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*E. S. Murray*  
*Jan 25 1887*

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 fhuir that 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 <sub>1</sub> : d : l <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : - : d . m   r : - : d : -
	{ d : d : t <sub>1</sub> : d   d : - : m . d   t <sub>1</sub> : d : t <sub>1</sub>   d : - : m <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : - : m <sub>1</sub> : -
	{ m : s : s : s   s : - : s . s   s : m : s : s   m : - : m   d : d : d   d : - : d   t <sub>1</sub> : - : d : -
	{ d : m : r : d   d : - : d . d   s <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> : s <sub>1</sub>   d : - : l <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : - : m <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : - : d : -



Tha sonas is sith a lionadh 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 <sub>1</sub> : d : l <sub>1</sub>   s <sub>1</sub> : - : d . m   r : - : d : -
{ d : d : d : d   d : - : m . d   t <sub>1</sub> : d : d   d : - : s <sub>1</sub>   l <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : - : d   d : t <sub>1</sub> : - : d : -
{ m   f : l : f   m : - : s   f : m : f   s : - : s . m   d : d : d   d : - : m . s   s : - : f   m : -
{ d   f : f : f   d : - : d   s <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : - : m <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : l <sub>1</sub> : f <sub>1</sub>   d : - : d   s <sub>1</sub> : - : d : -

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

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

Chaidh sgapadh 's na neoil bha cur orra sgleo,  
 Is chunnaic iad gloir an Treun-fhìr;  
 Le creideamh 'na ghradh 's na unhlachd '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 HAME.

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

	: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: l <sub>1</sub>	d :-: r . d	l <sub>1</sub> :-: l <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: r	m :-: r . m	S :-: m . r	d :-: l <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-:
KEY	: m <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub> S <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub> f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-:
B7.	: d	d :-: d	d :-: t <sub>1</sub> . d	d :-: d	d :-: r	d :-: s	m :-: d . t <sub>1</sub>	d :-: d	d :-:
	: d <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-: r . m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	d :-: t <sub>1</sub>	d :-: t <sub>1</sub> . d	d :-: S <sub>1</sub> . S <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	d :-:

Chi mì daoine a eur an cul rium, 'Sa dol gu dluth chum an Dachaidd Bhuan.  
Where frien's are ev - er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Hame,

	: r	m :-: r . m	S :-: m . r	m :-: r	d :-: r . m	S <sub>1</sub> :-: l <sub>1</sub>	d :-: r . d	l <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-:
	: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub> S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub> S <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub> S <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-:
	: r	d :-: t <sub>1</sub> . d	d :-: d . t <sub>1</sub>	d :-: t <sub>1</sub>	d :-: t <sub>1</sub> . d	m :-: r	d :-: t <sub>1</sub> . d	d :-: t <sub>1</sub>	d :-:
	: t <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub> S <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-: r . m <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> :-: r	m <sub>1</sub> :-: r . m <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> :-: f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> :-: r . m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> :-: S <sub>1</sub>	d :-:

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

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

Ach ma's frean thu thuig am fuaim,  
'S do'n d' rinnheadh prìseal an Tì thug buaidh,  
Tha 'g iarraidh imeachd an ceum na firinn,  
Is t' aghaidh dìreach air Sìon shuas;

'S na h-uile cnis anns am bì ort feum,  
'S e fantuinn dluth ris, fo sgàil a sgeith,  
Bheir ort gun giùlan thu h-uile cnis diubh,  
Nuair bhithas do shuil ris na dh' fhuinge.

Is ged tha chairdean an so air chualt  
Bheir e ap air d' iad, is gheibh iad duais;  
Nuair thig am bàs theid iad suns gu Farras,  
'S bh' iad gu brath aig an Dachaidd Bhuan.

Baith young an' auld tae the grave are ta'en,  
Baith weak an' bauld 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 boun',

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

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

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACLEAN. 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 meadh-on oidhch' nuair At midnight, when a	bhios an saogh'l Air slumber deep Has	aomadh thairis ov - er man and	ann an suain, nature passed,
KEY	<sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .
B♭.	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .



Grad dhuiseagar suas an Mankind shall be	cinn - e-daoin' Le awaked from sleep, Le	guth na trom-paid 's airde fuaim. By sound of the last trumpet's blast.
<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .
<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .	<sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> :   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub>   <sub>1</sub> : - .

Air neul ro ard n' fhoillseach' féin,  
Ard-aingeal treun le trompaid mhóir;  
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,  
Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a' mhóid.

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

Le h-osaig dhóinimtach a bheil  
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garr,  
'S mar dhéan an t-seangain dol 'na ghluais,  
Grad bhrúichaidh 'n uaigh a níos a' nairbh.

Mosglaidh na freannach an tús,  
Is dhuiseagar iad gu léir o'n suain,  
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghlóir,  
Ga'n còmhachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le aoibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,  
'Ta àm an fhuasglaidh orra dù;  
Is mar chraoibh-mheas fo iomlan blàth  
Tha dreach an slànaghear 'nan gnáth.

Ach daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhu  
Gu 'n ùmhlaicheadh iad-féin do Dhia;  
O! fatc a mis' iad air an glùn;  
A' deamamh ùruigh ris gach stiaibh.

'N sìn togaidh ainigheal glóruhor suas,  
Ard bhratach Chríost da'n suaines fuil,  
A chruimeachadh na ghluais sa' chóir  
'S da' fhuilangas 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.

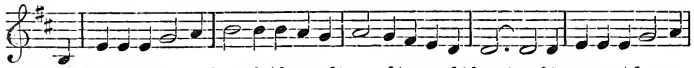
They shall with joy lift up their head,  
For their Deliverer is near;  
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees read,  
His likeness shall in them appear.

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

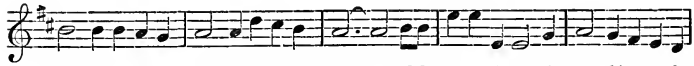
Then shall a glorious angel raise  
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,  
To gather those that loved His ways  
And made His sufferings their plea.

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 | bliun's is urrainn, Toirt' mìle urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn air 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 bn'each o'n truaigh; Halle-luiah gu buan aig shuagh 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: -: -: |  
 'S eairteach' cathair an Rìgh, 'S na' lennas an t-Uan de'n t-slughair thalamh, So'n' fhuain ni tairis an' crìdh'.  
 mong high heaven's bright host; And all who would here live near to Jesus, That dear sound pleases them: usert

O, 's beag a chaidh Inaidh dhe bhuidhean taitneach,  
 Measg slugh 's tu's maisich na cach,  
 'S tu's maisich na ghrian, 's tu miann nan cinneach,  
 'S do bhriathran sìleadh le gras;  
 Is tu meangan clinteach, ur, dh'fhàs fallain,  
 'S tu lub' gu talamh o ghloir;  
 'S an toradh a ghluinain thu, ma shireas,  
 Gheibh Indhaich 's cinnich dhe coir.  
 'Se ghaol a bha sìorruidh riarach sinne,  
 Is Dia bhi leinne 's an fheoil;  
 Is cupan a ghaoil bhi taomadh thairis,  
 'Se saor dha 'r n-anam ri ol;  
 Tha aimhnichean solais, ghlomhor, fallain,  
 Tigh'n beo o charraig nan al,  
 So 'm fìor-uisge beo chuireas ceol 's gach anan .  
 A dh'òlas glan e mar tha.

Tha t-àim mar an d'riuchd, nì's cubhraidh na oladh  
 'S o' d'fhannis thig solus is gras,  
 'S tha briathran do bheil mar chair na meala  
 Toirt sgeul d'ar n-anam air slair'.  
 'S tu leomhann treubh Iudah, fìur nan gaisgeach,  
 'S tu dhuisg a mach as an naigh;  
 'S bith' naimhdean do ghloir 'n an stol fo d'chosaidh  
 'S do mhòrachd marcachd le bnaidh.

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.

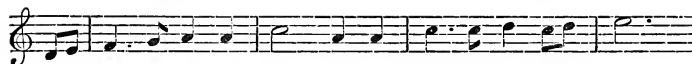
From the hymn bearing this title by P. GRANT. The English, by L. MACBEAN, is not a translation, but imitates the expressions and poetical form of the Gaelic verses.

## 5—LAOIDH MOLAIHD—HYMN OF PRAISE.

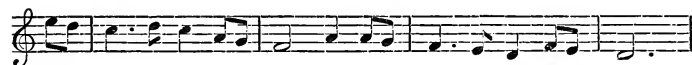
D.C.



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-stiúradh m'òl - ge, Gu n' threireach 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 naeh 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 thu "Mair-sa beo" 's ann  
Rinn m'anam sòlas ùr;  
Is grian 's is sgiath do lathaireachd,  
Is bheir thu gràs is glòir,  
'S na gheibh bhì ann ad fhabhoir  
Bheir thu dhaibh slainte mhor.

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

Nuair thionailas mo chairdean,  
'S an uaigh 'g an charamh sìos,  
Bìdh 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thamh dhomh,  
Gus an la an tig thu ris;  
Bì 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.

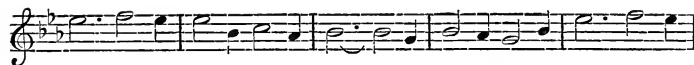
When friends, with grief high swelling,  
Have laid me 'neath the sod,  
The grave shall be my dwelling,  
Until the day of God.  
Through death's dark vale victorious,  
Oh, let me lean on Thee,  
And let me see Thee glorious,  
Through all eternity.

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 M | S :- : M | S :- : M | D :- : R | M :- : M | R :- : R | D :- : T | D :- : | - : M | S :- : F | M :- : S |  
 E<sup>2</sup>. | S i | nigh - can Shi - on's | fear dheth, 's i | fhuair am fa - bhoir mor, | Ehi | tigh inn as an |  
 How blessed Si - on's daugh - ter, who leaneth by the way Upon her strong Be-



{ | d' :- : | r' :- : d' | d' :- : s | l :- : f | s :- : | - : M | S :- : F | M :- : S | d' :- : | - : r' :- : 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



{ | d' :- : t | l :- : s | s :- : | - : M | S :- : M | S :- : M | D :- : R | M :- : M | R :- : d | t :- : r | d' :- : | - : | }  
 gras an tir uam | 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 na'n t-oir,  
 Bhiodh m'anam air a shasach le pairt de'n aran beo,  
 'Nuair gheibhinn bhì fo sgail-san, an t-ait' anns an robh Eoin.

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

'S nuair dh' fhuainicheas mo bhuaidhean 's mi dol thoir suas an deo,  
 Cha dean Rìgh nan Uamhas mo sgaradh uat 's thu beo,  
 Nuair bhios mo chrìdhe failian 's mi fagail gièann nan deoir,  
 Bu mhath an leabaidh bhais sud bli' anns an ait' bh'aig Eoin.

'S ma dhuiseas mi 'n a ionnhaigh do dhion 's an latha mhòr,  
 'Se fein 'n a sgail 's 'n a ghrian domh, 's mi riarichte gu leoir,  
 Chaithinnse an t-siorruidheachd '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.



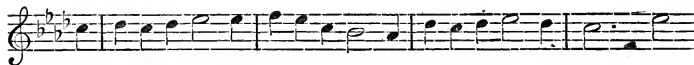
## 7—AM BÀS—DEATH.

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 gu' teachdaire laid - ir' tréun thu, )  
 An cog-adh no'm blàr Cha toir-ear do shàr, 'S aon duine cha'n fhàir do threig - siu.  
 O Death, thou art still A herald of ill, Thy grasp, hard and chill, ne'er fail - eth;  
 Where warri - ors fight Thou showest thy might, To shun thee no flight a - vail - eth.



(; 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 deirc - ean, )  
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Savcs peasant or peer before thee;



(; 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 an ti mu'n teid thu. ||  
 For gold and for gain Thou hast but disdain, And victims in vain implore thee.

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

A Chumhachd a tha  
 Cur b-ugainn a' bhais,  
 Gun teagamh nach paighear 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' fheitheas a th' ann,  
 'S fear-taighe do'n bhantraich 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 eerisome bed thou makest.  
 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 ROE DONN; translated by L. MACBEAN. The air is also by ROE 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.T. { O! Thighearn' is a Dhia na glòir, An t-Ard-Rìgh mòr os ceann gach sluagh,  
 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 dàna ni air t-ainm ro mhòr Le bìllobh meòghlan bhì 'g a luaidh!  
 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 cruimhe 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 culthrom brùit,  
 'S o m' shùilibh fàsg' nan dùra 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 càrnach' air mo cheann.

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

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

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sìth,  
 'S an tobair ioc-shlainnt bìruchd a thaobh,  
 A bheir dhonn 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 vileness 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?

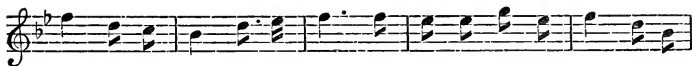
Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,  
 In healing waters from His side;  
 Life from His death shall these provide,  
 And me from filthiness release!

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: S<sub>1</sub> | d . d : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | d : s<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | d : r , m | d : - . r | m . m : d . m )  
 B<sup>2</sup> Is | fhad a rinu 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 | dé'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 : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . d | m : f . r | d : - . ||  
 { shaoradh mi | ust, Bhíodh 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.

Bhíodh m' intinn 's mo mhian

Air an Dia sin tha beo,  
 An oigheachd a tha stóruidh,  
 'S a ghrian tha gun neoil,  
 An tobair o'n tig sláint'  
 Agus gairdeanas mor,  
 'S a ghairdean nach failinn  
 'S e Ard-Rígh na gloir.

Nam faighinn tuille fábhoir  
 Is grás bheireadh buaidh,  
 Bhíodh m' intinn a' tannh  
 Anns an aros tha shuas,  
 Ged bhithinn anns an fheoil  
 Bhíodh mo dhochas gu buan  
 Rí 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 bír  
 'S an tigh stoir sin tha shuas  
 Far nach goid na meirlich  
 'S nach enamh 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 glorious,  
 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.

From P. GRANT'S hymn; translation by L. MACDEAN. The air belongs to this hymn, and was noted down for the present collection.

10—CUIREADH CHRÍOSD—CHRIST'S INVITATION.



KEY:  $\sharp$   $d$  |  $m$  :  $f$  |  $s$  :-  $d$  |  $d$  :  $r$  |  $m$  :-  $f$  |  $s$  :  $m$  |  $f$  :-  $r$  |  $d$  :- | :-  $d$  |  $m$  :  $f$  |  $s$  :-  $s$  |  
**D.** (Tha daoine taghta ann le Dia, D'an d'fhing e riamh a | ghradh, Ged tha iad contach, )  
 God has His chosen ones for whom His love flows full and free, Though they deserve a



|  $d$  :  $m$  |  $f$  :-  $f$  |  $m$  :  $m$  :  $f$  :-  $r$  |  $s$  :- | :-  $s$  |  $s$  :  $f$  |  $m$  :-  $s$  |  $s$  :  $d$  :  $f$  | :-  $f$  |  
 | caillte, truagh, 'S eol truaillidh ole ri | each, Tha | tagha Dhia 'n a uaigneas mor, Nach |  
 sinner's doom, And poor and wretched be, God's choice is still a hidden thing, To



|  $m$  :  $m$  |  $f$  :-  $l$  |  $s$  :- | :-  $s$  |  $d$  :  $l$  |  $s$  :-  $d$  |  $d$  :  $r$  |  $m$  :-  $f$  |  $s$  :  $m$  |  $f$  :-  $r$  |  $d$  :- | :- ||  
 | eol do dhùil fo'n | ghrein; Cha | riaghailt dheanais | 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 Chrìosd 'n a fhacal fein,  
 'S o bheul a theachdair, caomh,  
 'Nuair ghabhar e 'n a aobhar-carbs'  
 D'ar n-anmaibh falamh faoin;  
 Co daingean is co dearbht' le cheil'  
 'S ged leughamaid 's an uair  
 Ar n-amneana gu leir fa leth  
 An Leabhar Beath' an Uain.

Theid neamh is talamh thart gun cheisil,  
 Ach seasaidh facal Chrìosd;  
 A pheacach, eisd r'a chuireadh reidh  
 'S gabh e le creideamh fìor—  
 "O thigibh h-ugam-sa gach aon  
 Ta saothrachadh 's fo chlaoidh,  
 A ta fo eallach throm 's fo chuil  
 Is bheir mi suaimhneas duibh.

"Mo chuing-sa ceanglaibh ribh gu teann,  
 Is ionmsaichibh mo dhoigh;  
 Oir ta mi macant' agus mìn  
 An cridh' 's an cleachdadh fìs;  
 Is eirmisidh bhur n-anama truagh  
 Air suaimhneas is air sgeimh;  
 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;

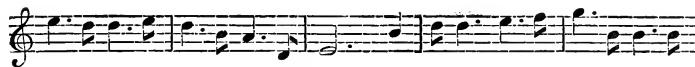
"Take up My yoke, and learn of Me  
 The lessons I impart;  
 My meek and gentle spirit see,  
 And lowliness of heart;  
 So shall your souls for ever live,  
 At rest from toil and care;  
 For easy is the yoke I give,  
 My burden light to bear."

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

# 11—FULANGAS CHRIOID—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY: F | R | 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 Shlanuighèir 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 mhòr bhuilich, Chaidh /  
 haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wonder most in - scrutable That



{ r' : - : t | l : - : s | m : - | - : r | s : - : r | m : - : s | m' : - : r' | r' : - : m' | r' : - : d' | t : - : l | l : - | - : ||  
 inise riamh do'n t-sluagh, An Dia bha ann o shiorruidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chiochran 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 còmhadh Spioraid Dé,  
 A chum an Nàdur Daonna sin,  
 A dheanamh aon ris féin;  
 Ghabh e sgàil mu Dhiadhaidheachd  
 'S de'n BHRATHAR rinneadh feòil,  
 Is dh' fhoillsich an rùn diomhair sin,  
 Am pearsa Chrìosd le glòir.

Rugadh 'an stàbull dìblidh e,  
 Mar dhilleachdan gun treòir;  
 Gun neach a dheanadh chàirdeas ris,  
 No bheireadh fàrdoch dhò,  
 Gun mhuinntir bhì 'g a fhrìthealadh,  
 No uidheam mar bu chòir;  
 Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartachadh  
 D' a dual gach uile glhòir.

Bha tuill aig na sionnachaidh  
 Gu'm falachadh o thèinn;  
 Bha nid aig na h-eunlaithe  
 An gèugaibh àrd nan crann;  
 Ach e-san a rinn uile iad,  
 'S gach nì 's a' chruinne ché,  
 Bha 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.

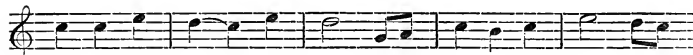
The foxes had their hiding-place  
 Where they could safely rest,  
 The birds their own abiding-place  
 In tall tree-tops possessed;  
 But He, whose liberality,  
 Gave them and all things birth,  
 Was needing hospitality—  
 A fugitive on earth.

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 | : 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 bhàis, 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' : - : ||  
 siubhlainn gu'n dàil, 'S nach robh fuireach no tiamh domh ann.  
 call me on high, And no longer could I a-bide.

Dhùisg mo mhathair le gaoir,  
 'S thuir i "M'ailleagan gaol,  
 Ciod dh'fhaicich 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 stuil  
 Thainig ainglean na chuir,  
 '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 bhitheas 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 bhliadn'  
 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 thruagh.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n ceòl  
 Nach teid mhasgadh le bròn;  
 Tha e fantuinn 'n a oran nuadh,  
 Clu is onair 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.

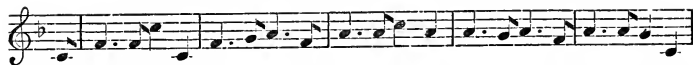
Could my parents conceive  
 What joys I receive,  
 They never would grieve for me;  
 They would long to appear  
 With the holy ones here,  
 Where such fellowship dear can be;

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 Strathspesay.

13—MORACHD DHÈ—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



KEY, { S<sub>1</sub> | d :-d | s : s<sub>1</sub> | d :-r | m :-d | m :-m | s : m | m :-r | m :-d | m :-m | r : s<sub>1</sub> )  
 F. { Co | chuartaicheas do | bhith a Dhè! An | dòimhne' shing gach | reusan suas; 'N an | oidhirpibh (tha )  
 Who can Thy being, Lord, contain? That deep where reason's efforts sink; Angels and men are



{ d :-d | r :-d | s<sub>1</sub> :-d | d : m | r :-d | d :-s<sub>1</sub> | d :-d | r : m | s :-s | l :-s )  
 'aingle 's daoin' Mar | shligean maoraich | glacadh chuain. O | bhith-bhiantachd 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



{ d :-d | r : m | d' :-l | s :-s | s :-r | m : s | l :-s | s :-s | d :-r | m : s | r :-d | d :-s )  
 bheil 'nan t-saogh 's ach | nì c' n' dè; O 's | beag an eachdraidh | chualas dìot, 'S cha | mbòrd o' ghlòmb a' fa fo'n ghéin.  
 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 mhòir;  
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndrainn uath,  
 'S bhiodh 'n cuan ag ionndrainn sìleadh 'mheòir.  
 An cruthach' cha dean le uile ghlòir,  
 Lan-fhoillseachadh air Dia nam feart;  
 Cha 'n 'eill 's na h-oibre ud gu léir,  
 Ach taisbean earlais air a neart.

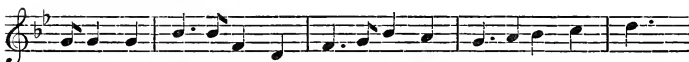
Le'r tuigse thana 's diomhain duinn  
 Bhi sgrùdadh 'chuain a ta gu chrìoch;  
 An litir 's lugha dh' ainm ar Dé,  
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'r reusan l.  
 Oir ni bheil dadum coltach riut,  
 An measg t'uil' oibre fein gu leir,  
 'S am measg nan daoine ni bheil cainnt  
 A dh' innseas t' ainm ach t' 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 ( . l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | ḍ : - . ḍ | s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - . l<sub>1</sub> | ḍ : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . t<sub>1</sub> | ḍ : r | m : - . )  
 B.P. Dhla, dean mo phlannadach ann an Chrìosd, 'S mo chrìonach bristidh mach le bliath, }  
 Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree,



( f. m | s : m | r : - . ḍ | r : m | s<sub>1</sub> : - . s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : ḍ | m : - . r | ḍ : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . ||  
 { Is bi'dh gach subhailc 's naomba 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 talmhaidh tog gu nèamh,  
 Is thoir dhomh earlas air do ghràdh,  
 A dh' fhògras m' eagal uile nam,  
 'S a shaoras mi o uamhunn bàis.

'N sin atadh tonnan borb a' chuain,  
 Is beucadh torann chruaidh nan speur;  
 Thigeadh crith-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 ciárdeas gràdh;  
 Cha loisg an tein' gum òrdugh uat,  
 Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrìos a phlàigh.

Am feadh bhios cumbhadh ann ad làimh,  
 Bi'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach olc:  
 'S cha 'n eagal leam 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 còmhlaichadh gu léir;  
 Oir nèamh, 's 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.

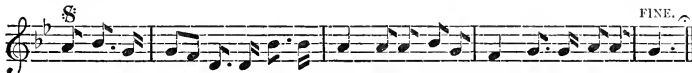
Words from EUCHANAN'S "Prayer." The tune is a common Gaelic air adapted. A version of it appears in the *Celtic Lyre*.



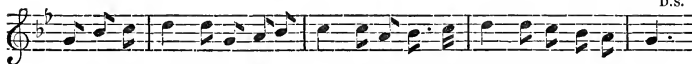
15—GRADH M' FHEAR-SAORAIDH—MY SAVIOUR'S LOVE.



KEY,  $f, I_1 : I_1, I_1$  |  $I_1, S_1 : M_1, M_1 : d, d$  |  $t_1 : t_1, t_1 : d, I_1$  |  $S_1 : I_1, I_1 : t_1, t_1$  |  $I_1 : -.$  )  
 B<sup>n</sup>. ( 'S e'gradh m' Fhair - saor - aith a bhios 'n a cheol dhomh, 'S ann air bu choir dhomh bhi deanannh a'geut ; )  
 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 choir dhomh le fluil 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 chi sinn moran 'n a bhreith 's 'n a bhas deth,  
 Is chi 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.

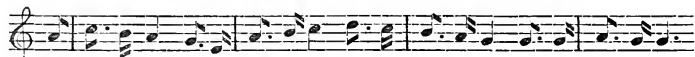
Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacaich Adhamb,  
 'N uair thug e'm bas air a shlochd gu leir,  
 'S ann rinn an Slanuighhear gach ni an aird  
 'S an lagh rinn ardach le umhlachd fein, [dheth,  
 'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhachd bais  
 Leig e bheatha mhàn, deanamh 'n aird na reit' ;  
 Is chum a bhraithrean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

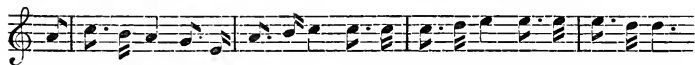
In that same nature that we inherit  
 From our first father, all stained with sin,  
 Did Jesus' sufferings, His life and merit,  
 A great salvation for sinners win.  
 To reconcile us His flesh was riven  
 From death to save us He came and died  
 And to bring brethren from earth to heaven  
 He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

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



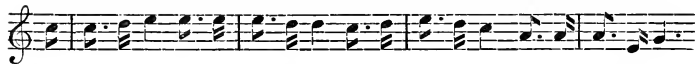
KEY. f. 1 | d' „, t : l : s „, m | l „, t : d' : r' „, d' | t „, l : s : s „, s | l „, s : s : - . }

C. 'S an t-seam scanachas bha Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg' dhaoiné b'ainmte an leithid ann, }  
In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft vic-tor-ious in fields of fight;



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

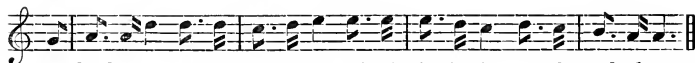
{ Le gaig is cruadal, is creach air uairibh, 'S bha'm full co uailbreach toirt buaidh dhaibh ann }  
Their strength was predest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;



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

{ Gun tuigs' gun chiall ac' mu | thimchionn siorr' achd 'S chial 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' : m' : m' „, m' | m' „, 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 communion when they came round.

Bhithheadh eagal mor orra ro' na bocain,  
'S iad faicinn moran diubh nach bhithheadh ann,  
Bhithheadh gisreag's orraichean is seachnadh  
chomhlachichean  
Is moran seolaidhean faoin' an ceann.  
An sluagh gun churam rachadh's na cuiltean,  
Mar theid na bruiden a gabhail tamh,  
Gun leughadh, gun urnuigh, gun seinn air cliu dha,  
'S b'e sud an d'uchas bha measg nan Gaidheil!  
A Rìgh nan Sluagh! 's e's fearr 's an uair so,  
Bhi sealltuinn suas riut a'd ionad tamh;  
'S mar eisid an sluagh ruinn, a Rìgh, gabh tnuas  
'S ar gearran truaigh thigeadh ann do lath' r'; [dhinn,  
O'n tha thu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,  
Thoir duinne eolas, 's ann air do ghràs,  
Ach chia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin?  
'S ann air do mhòrachd a rinn sinn tair.  
Ach c'ait' an teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn?  
Cha'n'ell fo'n gheirn na ni dhuinn sta,  
Ach Uan Dé o'n 's e phàigh an eiric  
Le meud an eifeachd a bhà'n a blas.  
Ma gheibh sinn seugl air's gun dean sinn feum  
'S gun dean thu eiseachd ruinn air a sgath, [d'heith,  
Bidh sinn fo dhion's teid sinn as o phiantaibh,  
A seinn gu siorroichd air ollu 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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