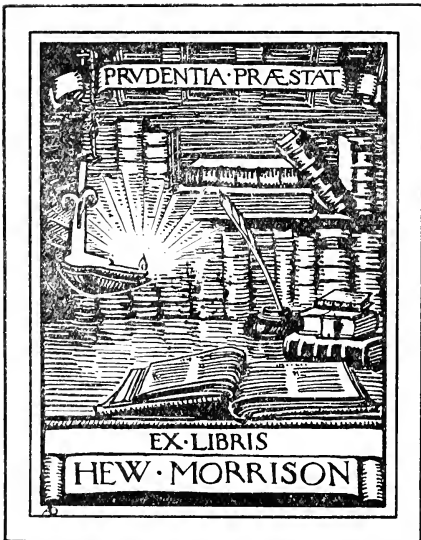




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H.M. 42(1-6)







6

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.

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OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

# CONTENTS.

## Rev. PETER GRANT (Padruig Grannd).

An Dachaidh Bhuan ( <i>Harmonised</i> ), . . . . .	<i>The Lasting Name.</i> 2
An Saoghal, . . . . .	<i>The World.</i> 9
An t-ait' a bh'aig Eoin, . . . . .	<i>Where St John lay.</i> 6
Gearan nan Gaidheal, . . . . .	<i>The Cry of the Gael.</i> 16
Gloir an Uain, . . . . .	<i>The Glory of the Lamb.</i> 4
Gradh m' Fhear-saoraidh, . . . . .	<i>My Saviour's Love.</i> 15
Laoidh Molaidh, . . . . .	<i>A Hymn of Praise.</i> 5
Leanabh òg, . . . . .	<i>A Young Child.</i> 12

## DUGALD BUCHANAN (Dughall Bochanan).

Aideachadh, . . . . .	<i>Confession.</i> 8
An Aiseirigh ( <i>Harmonised</i> ), . . . . .	<i>The Resurrection.</i> 3
Earbs' a Chrìosduidh, . . . . .	<i>The Christian's Confidence.</i> 14
Fulangas Chrìosd, . . . . .	<i>The Sufferings of Christ.</i> 11
Morachd Dhè, . . . . .	<i>The Greatness of God.</i> 13

## Rev. Dr MACGREGOR (Doctair Griogair).

Cuireadh Chrìosd, . . . . .	<i>Christ's Invitation.</i> 10
-----------------------------	--------------------------------

## JOHN MACLEAN (Iain MacIlleathain.)

Turus na Beatha ( <i>Harmonised</i> ), . . . . .	<i>Life's Pilgrims.</i> 1
--	---------------------------

## ROBERT MACKAY (Rob Donn.)

Am Bàs, . . . . .	<i>Death.</i> 7
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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 fhinair tha na stuadhan beuc - ach?  
 Life's pilgrims, at rest in the isles of the blest, No storms can molest for ev - er;

	: 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	: -
KEY	: 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>	: -	
F.	: m	s	: s	: s	s	:-: s	s	s	: m	: s	s	:-: 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 chui - 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>	: -	
	: 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 cìnn,  
 Gu binn tha iad seinn le eibhneas,  
 Toit' moladh is cliu dh' Fhear-siorraidh an ruin,  
 Thug sabhailt 'g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

'Nuair theann iad ri falbh bha'n t-slighe dhaibh dorcha,  
 'S mu'n cuairt dhaibh bha'n stoirn a seideadh  
 Gu' robh iomadh ni cur eagal 'nan cridh  
 Bha'm peacanna lionmhor eitidh.

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

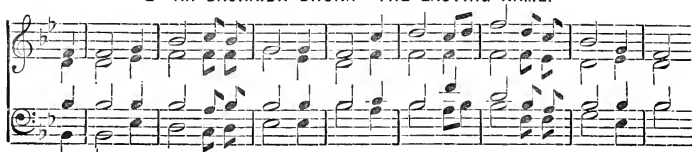
Now free from all pain, in glory they reign,  
 With sweetest refrain high swelling;  
 His praises, who bore them safe to that shore,  
 Their songs evermore are telling.

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 fhìuil an Uain," translated by L. MACDEAN. 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 truagh Chi mi caochladh tigh'n air gach nair,  
In this pair warl', fu' o' sin an' shame, Where death an' change can ilk moment claim,

KEY	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 \\ m_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : - : l_1 \\ m_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : r.d \\ s_1 : - : s_1, s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 : - : l_1 \\ l_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : - : r \\ m_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : r.m \\ s_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : - : m.r \\ s_1 : - : s_1, f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : l_1 \\ m_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : - \\ m_1 : - \end{array} \right.$
B♭.	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ d_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : d \\ d_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : t_1, d \\ m_1 : - : r, m_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : d \\ f_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : r \\ d_1 : - : t_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : s \\ d_1 : - : t_1, d \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : d, t_1 \\ d : - : s, s \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : d \\ l_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - \\ d : - \end{array} \right.$



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,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \\ s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : r.m \\ s_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : - : m.r \\ s_1 : - : s_1, s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : r \\ s_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : r.m \\ s_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : - : l_1 \\ s_1 : - : s_1, s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : r.d \\ f_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1 : - : s_1 \\ m_1 : - \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 : - \\ m_1 : - \end{array} \right.$
$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \\ t_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : t_1, d \\ m_1 : - : s_1, s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : d, t_1 \\ d_1 : - : r_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : t_1 \\ m_1 : - : r_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : t_1, d \\ d_1 : - : r_1, d_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m : - : r \\ d_1 : - : f_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : t_1, d \\ m_1 : - : r_1, m_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - : t_1 \\ f_1 : - : s_1 \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : - \\ d : - \end{array} \right.$

The sean is og a dol sios do'n uagh,  
Air lag 's air laidir tha'm bas toirt buaidh,  
Nuair thig an t-an dhaibh an saoghal fhagail,  
Ma's tinn no slan iad, cha tann 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 bhi deas gu fallb as  
Oir tha'n taigh talmhaidh gu tigh'n na nuas.

Ach ma's frean thu thoig am fuaim,  
'S do'n d' rinneadh priseal an Ti thug buaidh,  
Tha 'g iarraidh imeach 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 duibh,  
Nuair bhithas do shuil ris na dh' fhuillean e.

Is ged tha chairdean an so air chuart  
Bheir e an aird iad, is gheibh iad duais;  
Nuair thig an bas theid iad suas gu Pàrras,  
'S bi' iad gu brath ann an Dachaigh 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 anger,  
They can nae langer on earth remain.

A solemn warnin' 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 hear  
We'll nestle near Ilim, there's shelter there,  
For if we trust Ilim, whate'er betide us,  
He'll save an' guide us for ever mair.

His frien's 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 Name.

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. 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 oidhche nuair bhios an saogh 'l Air aomadh thairis ann an suain,  
At midnight, when a slumber deep Has ov - er man and nature passed,

KEY	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$
B <sup>v</sup> .	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{d} : - . \text{d}   \text{d} : \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{d} : - . \text{d}   \text{d} : \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{d} : - . \text{d}   \text{d} : \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{d} : - . \text{d}   \text{d} : \text{d} \\ \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$



Grad dhuiseagar suas an cinn - e - daoin' Le guth na trom - paid 's airde fhuaim.  
Mankind shall be awaked from sleep, By sound of the last trumpet's blast.

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{d} : - . \text{r}   \text{m} : \text{f}   \text{m} : - . \text{r}   \text{d} : \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : - . \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{d} : - . \text{r}   \text{m} : \text{f}   \text{m} : - . \text{r}   \text{d} : \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : - . \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \\   \text{I}_1 : - . \text{I}_1   \text{I}_1 : \text{I}_1 \end{array}$

Air neul ro ard ni fhoillseach' féin,  
Ard-angeal treun le trompaid mhóir;  
Is gairmuidh 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 euan 'nan ruith;  
Clisgidh na bhíos marbh 'san uaigh,  
Is na bhíos beó le h-uamhunn críth.  
Le h-osaig dhoinniacha a bheil  
An saogh 'l so reubaidh e gu garg,  
'S mar dhúin an t-seangain dol 'na ghluais,  
Grad bhrúchdaidh 'n uaigh a níos a' mairbh.  
Mosglaidh na fíreanaich an tús,  
Is dhuiseagar iad gu léir o'u suain,  
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghlóir,  
Ga'n cónhlaichadh aig beul na h-uaigh'.

Le aobhneas togaidh iad an ceann,  
Ta am an fhuasglaidh orra d'á;  
Is mar chruaibh-mheas fo ionlan bláth  
Tha dreach an Slánaighear 'nan gnúis.  
Ach daoine uaibhreach leis nach 'b' fhu  
Gá 'n úmhlaicheadh iad féin do Dhia;  
O' faic a nis' iad air an glúin;  
A' deanamh úrnigh ris gach stiabh.  
'N sin togaidh angeal glórmhor suas,  
Ard bhratach 'Chríost da'u suainneis fuil,  
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa' chóir  
'S d'a fhuilangas rinn doigh is bun.

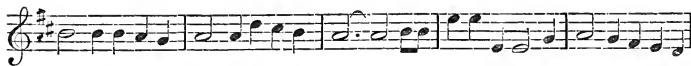
A great archangel on a cloud,  
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,  
Calling mankind, with accents loud,  
To the last Judgment to convene.  
Then at that awful trumpet sound  
The hills and seas shall flee away,  
The dead shall startle in the ground,  
The living tremble in dismay.  
This solid earth 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 deny  
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 | Sion a' seinn co bhinn's is urrainn, Toirt mille urrainn do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn a'ra ghaol nach |  
 Hark! Sion 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 sluaigh 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: -: -: -: |  
 chuireadh' eathair an Rìgh, 'S na leanas an t-Uan de'n t-sluaigh air tìalamh, So'n fhuainn 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 bhuaidhean taitneach,  
 Measg sluaigh 's tu's maisich na cach,  
 'S tu's maisich na ghrian, 's tu miann nan cinneach,  
 'S do bhriathran sìleadh le gas;  
 Is tu meangan cluìteach, ur, dh'fhas fallain,  
 'S tu lub' gu talamh o ghloir;  
 'S an toradh a ghiulaibh thu, ma shireas,  
 Gheibh Iudhaich 's cinnich dhe coir.

'Se ghaol a bha siorruidh 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 ainmnichean solais, ghormhor, fallain,  
 Tigh'n beo o charrag nan al,  
 So 'm fìor-uisge beo chuireas cool 's gach anam  
 A dh'olas glan e mar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an driuchd, nì's cubhraidh na oladh  
 'S o d'fhianais thig solus is gas,  
 'S tha briathran do bheil mar cheir na meala  
 Toirt sgeul d'ar n-anam air slaint'.  
 'S tu leomhann treubh Iudah, flur nan gaisgeach,  
 'S tu dhuìsg a mach as an uaigh;  
 'S bith' naimhdean do ghloir 'n au stol fo d'ehosàibh  
 'S do mhòrachd marachd 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 Sion,  
 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 rise loud praise rescounding,  
 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.

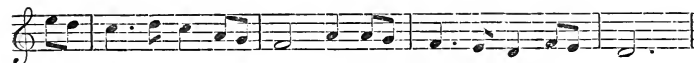
D.C.



KEY: f r | f : - . m | l : f | m : - | r : m | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | - )  
 C. A | Shlànauighear ro | ghlòr - mhor, Mo | thoir ged bha mi | mall,  
 Eu tu fear-stiùraidh m'òì - ge, Gu m' thoirreach agus 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:



f . 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, Eu | truagh dhomh bhes is | thall,  
 Thou didst not leave me stray - ing When I a - far would go,



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

Oir dh'fhoillsich thu do ghoir 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 sziath do lathaireachd,  
 Is bheir thu gràs is ghoir,  
 'S na g'èibh bli ann ad fhabhoir  
 Bheir thu dhaibh slainte mhor.

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

Nuair thionailas mo chairdean,  
 'S an uaigh 'g am charam sios,  
 Bidh 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thamh dhomh,  
 Gus an la an tig thu ris;  
 Ei dluth troimh gheann a' bhàis domh,  
 'S a ghaol, na fag sa mi  
 Gus 'm faic mi ann ad ghloir thu  
 Fad shiorruidheachd mhor gun chrìch.

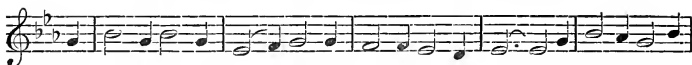
For Thou, Thy glory showing,  
 Madest me Thy beauty see;  
 Thy love has been bestowing  
 New life and joy on me.  
 Thou grace and glory givest,  
 Thou art a Sun and Shield,  
 Thou only ever livest,  
 Thy words salvation yield.

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.

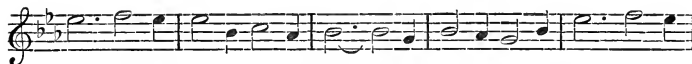
When friends, with grief high swelling,  
 Have laid me 'neath the sod,  
 The grave shall be my dwelling,  
 Until the day of God.  
 Through death's dark vale victorious,  
 Oh, let me lean on Thee,  
 And let me see Thee glorious,  
 Through all eternity.

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>9</sup>. (S i | nigh-ean Shi - on's | fearr dheth, 's i | fhuair am fa - bhoir mor, Ehl | tigh inn as an |  
 How blessed Si - on's daugh - ter, who leaneth by the way Upon her strong Be-



{ d' :-: | r' :-: | d' :-: | s | l :-: | f | s :-: | - | :-: M | s :-: f | m :-: s | d' :-: | - | r' :-: | d' }  
 fhasach, is Fear a graidh 'na coir, . . Cha'n | iarrainns' tuille | fa - bhoir no |  
 lov - ed, her nev - er - falling stay! It is the greatest bless - ing for



{ d' :-: | t | l :-: | s | - | - | :-: M | s :-: M | s :-: M | d :-: | r | M :-: M | r :-: | d | t, :-: | r | d' :-: | - | - | }  
 gras an tir nam | beo, . . Ach | luidh air uchd an | t-Slan'gheir, an | t-ait' annsan robh Eoin.  
 which I ev - er pray, . . To lean on Jesus' bo - som, where John at supper lay.

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

Cha b'eagal leam an tra' sin gach namhaid th' air mo thoír,  
 'S gu'm b'e do ghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaínt 's mo threoir,  
 Cha sgaradh beath' no bas mi gu brath o ghaol co mor,  
 Bha cordan graidh co laidir 's an ait' anns an robh Eoin.  
 'S nuair dh' fháilnicheas mo bhuaidhean 's mi dol thóirt suas an deo,  
 Cha dean Rìgh nan Uamhas mo sgaradh uat 's thu beo,  
 Nuair bhíos mo chridhe falliun 's mi fagail gleann nan deoir,  
 Bu mhath an leabaidh bhais sud bhí anns an ait' bh'aig Eoin.

'S ma dhuisgeas mi 'n a ionmhaigh fo dhion 's an latha mhor,  
 'Se fein 'n a sgail 's 'n a ghrian domh, 's mi riarichte gu leoir,  
 Chaithinse an t-siorruidheachd 's cha'n iarrainn tuille gloir,  
 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.

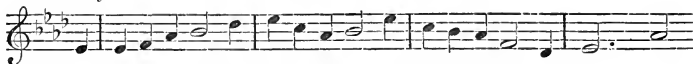
And when my life is ebbing, my earthly journey o'er,  
 Thy love shall never fail me when terrors press mesore,  
 When passing through the valley whence I return no more,  
 Oh, happy were my death-bed where John reclined of yore.

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: f: S<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : d | r : - : f | s : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l<sub>1</sub> : - : f<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> : - : - | d : - : )  
 A<sup>2</sup>. (S<sub>e</sub> mo | bheachd ort, a Bhais, Gur | brais' thu ri pairt, 'S gun teachdaire laid - ir | tróim thu, )  
 An cog-adh no'm bhàr Cha toir-ear do shàr, 'S aon duine cha'n fhàir do threig - sinn.  
 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.



( : m | f : m : f | s : - : s | l : s : m | r : - : d | f : m : f | s : - : f | m : - : - | s : - : )  
 Ach 's | teachdaire do dhàn Thu | tighinn os àird, Oir | buailidh tu stataibh 's | deire - 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<sub>1</sub> : - : f<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> : - : - | d : - : ||  
 Cha | bhacair 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 coinnimh an oig,  
 Mu'm faodair am posadh eigeachd;  
 Ma's beag no ma's mor  
 Ma's sean no ma's og,  
 Ma's cleachdadh dhuinn coir no eucoir;  
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,  
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,  
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

A Chumbachd a tha  
 Cur h-ugainn a' bhais,  
 Gun teagamh nach baighear fheich da,  
 Tha misneach is bonn  
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall  
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul 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 erisome 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 | d' : -. t | l : l | s : -. s | f : s | l : t | d' : t | l : -. )  
 E2. ( 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<sub>i</sub> | l<sub>i</sub> : -. ||  
 Cia dàna ni air t-almh ro mhòr Le bìlìbh neò-ghlan 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 naonha 'n glòir,  
 'An làthair do Mhòrachd sa gun smal.

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

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 chiònt tha mar na sléibhte mòr:  
 Is leòn iad mi le iomadh lot:  
 Ta m'anam bochd le 'n cudthrom brùit,  
 'S o m' shùilìbh fàs' nan deura goirt.

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

Geò dh' fhàs na nèaman dubh le grnaim,  
 'S mo bhual' le tairneanaich do neirt  
 Ged thilg thu mi gu ifrinn sbios,  
 Gu sìorruidh aidicheam do cheart.

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

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sìth,  
 'S an tobair ioc-shlaint bhruich 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 vileness into which I fell,  
 Let not Thy wrath enkindle 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 dread  
 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?

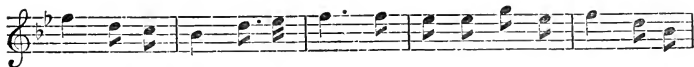
Oh, wash me wholly, God of peace,  
 In healing waters from His side;  
 Life from His death shall these provide,  
 And me from filthiness release!

Words from DUGALD BUCHANAN'S "Prayer;" translated by L. MACERAN. 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 )  
 Bz. Is | fhad a rinn thu, | shaoghail, No | shladadh mu'n cuairt, Mo | chumail o'n Fhear-  
 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 : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . d | m : f „r | d :- . )  
 { shaoradh mi uat, Bhiodh m' inntinn 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' inntinn 's mo mhian  
 Air an Dia sin tha beo,  
 An oighreachd a tha siorruidh,  
 'S a ghrian tha gun neoil,  
 An tobair o'n tig slaint'  
 Agus gairdeachas mor,  
 'S a ghairdean nach faillinn  
 'S e Ard-Rìgh na gloir.

Nam faighinn tuille fabhoir  
 Is gràs bheireadh buaidh,  
 Bhiodh m' inntinn a' tamh  
 Anns an aros tha shuas,  
 Ged bhithinn anns an fheoil  
 Bhiodh mo dhochas gu buan  
 Rì aon latha mor  
 Anns nach comhlaich 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 bìr  
 '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 unfailling,  
 Whence joys ever spring,  
 The right arm all-prevailing,  
 The great glorious King.

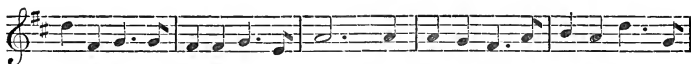
If love to me were given,  
 And overcoming grace,  
 My thoughts should be in heaven,  
 In God's holy place;  
 And though in flesh remaining,  
 My hopes still should be,  
 For that day ever straining,  
 That brings bliss to me.

If I were made more holy,  
 And more free by Christ,  
 More pure and true and lowly,  
 By His love unprired,  
 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.  $\{ \text{d} \mid \text{m} : \text{f} \mid \text{s} : - : \text{d} \mid \text{d} : \text{r} \mid \text{m} : - : \text{f} \mid \text{s} : \text{m} \mid \text{f} : - : \text{r} \mid \text{d} : - : - : \text{d} \mid \text{m} : \text{f} \mid \text{s} : - : \text{s} \}$   
 D. (Tha daolne taghta ann le Dia, D'an d'thug e riamh a ghradh, Ged tha iad ciontach, )  
 God has His chosen ones for whom His love flows full and free, Though they deserve a



$\{ \text{d}' : \text{m} \mid \text{f} : - : \text{f} \mid \text{m} : \text{m} : \text{f} : - : \text{r} \mid \text{s} : - : - : \text{s} \mid \text{s} : \text{f} \mid \text{m} : - : \text{s} \mid \text{l} : \text{s} \mid \text{d}' : - : \text{f} \}$   
 | callte, truagh, 's co' truaillidh ole ri cach, Tha tagha Dhia 'n a luaigneas mor, Nach )  
 sinner's doom, And poor and wretched be. God's choice is still a hidden thing, To



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

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

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

"Mo chuing-sa ceanglaibh ribh gu teann,  
 Is ionnsaibh mo dhoigh;  
 Oir ta mi macant' agus míu  
 An eridh' 's an cleachdadh fós;  
 Is eirnisidh bhur n-anama truagh  
 Air suaimhneas is air sgeimh;  
 Oir ta mo chuing-sa socrach caomh  
 Is m'callach 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."

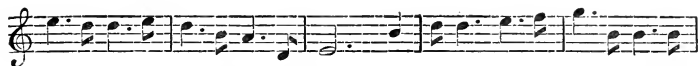
From a hymn by DR. M'GREGOR. Translation by L. M. The air appeared in the *Gael*, to JOHN MORRISON'S hymn, "Maise Chríosd."



# 11—FULANGS 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 | Shlanuighair A | bhith's mo dhan a | luaidh, Mor- | irios—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'x' :- | m' :-f' | s' :-t | t :-t |  
 Ard-Rìgh siu 'N a | bhreith's 'n a bhàs ro' | chruaidh. 'S e'n | t-iongantas bu | mhòrbhuilich, Chaidh |  
 haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wonder most in - ser - u - ta - ble That



{ r' :-t | l :-s | m :- | - : r | s :-r | m :-s | m' :-r' | r' :-m' | r' :-d' | t :-l | l :- | - ||  
 innse riamh do'n | t-sluagh, An | Dia bha ann o | shìornridheachd Ehi | fas 'n a Chìochran' | truagh! ||  
 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 ÈHRIATHAR riuneadh feòil,  
 Is dh' fhoillsich an rùn diomhair sin,  
 Am pearsa Chrìosd le glòir.

Rugadh 'an stàbulla diblidh e,  
 Mar dhilleachdan gun treòir;  
 Gun neach a dheanadh càrdeas ris,  
 No bheireadh fàrdoch dhò,  
 Gun mhuintir bhi 'g a fhuithéaladh,  
 No uidheam mar bu chòir;  
 Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartaichadh  
 D' a dual gach uile ghloir.

Bha tuill aig na sìonnachaibh  
 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 EUCHANAN. The air is that sung in Raunoch, 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<sup>1</sup> :- : s . s | l : l : d<sup>1</sup> | s :- : s . l |  
 C. Uha mi'm chadal gu blath Ann am fasgadh mo mhath'r, I'g am |  
 I lay warm at rest On my mother's dear breast, And her



{ d<sup>1</sup> : d<sup>1</sup> : m<sup>1</sup> | r<sup>1</sup> : d<sup>1</sup> : m<sup>1</sup> | r<sup>1</sup> :- : s . l | d<sup>1</sup> : t : d<sup>1</sup> | m<sup>1</sup> :- : r<sup>1</sup> . d<sup>1</sup> |  
 phasgadh 's a hah fo no cheann, Thainig teachdair a bhais, Thuirte gu'n |  
 arm held me pressed to her side, When Death's herald came nigh To



{ d<sup>1</sup> : l : d<sup>1</sup> | s :- : s . s | l : d<sup>1</sup> : m<sup>1</sup> | r<sup>1</sup> :- : d<sup>1</sup> | d<sup>1</sup> :- :  
 sibhlainn gu'n dail, 'S nach robh fuireach no tamh domh ann. |  
 call me on high, And no longer could I a-bide.

Dhuigs mo mhathair le gaoir,  
 'S thuirte i "M'ailleagan gaoil,  
 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 chiert,  
 'S thug iad mis' leo cho dluth 's cho luath;  
 Chaidh sinn troimh na gluin 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'na saogh'l;  
 'S bhiodh gach latha mar bhliadh'n  
 Gus am faigheadh iad triall,  
 Gu co-chonunn ta siorruidh 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 geal  
 Nach robh 'n leithid maos 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 an oran nuadh,  
 Clu is onoir is glòir  
 Do'n ti 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.

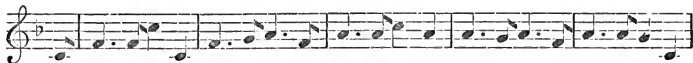
When they closed my young eyes,  
 Angels came from the skies,  
 And they made me to rise above;  
 Oh, swift was our flight  
 Through the valleys of night,  
 And I now dwell in light and love.

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;

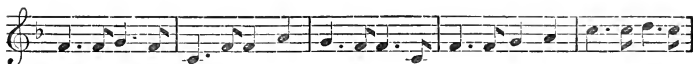
Saints from many a place  
 Assembled by grace,  
 From each nation and race below;  
 And such love in them swells  
 As on earth never dwells,  
 And pure gladness dispels their woe.

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.

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' shluig gach | rensan 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 )  
 { angle's daoin' Mar | shligean maoraich | gtaeach chuain. O | bhith-bhuantachd tha | thus a'd Rìgh 'S ni }  
 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 :- }  
 { iùeil 'san t-saogh's ach | nì o'n dhè; O 'n | beag an eachdràidh | chuasla dìot, 'S eha | mhòro d' ghuibh a | ta fo'n ghrèin. }  
 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 nì 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 'eil 's na h-oibre ud gu léir,  
 Ach taisbean earlais air a neart.

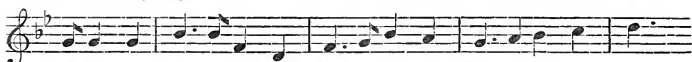
Le'r tuigse thana 's diomhain duinn  
 Bhì sgrùdadh 'chuain a ta gun chrìoch;  
 An litir 's lugha dh' ainm ar Dé,  
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'r reusan l.  
 Oir nì bheil dadum coltach riut,  
 Am measg t'uil' oibre fein gu leir,  
 'S am measg nan daoine nì bheil cainnt  
 A dh' innseas t' ainm ach t' 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—EARS' A CHRISDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

*Slow and with feeling.*



KEY. f. l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - . d | s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - . l<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . t<sub>1</sub> | d : r | m : - . )  
 B<sup>n</sup>. Dhia, dean mo | phlaundach 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 | s<sub>1</sub> : - . s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d | m : - . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . ||  
 'Is bi'dh gach | subhaile 's naomha | gleus Mar mheas a | lùb mo gheug gu | lùr!  
 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-thalmbhuinn, 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 càirdeas gràidh;  
 Cha loisg an tein' gun òrdugh uat,  
 Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrios a phlàigh.

Am feadh bhios cumhachd ann ad làimh,  
 Bi'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach ocl:  
 'S cha 'n eagal lean gu 'n bi mi 'n dìth  
 Gu sìorruidh no gu 'm fàs thu bochd.

Mo dhùrachd, m' eagal, 's m' uile mhiann  
 A'n Dhia tha còmhla chadh gu léir;  
 Oir nèamh, is talamh, 's ifrinn shìos,  
 A ta iad do mo Rìgh-s' a' gèill'.

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 concentered dwell,  
 For heaven and earth and lowest hell  
 Shall my Almighty King obey.

Words from ECHANAN'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. l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub>, l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub>, m<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> : d . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub>, l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : -. )  
 B.<sup>7</sup>. 'S e' gradh m' Fheir saor - aith a bhios 'n a cheol dhomh, 'S ann air lu choir dhomh bhí deamh agent; )  
 My Saviour's love shall be still my sto - ry, It is my nu - sic while here below;



{ t<sub>1</sub> : d ., l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub>. s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub>, m<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> : d . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub>, l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub>. t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : -. ||  
 'O'n 's e thug coir dhomh le fhuid 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 bought me freedom and life and glo - ry, And by His death sav'd my soul from wee.  
 And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.



{ l<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : m . l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub>. d | r : r . t<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m : m . r : d . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : -. )  
 'S e sud an t-oran a bheir dhomh solas Cho fad's is heo 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' 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 eur 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 nair a thoisich a thurus sgith;  
 Air son a ghraidh thug iad fuath gu leoir dha,  
 'S bhia iad 'g a fhogradh o thir gu tair.  
 Le meud a ghairdeachas ann ar slainte  
 Chuir e an naire ann an neo-bhrigh;  
 'S le meud a ghraidh dhuinn ghabh e ar nadur  
 A chum ar tearnadh o'n t-slochd is isle.

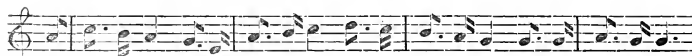
Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacaich Adhamh,  
 'N nair thug e'm bas air a shliochd gu leir,  
 'S ann rinn an Slanuighhear gach ni an aird  
 'S an lagh rinn ardach le umhlachd fein, [d'beth,  
 'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhlachd bais  
 Leig e bheatha mhàn, deanamh 'n aird na reit';  
 Is chum a bhraithrean a thoirt gu Parris  
 Dh' fhuidh 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,  
 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;

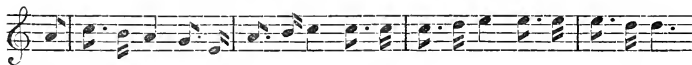
A Man of sorrows, with none to aid Him,  
 The scoff and scorn of an evil race,  
 Who for His love with fierce hate repaid Him  
 As they pursued Him from place to place;  
 But such His joy in our soul's salvation,  
 That He despised all the pain and shame,  
 And to redeem us from condemnation,  
 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. l. | d' ., t : l : s ., m | l ., t : d' : r' ., d' | t ., l : s : s ., s | l ., s : s : - . }  
 C. { 'S an t-seann seanachas bha Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg dhaoine b'ainmig an leithid ann, }  
 In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oit 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 gaisg is cruadal, is creach air uairibh, 'S bha'm full co uaibreach toirt buaidh dhaibh ann }  
 Their strength was proudest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;



{ .d' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : r' : d' ., r' | m' ., r' : d' : l ., l | l ., m : s : - . }  
 { Gun tuigs' gun chiall ac' nu thimcholl siorr' achd 'S cha 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' : r' ., d' | t ., l : l : - . }  
 { Ach baist' is posadh is suidh aig orduigh'n, E'e sud an dochas a bha 'n an ceann. }  
 Though they were christened, and sat and listened At high communions when they came round.

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

Is moran seolaidhean faoin' an ceann.  
 An sluagh gun churam rachadh's na cuiltean,  
 'S mar theid na bruidean a ghabhail 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 eisid an sluagh ruim, a Rìgh, gabh truas  
 'S ar gearan truaigh thigeadh ann do lath'r; [dhinn,  
 O'n tha thu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,  
 Thoir duinne colas, 's ann air do ghràs,  
 Ach cia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin?  
 'S ann air do mhòrachd a rinu sinn tair.

Ach c'a'it 'an teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn?  
 Cha'n eil fo'n ghrèin na ni dhuinn sta,  
 Ach Uan Dé o'n 's e phaiginn an eiric  
 Le meud an eifeachd a bhia'n a blas.  
 Ma gheibh sinn sgeul air's gun dean sinn feum  
 'S gun dean thu eisdeachd ruinn air a sgath, [dbeth,  
 Bidh sinn fo dhion's theid sinn as o phiantaibh,  
 A seinn gu siorruidh air cliu do ghràs.

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.

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