadh eagal mor orra ro' na bocain,
'S iad faicinn moran diubb nach bitheadh ann,
Bhithheadh gisreag's orraichean is seachnadh
chomhlaichean

Is moran seolaidhean faoin' n an ceann.
An sluagh gun churam rachadh's na cuiltean,
Mar theid na bruidean a gabhail tamh,
Gun leughadh, gun urnuigh, gun seinn air cliu dha,
'S b'e sud an d'uchas bha measg nan Gaidheal!

A Rìgh nan Sluagh! 's e's fearr 's an uair so,
Bhi sealltuinn suas riut a'd ionad tamh;
'S mar eisd an sluagh ruinn, a Rìgh, gabh truas
'S ar gearan trugh fìgheadh ann do lath'r; [dhinn,
O'n tha thu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,
Thou duinne eolas, 's ann air do ghràs,
Ach cia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin?
'S ann air do mhòrachd a rinn sinn tair.

Ach c'ait 'n teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn?
Cha'n'eil fo'n gheirn na ni dhuinn sta,
Ach Uan Dé o'n 's e phaign an eiric
Le meud an eifeachd a bhà'n a bhas.
Ma gheibh sinn sgeul air's gun dean sinn feum
'S gun dean thu eiseachd ruinn air a sgeath, [d'fheth,
Bidh sinn fo dhion's teid sinn as o phiantaibh,
A seinn gu siorroidh air oliu do ghraiss.

With minds in error, they thought with terror
Of shapes unearthly and dark alarms,
But sought salvation in incantation
In spells unholy and mystic charms.
A people careless, profane and prayerless,
Were like the beasts in the dewy dale;
No Bible reading, no praise or pleading—
Such was the custom among the Gael.

O King of Nations! our supplications
Are now directed unto Thy throne;
Lord, in Thy kindness, remove our blindness,
For all our hope is in Thee alone!
Thou only livest, Thou pardon givest,
Oh, do Thou show us Thy gracious face;
Forgive us wholly the sin and folly
That dared despise all Thy love and grace.

For God who made us alone can aid us,
We have no helper but Thee alone;
'Tis only Jesus that can release us
Through the redemption that He has won.
If we believe Him and so receive Him,
And Thou shalt hear us through His dear name,
Thy wings shall hide us whate'er betide us,
And we shall ever Thy praise proclaim.

From the hymn by P. GRANT; translated by L. M. The tune to which it is sung has been noted down for this collection.



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