

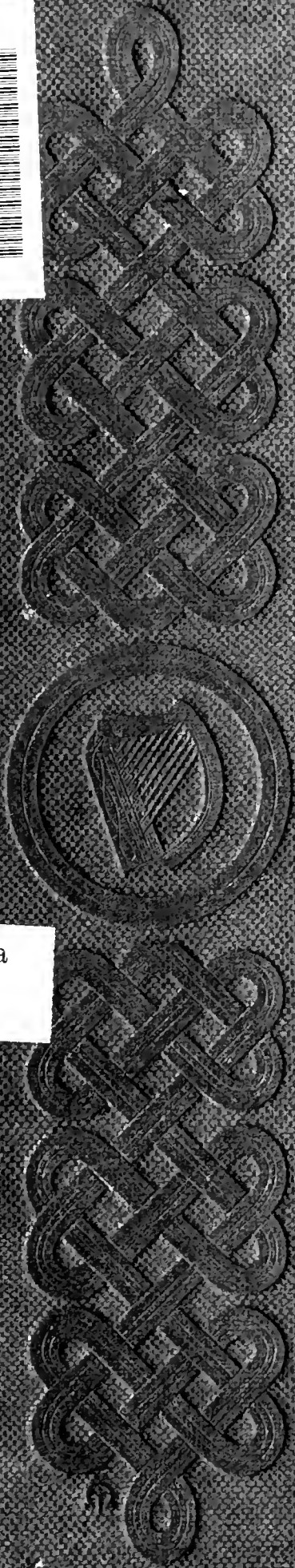
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SONGS
AND
MYMNS
OF THE
CAEL

MACBEAN



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS



SONGS AND HYMNS OF THE GAEL.

THE
ONGS AND YMNS
OF THE GAEL,

WITH TRANSLATIONS AND MUSIC,

AND AN INTRODUCTION.

BY L. MACBEAN.

STIRLING :
ENEAS MACKAY, 43 MURRAY PLACE.

1900.

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PREFACE.

THE very kind reception given to this collection by the Press has emboldened the Editor to allow it to be republished. There are other very excellent collections of Highland Music and Songs, but as this book contains several melodies not printed elsewhere (for example, Nos. 3, 8, 16, and 31 of Part I., and Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 32 of Part II.), and as there is as yet no other collection of Highland Sacred Music, it is perhaps not desirable that the book should remain out of print.

Cordial thanks are here tendered to the many friends who have kindly assisted in collecting or revising either tunes or words.

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HIGHLAND SONGS, HYMNS, AND MUSIC.

THE Songs of the Scottish Highlands form a literary heritage that will well repay study. They are remarkably rich in the lighter graces of poetry—endless variety of metrical form, and opulence of rhyme, and melodies that are both striking and sweet. Their characteristic beauties and their limitations are perhaps both alike due to their being so intensely native. The feelings expressed are simple, and scenery and incidents are redolent of the Highlands. At a period when the popular songs of other countries were stilted and artificial, the songs of the North were natural and true. English versifiers might affect longings after the myrtle groves and artificial poses of classic times, but the Gaelic bards delineated with loving art the beauties of the mountain landscapes, and the deep, simple emotions of Highland hearts.

The LOVE OF NATURE in all her moods is indeed the deepest characteristic of Highland song, which in this anticipated the loftier flights of Burns and Wordsworth. A good example of Duncan Ban Macintyre's appreciation of Nature will be found in No. 17 of this collection, "Coire Cheathaich," and it pervades the muse of his contemporary, Alexander Macdonald, whose praise of the moorland heather is worth translating—

The bonny, clinging, clustering
Dear heather growing slenderly,
With snowy honey lustering
And tassels hanging tenderly :
In pink and brownish proud array,
With springy flexibility,
With scented wig all powdery,
To keep up its gentility.

In more dignified strain we have the ode to the sun by Ossian, or some unknown bard—

Thou movest in thy might alone,
For who hath power to travel near ?
The ageless oak shall yet fall prone,
The hoary hills shall disappear.
The changing main shall ebb and flow,
The waning moon be lost in night,
Thou only shalt victorious go,
Forever joying in thy light.

The LOVE SONGS, numerous, full of headlong passion, and set to very attractive melodies,

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form the largest class, and their fervour and naïveté give them a certain piquancy which is not unpleasing. But the graces and felicities of the HOME are not forgotten; there are many poetic addresses to newly-made brides and frolicking boys and girls, and lullabies to the babies. One of the most popular songs in the Highlands is a lilt to a little Highland lassie—

O, my darling Mary, O, my dainty pearl !
O, my rarest Mary, O, my fairest girl !
Lovely little Mary, treasure of my soul,
Sweetest, neatest Mary, born in far Glen Smole.

The PATRIOTIC SONGS are a large class, for the Highlanders love their barren land—her very dust to them is dear.” Her historic scenes and the Highland dress, language, and music are never-failing themes, in discoursing on which the bards occasionally added such half-serious and wholly forgivable touches of exaggeration as the following—

Now, let me tell you of the speech and music of the Gael,
For Gaelic is a charming tongue to tell a bardic tale,
Fain would I sing its praises—pure and rushing, ready, ripe,
For Gaelic's the best language, the best music is the pipe !

But of all the Northern songs the elegies and other LAYS OF SORROW are the most striking and characteristic. The Highland Lament is a thing by itself, having no exact counterpart in any other language, its wild, rich music presenting a perfect picture of the weird and grand scenery in which it had its origin. The Gaelic race has been cradled into poetry by suffering, and its spirit has been bathed in the gloom of lonely glens and northern skies. Hence its songs have always given superb expression to what Ossian calls “the joy of grief.” There is, however, this difference, that while in the older songs the sadness is unrelieved and oppressive, the more modern introduce a chord of sweetness to form a very luxury of sorrow. Thus a bard laments the death of a child—

She died—as dies in eastern skies
The rosy clouds the dawn adorning ;
The envious sun makes haste to rise
And drown them in the blaze of morning.

She died—as dies upon the gale
A harp's pure tones in sweetness blending.
She died—as dies a lovely tale
But new begun, yet sudden ending.

In bright contrast to these lays of grief are the HUMOROUS SONGS—serio-comic ballads, parodies, and biting satires, the latter being far too numerous.

With the exception of the wickedness in these satiric outbursts and a passing wave of depravity that swept over Highland poesy in the end of last century, the songs are pure and noble. Their ETHICS are remarkably high, and their continued popularity and influence among the Gaelic population must be regarded with satisfaction.

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The LANGUAGE in which these lyrics have been composed is one that is unusually well fitted to be the vehicle of sentiment, readily lending itself to those little garnishments in which Celtic poets delight. It is rich, mellifluous, and copious in poetic terms, especially adjectives, which the bards used with lavish but discriminate profusion. Of its expressiveness and natural poetry, these bards had the highest opinion —

This is the language Nature nursed
And reared her as a daughter ;
The language spoken at the first
By air and earth and water,
In which we hear the roaring sea,
The wind, when it rejoices,
The rushes' chant, the river's glee,
The valley's evening voices.

From a literary point of view one great charm of Gaelic verse lies in the extraordinary diversity and complexity of its METRES. Abundant use is made of the ordinary measures familiar in English poetry—the iambus and the trochee—but recourse is also had to the difficult anapaest and the high-strung dactyl, and all four are woven into numberless combinations, such as would delight the soul of an English poet, but of which English itself is unfortunately incapable on account of its limited selection of dissyllabic and trisyllabic rhymes. A common device of the Gaelic bards was to make the latter half of each stanza the first of the next stanza, as in No. 12, Part I., of this collection. Of course, that arrangement required the same rhyme to be maintained throughout the whole song, but such is the wealth of Gaelic assonance that this was accomplished with ease. Indeed, it is no unusual thing for eleven out of twelve lines to rhyme, and sometimes one rhyme is carried through twenty verses. The most common form of verse in all Gaelic poetry—Scottish and Irish, ancient and modern—is one in which the close of one line rhymes with an accented syllable in the middle of the following line. This leonine rhyme may be exemplified by the opening verse of the ancient poem known as “The Aged Bard's Wish”—

Oh, lay me by the burnie's *side*,
Where gently *glide* the limpid streams,
Let branches bend above my *head*,
And round me *shed*, O Sun ! thy beams.

But in many songs every line bristles with rhymed words, often words of more than one syllable, as in the song No. 16 or hymn No. 4. This free use of intricate rhymes, combined with the headlong sweep of rhythm found in the best songs, can only be imperfectly reproduced in English, but an imitation of one of Macdonald's stanzas may illustrate some points of the literary structure of Gaelic verse—

Clan Ranald, ever glorious, victorious nobility,
A people proud and fearless, of peerless ability,
Fresh honours ever gaining, disdainng servility,

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Attacks can never move them but prove their stability.
High of spirit, they inherit merit, capability,
Skill, discreetness, strength and featness, fleetness and agility ;
Shields to batter, swords to shatter, scatter with facility
Whoever braves their ire and their fiery hostility.

Neither is the aid of apt alliteration neglected in the adornment of these songs, which indeed possess, in an unusual degree, all the attractions of form and colour found in the best lyrical poetry.

The Music of Gaelic Songs bears a family resemblance to that of the Scottish Lowlands, but with all its peculiarities accentuated. In point of fact, the music of South and North was originally the same, for the Scottish Lowlanders in discarding the ancient language of the Scots had the good sense to retain their melodies. Further, it is well known that from the days of Burns, and probably from a much earlier date, the national music of Scotland has been increasingly enriched by the adaptation of Gaelic tunes to Scotch or English words. These tunes follow closely the rhythm of the Gaelic words, and therein lie much of their undoubted power and originality. But this very connection has a peculiar effect on the English songs, to which many of the airs are wedded. All Gaelic words are accented on the first syllable, and in consequence lines end with an unaccented, or sometimes two unaccented syllables. Of course, the melodies follow this peculiarity—the tunes, or parts of a tune, seldom ending on the note after the bar. In the English and Scotch dialects, however, the range of dissyllabic and trisyllabic rhymes is extremely narrow, and Scottish poets have been compelled to eke it out by using diminutives and plurals, and adding numerous “O’s” at the ends of lines, in their efforts to bend the intractable Saxon tongue to the cadences of Gaelic music. Similarly the characteristic of Scottish airs, known as “the Scotch snap,” is to be attributed to the greater difference made in Gaelic between vowels that are long and accented and those that are short and unaccented. The absence of the seventh note, B (te), in the ancient Scottish scale no doubt added to the quaintness of the national airs, but a much more striking feature was, and is, its modal character. The old harpers are said to have been extremely fond of the major mode, *an Ìn*, but that mode does not obtain in Gaelic tunes, as now sung, the predominance which it has in other modern music. One of the stumbling-blocks which the ordinary musician finds in Scottish music is that, not content with the ordinary major or even the more uncommon minor, it must wander away into the rough and unfamiliar Dorian mode. But in Gaelic music this peculiarity is emphasised, the tunes in the mode of the second (ray) being, if anything, more numerous than those in any other mode, while it is not unusual to meet with melodies in the modes of the third, fourth, and fifth notes of the scale. Probably, however, the intrinsic beauties of Gaelic airs will be found sufficient recompense for these and other singularities which, in the eyes of many admirers, are but additional beauties.

The HYMNS of the Scottish Highlands have hitherto attracted little notice ; nevertheless they are fairly numerous and many of them possess great merit. They are never used in public

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worship now, but they were certainly used in early times, and a few hymns of the ancient Columban Church have been preserved in monastic libraries—antique compositions in Latin or Gaelic, or both. In the middle ages the sacred poetry would seem to have been of a lower type—imaginary conversations like the so-called “Prayer of Ossian,” preserved in the Dean of Lismore’s Book (1512), and verses to be used as charms. The modern sacred poetry of the North began with Dugald Buchanan by the shores of Loch Rannoch about the middle of last century, but the most voluminous and popular writer of Gaelic hymns has been the Rev. Peter Grant of Strathspey, whose collection, first issued in 1809, is highly esteemed throughout the Highlands and the Gaelic districts of Canada, under the name of the lays of Padruig Grand. Besides these poets there have been many hymn-writers in the North—MacGregor, MacLean, Morrison, and others, some of whom have contributed but one successful hymn to the sacred anthology of their country. In that anthology it will be found that, along with undoubted orthodoxy, there is a certain echo of the secular songs, which is particularly noticeable in the use of poetic phrases such as *Dia nan dùl*, “God of the elements,” *Dia nam feart*, “God of (many) attributes,” *Slanuighear nam buadh*, “Saviour of (many) victories.” The hymnology of the Highlands shows little trace of the religious currents of the present century, and its chief characteristic is a sad earnestness, rising at times into a passionate pessimism. A stern theology harmonises well with the environment and history of the Highlander, and whether as Pagan or as Calvinist he is most like himself when chanting eternal “Misereres” of unutterable pathos. The three great themes of Highland hymns are Sin, Death, and Judgment—a trinity which is very real to the sacred bard, and whose shadow lies across all his thoughts. Hence the solemnity and awe of many of the hymns. What English poet would think of presenting for our meditation a picture such as this:—

For mortal man life is quickly past,
The King of Terrors shall hold him fast,
When sick and dying, behold him crying—
“Ah ! tell me, friends, is this death at last ?”

“What throes of anguish are these,” he saith,
“That rend my bosom and stop my breath ?
New terror thrills me, strange horror chills me—
Oh, tell me truly, can this be death ?”

Yet the pages of Buchanan and Grant contain verses even more terrible than these. At the same time it would be a grave misrepresentation to say that all Highland hymns are of this gloomy cast ; even in the present collection will be found many Christian songs of the brightest and happiest description, though, happily, the language contains no hymns that show the levity frequently found in popular English hymn-books.

The SACRED MUSIC of the Highlands has a close affinity to the secular melodies, and in some cases Gaelic and other suitable tunes seem to have been adapted to sacred words. But numbers of the hymns have their own proper tunes, many of them sweet, expressive, and in every way worthy to be the exponents of religious feeling.

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Besides the hymn tunes, there is another class of sacred melodies in the Highlands which is very interesting—the Psalm tunes, which differ widely from those familiar to the English-speaking world. This is specially true of the small number of very long and elaborate tunes that have been used in the North for many generations, and which are known as the “old” tunes. Their origin is unknown, for though there is a tradition that they were brought into Scotland by devout Highland soldiers returning from the Protestant wars of Gustavus Adolphus, they bear little resemblance to the Psalm tunes of Sweden and Germany. If, indeed, any such imported foreign music formed the basis of Gaelic psalmody, the superstructure has probably been moulded by the chants used in Highland worship before the importation took place. In the Psalm tunes as we now have them, the predominance of local colouring is very marked, and it may be said that, even more than the unquestionably native music of the hymns, these Psalm tunes express the deep seriousness of Highland religion.

The present collection contains the six “old” tunes, as well as the Highland forms of the modern Psalm tunes, and in preparing it the editor has had the intelligent and valuable assistance of Gaelic-speaking ministers and precentors.



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Songs of the Gael.

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SONGS OF THE GAEL.

1—MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

KEY B \flat .—Beating twice to the measure.

{ : s_i | d : - . t_i | l_i : s_i | d : - | s_i : s_i | d : - . r | f : m | r : - | m }
 { Ho- ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, Hi- ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, }
 Ho- ro, my brown-hair'd maiden, Heeree, my bonnie maiden,

{ : f | m : s | m : s | s_i : - | d : r | m : - | f : - . r | d : - | - }
 { Mo chaileag, laghach. bhoidheach, Cha phosainn ach thu. }
 My sweetest, neatest maiden, I'll wed none but thee.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil,
 Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,
 Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd
 A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
 Gu bheil mo mbiann 's mo ghaol ort,
 'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh
 Cha chaochail mo rùn.

Nuair bha ann ad lathair
 Bu shona bha mo laithean,
 A scalbhachadh do mhanrain
 Is aille do ghnais.

Gnais aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda,
 Na b-oigh is caomha nadur,
 I snairce, ceanail, baigheil,
 Lan grais agus muirn.

'S ann tha mo rùn 's na beantaibh,
 Fàr bheil mo ribhinn gbreannar,
 Mar ros am fasach shambraidh,
 An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,
 The beauty that thou bearest,
 Thy witching smile the rarest,
 Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging
 My love is not estranging,
 My heart is still unchanging
 And aye true to thee.

Oh, blest was I when near thee,
 To see thee and to hear thee,
 These memories still endear thee
 For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,
 Best, kindest, demurest,
 With which thou still allurest
 My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling
 My darling has her dwelling;
 A fair wild rose excelling
 In sweetness is she.

2—OCH, OCH! MAR THA MI—OCH, OCH! HOW LONELY.

KEY F.—*With expression.*



(. s₁ : s₁ . l₁ | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . s : s . m | d : d . d : r . m | l₁ : l₁ .)
 (Och, och! mar tha mi is mi 'nam aonar, A dol troimh choill far an robh mi eolach,)
 Och, och! how lonely to wander weary Thro' scenes endearing with none beside me!



(. s₁ : s₁ . l₁ | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . t : d' . l | s : m . d : r . m | d d . ||
 (Nach fhaigh mi a'it' ann am fhearann duthchais, Ged phaighim eirinn airson leud na broige. ||
 For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me.

<p>Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhuigs o m' shualn mi, 'Se tighinn a nuasorm o bhruaich nam mor-bheann, An ciobair Gallda 's cha chord a chainnt riun, E glaothaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.</p> <p>Moch madninn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh, Cha cheol air gheugan, no geum air mointich, Ach sgreaddail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla, Le coin 'g an eigbeach, cur feidh air fogar.</p> <p>An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda, 'S an fhearannaigh 's an robh Fionn a chomhnuidh; Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caoraich bhana, Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-nile combail.</p> <p>Na glinne chiatach 's am faighteachd fiadhach, 'M biodh com air iallan aig gillean oga, Cha-n fhaic thu 'n dingh ann ach ciobair stiallach, 'S gur duibhe mhenran na sgiath na rocais.</p> <p>Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach, Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri dnan no oran; 'Sach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d' shearg ar n-naislean, 'S na balaich shuarach n'an aitean-comhnuidh?</p>	<p>What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring The long-sought slumbers around me falling? The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring, Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.</p> <p>No more are mornings in spring delightful With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles, The deer have fled from these barkings frightful, And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.</p> <p>Our Highland mountains with purple heather, Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber, Are white with sheep now for miles together, And filled with strangers whom none can number.</p> <p>The lovely glens where the deer long lingered And our fair youths went with hounds to find them, Are now the home of the long black-fingered And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.</p> <p>The ancient customs and clans are banished, No more are songs on the breezes swelling, Our Highland nobles alas! are vanished, And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling</p>
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Author—the late Dr. MACLACHLAN.

3—LEABAIDH GHUILL—THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G.—*With feeling.*



{ d : d | m : - | r : d | d : - | r : m | f : - | d : r | f : - | f : f | l : - | s : f | s : m }
 O ye bards, make the last bed of Gaul, With his sunbeam of war laid be side him,



{ d : d | m : - | r : d | r : - | d : d | t : - | s : d | f : - | f : r | d : - | r : m | d : d ||
 Where the shade of this great tree shall fall, And its branches from tempests shall hide him.

Fo sgeith daraig a's guirne blath,
 Is luaith' fás, agus dreach a's buaine,
 Bhruchas duilleach air anail na frois
 'S an raon bhí seargta m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o iomaí na tíre
 Chítear le eoin an t-samhraidh,
 Is laibhidh gach eun mar a thig e
 Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear ua cheo,
 Is oighean a seimú air Aoibhir-chaomha;
 'S gus an caochail gach ní dhiubh so,
 Cha sgarar bhur cuimhne o cheile.

Gus an críon gu luathre a chlach,
 'S an searg as le aois a gheug so,
 Gus an sguir na sruthan a ruith,
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
 Gach filidh, is dán, 's aobhar-sgeile,
 Cha'n fheoraich an t-ainéal 'Co mac Moirne?
 No 'Cia i comhnuidh Rígh na Strumoin?'

This green spreading oak is his bower,
 Fair growing and lovely and lasting;
 Its leaves drink the breath of the shower
 While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from afar shall be seen,
 And the birds of the summer, swift winging,
 Alight on its boughs wide and green—
 From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing.

Evircoma shall hear how her praise
 The songs of the maidens shall cherish;
 Till everything round us decays,
 Your memory from earth shall not perish.

Till this stone has been crumbled away,
 Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,
 Till this tree with old age shall decay,
 And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run
 Over bards, songs and all that is human,
 None need ask, Who was Morni's great son?
 Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strumon?

Author—OSSIAN.

4—BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH—MAID OF THE DAIRY.

KEY F.



{ r' | r' : - . m : s | l' : - . s : t' d' | r' : - . l' : d' | s' : - . d' : f' . m | s' : d' : m' }
 { A | bha - na - rach | mhìogach | 'S e do ghaol 'thug fo | chis mi. 'S maththig lamhainean }
 O white-handed maiden, My bosom is la - den, With love for the

CHORUS.



{ r' : - . d' : l' . s | d' : - . m : d | r' : - . r | d | r' : m : s | l' : - . r : f }
 { sloda | Air do mhìu-bhosaibh | ba - na. | A | bhan - a - rach | dhonn a chruidh, }
 maid - en That ne - ver shall va - ry. My bon - nie bright dai - rymaid,



{ r' : d' : l' | s' : - . m : d | r' : m : s | r' : - . l' : d' | s' : - . m : d | r' : - . r }
 { Chaoin a' chruidh, | dhonn a' chruidh, | Callin deas | donna chruidh, | Cuachag an fhàsaich. }
 Fairy maid, dai - rymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid, Maid of the dairy.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,
 A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.
 Dh' ialadh eunlaith gach doire,
 Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhànrain

Ged a b' fhonnmar an fhidheall,
 'S a tendan an rìghheadh,
 'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,
 Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,
 'Dearsadh mòch air foir d' eudainn,
 'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn
 Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein
 'G a chrathadh m' a cluasan,
 A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,
 An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fàsaich.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,
 'Teachd do'n bhnaillidh mu 'n eadhrath,
 Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,
 'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
 Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh
 Callin deas donn a' chruidh,
 Cuachag an fhàsaich.

When Mary is singing
 The birdies come winging,
 And listen, low swinging,
 On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure
 To hear the sweet measure
 That's sung by my treasure,
 The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming
 Around her is beaming,
 It's glowing and gleaming
 On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary
 Trips gaily my dearie,
 With foot never weary,
 As light as a fairy.

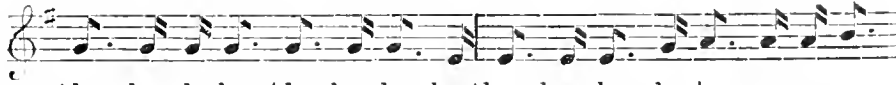
The maid of this ditty
 Is charming and pretty,
 She's wise and she's witty,
 She's winning and wary.

My bonnie bright dairymaid,
 Fairy maid, dairymaid,
 Bonnie blythe dairymaid,
 Maid of the dairy.

Gaelic words by ALEXANDER MACDONALD (Mac Mhaighstir

5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

KEY G.



{ d .,d : d ,d .- | d .,d : d .,l, | l, .,l, : l, .,d | r .,r : r ,m. - }
 Mhorag chiatach a chuil dualaich 'Se do luaidh a tha air m'aire,
 Morag with the tresses flowing, I will praise thee with de - vo-tion.



{ r .d : r | m .,r : d | m : m ,m | r .,d : l, .,s, | l, .,d .- : r | m .,r : d ||
 Agus o Mhor - ag, ho - ro 'sna horo gheallaidh, Agus o Mhor - ag.
 Then horo, Mor - ag, ho - ro, the lovely lady, Then horo, Mor - ag.

'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn
 Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
 'S cuimhnich, thoir leat bannal ghruagach
 A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.
 O cha leiginn thu do'n bhuailidh
 Obair thraillidh sin nan cailean.
 Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanag
 Aig an beil an cuailein barr-fhionn.
 'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach
 Ciabhag na gruagaich glaine,
 Do chùl peucach sios 'na dhualaibh
 Dhalladh e naislean le lainnir,
 Sios 'na fheoirneinan mu'd ghualinean,
 Leadan cuaicheineach na h-ainnir.
 'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag
 Eadar Mor-thir agus Arrainn.
 'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal
 Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruing,
 A rachadh le sgiathan 's le claidhean
 Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,
 Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh
 Thoir do chòrach mach a dh'aindeoin.
 A rìgh, bu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad
 Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.
 H-nile cloth a luaidh iad riamh dhuilbh
 Dh' fhad iad e gu ciatach daingeann.
 Teann, tìugh, daingeann, fìchte, luaidhte
 Dait ruadh air thuar na fala.
 Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luadhaidh
 'S theid na gruagaichean so mar-riut.
 Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going;
 Soon come back across the ocean.
 Bring a band of maids for spreading
 And for dressing cloth of scarlet.
 Thou shalt not go to the steading,
 Leave vile work to loon and varlet.
 Oh, my Morag is the sweetest,
 With her lovely locks in cluster,
 Coiled and curled in folds the sweetest,
 Gleaming bright with golden lustre;
 Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,
 Dazzle nobles who behold her;
 Yellow tresses round her streaming,
 Fall in cascades on her shoulder.
 Many a lover has my lady,
 In the mainland and the Islands;
 Many a man with sword and plaidie
 She could summon from the Highlands,
 Who would face the cannon's thunder
 Armed and for her honour plighted,
 Driving hostile bands asunder
 Bound to see our lady righted.
 Certes, but our maids are clever
 When they get their weapons ready,
 Many a web they've sorted ever
 Firmly handled close and steady,
 Thick and close and firm in pressing,
 Bloody-red, a dye unfading;
 Come then with thy maids for dressing,
 We are ready here for aiding.
 Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady

Author—ALEXANDER MACDONALD

Morag represents Prince Charlie.

6—CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAIDH—RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*

(: s₁ . l₁ | d : d : m . r | d : l₁ : s₁ . l₁ | d : d : l | l . s :- : d¹ . l | l : l₁ : d)
 (S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodh-iainn Gun fhaolte gun fhu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn)
 Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

CHORUS.

(| r : d : m . r | d : l₁ : d | r . r :- : r . m | l :- . d : r . d | l₁ :- : r . m)
 (ao . trom, O Dhi-hao-ine mo dhunach. Hi-il ò ho bha hó Hi-il)
 cheerless, I am wea - ry with wailing. Hee-il ò ho - va hò Hee-il

(| r : l₁ : d | l :- : d¹ . s | l : l₁ : d | r :- : r . m | l :- . d : r . d | l₁ : l₁ ||
 (ò ho bha ò, Hi-il ò ho bha ò Hi-il ò ro o-bha eil - la .
 ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò ro o-va ai - la .)

Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
 O Dhihaoine mo dhunach :
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh :
 'S i do ghuala bha làidir,
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu,
 'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu ;
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh :
 Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
 Fo lic naine na tuinne,
 Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
 Fo lic naine na tuinne ;
 Tha do chlàidheamh 'na dhùnadh,
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag,
 Tha do chlàidheamh 'na dhùnadh,
 Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag ;
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.
 Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh ;
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn.
 Do fhrith nam beann àrda,
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn ;
 'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlaian,
 Gun fhaolte, gun fhu-ran.

Since the day of my sorrow
 I am weary with wailing,
 Since the loss of the boatie,
 Where the hero was sailing.
 Since the loss of the boatie,
 Where the hero was sailing,
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,
 Though the sea was prevailing.
 Oh, strong was his shoulder,
 Though the sea was prevailing,
 Now he lies in the clachan
 Whom I am bewailing.
 Now he lies in the clachan,
 Whom I am bewailing,
 And a green grassy curtain
 His cold bed is veiling.
 And a green grassy curtain
 His cold bed is veiling,
 His sword in its scabbard
 The rust is assailing.
 His sword in its scabbard
 The rust is assailing,
 His hounds on their leashes,
 Their speed unavailing.
 His hounds on their leashes,
 Their speed unavailing,
 No more shall my hero
 His mountains be scaling.
 No more shall my hero
 His mountains be scaling,
 Sitting sadly, I sorrow,
 Heavy-hearted and ailing.

Composed on the death of IAIN GARBH MACGHILLE-CALLUM of Raasay, by his sister

7—MO MHALI BHEAG OG—MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.

KEY C.

f l | s ., s : m ., s | d' : s ., f | m : r ., d | d : - . s | d' ., d' : r' ., d' |
 Nach truagh leat mi 's mi prio - san Mo Mha - li bheag og? Dol chairdean a cur
 Dost thou not see my an - guish, My dear lit - tle May? In dungeon dark I

f t : l . s | l ., t : l ., s | s : - . m | r ., m : s ., l | d' : r' ., d' |
 binn orm, Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal thu. A bhean nam mala min - e, 'S nam
 languish, My own darling May. No eyes were sweeter, clear - er, No

f d' ., t : l ., s | s : l . t | d' ., t : l ., s | d' : s ., f | m : r ., d | d : - . s |
 pogan mar na fìoguis, Is tu nach fhagadh shìos mi le mi-ruin do bheoil!
 kisses could be dear - er Than thine, my loving cheer - er, My dear little May!

Di-domhnaich anns a ghleann duinn,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut,
 Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhor;
 Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shuilean
 'S a sheall mi air mo chulaobh
 Bha marcaich an eich chruthaich
 Tigh'n dhu air mo lorg.
 Is mise bh' air mo bhuaireadh,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Nuair thain' an sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn,
 Mo ribhinn glan ur;
 Is truagh nach ann 'san uair sin
 A thuit mo lamb o m' ghualainn,
 Mu'n d'amais mi do bhualadh,
 Mo Mhali bheag og.
 Gur boidhehe leam a dh' fhas thu,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Na'n lili anns an fhasach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;
 Mar aiteal caoin na greine
 Am maduinn chiuin ag eiridh,
 B'e sud do dhreach is t-eugais
 Mo Mhali bheag og.
 Ged bheirte mi bhe'n bhas so,
 Mo Mhali bheag og,
 Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;
 B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhagail,
 'S gu'm faicinn t'aodann ghradhach,
 Gun chuimhn' bhi air an am sin
 'S an d' fbag mi thu ciuirt'.

Oh! hapless love that sought thee,
 My dear little May;
 Oh! fatal tryste that brought thee
 Along yon green brae;
 We met with words endearing,
 No evil were we fearing,
 When horsemen came careering
 In angry array.
 My heart with anger bounded,
 My dear little May,
 To see us thus surrounded,
 My lady so gay;
 Oh, withered let this arm be
 That ever chanced to harm thee,
 I never would alarm thee,
 My darling young May.
 Oh, fairer wert thou, blooming,
 My dear little May,
 Than lily sweet, perfuming
 Some glen far away,
 Like morning glory gleaming,
 Along the mountains streaming,
 So was thy beauty beaming,
 My bright little May.
 What though my life were spared me,
 My dear little May,
 Now it can never shared be
 With kind little May!
 I long to go, and never
 From thee again to sever,
 And there forget that ever
 I wounded my May.

Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady.

8—LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN—OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

KEY B♭.

f: l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : -)
 O | thu - sa fein a | shiubhlas shuas, Tha | cruinn mar lan sgiath | chrua' dh nautriath)
 O thou that mov - est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,

f: l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : -)
 Cia | as a ta do | dhears'gun ghrnaim, Do | sho - lus a ta | buain a Ghrian?)
 Whence is thy glo - ry gleam - ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last - ing light?

f: l₁ | d : - : l₁ | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | l : - : s | l : - : d | d : - : r | m : - :)
 (Thig | thu - sa mach 'nad' àil - le | threin, Is | fal - nichidh na | reul an triall,)
 In peer - less beau - ty thou dost rise And all the stars be - fore thee flee,

f: r | m : - : d | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l₁ | l₁ : -)
 (Theid | gheadlach sios gun | tuar o'n speur, 'Ga | clea - tha fein, fo | stuaidh 'san iar.)
 The pal - lid moon for sa'ces the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea.

Tha thus' ad astar dol a mhàin,
 Is co dh'a'n dana bhì 'ad chòin?
 Feuch, tuitidh darag o'n chruaich aird,
 Is tuitidh càrn fo aois is scòrr,
 Is traighidh agus bonaidh 'n ceann,
 Is càillear shuas an rè 'san spèur,
 Tha thus' ad aona chaoidh fo bhuaidh
 An aoibhneas bhuan do sholus fein!
 Nuair dhubhas dorch m'an domhain stoirm,
 Le torrann bòrb is dealan beur
 Seallaidh tu 'nad àill' o'n toirm,
 'S fianh gàire 'nì bruaillean mòr nan spèur.
 Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin
 'S nach fhaic mo shuil a chaoidh do ghnais,
 A sgaioleadh cùl a's orbhuì' ciabh
 Air aghaidh nial 's a mhadaimn ùr,
 A sgaioleadh cùl a's orbhuì' ciabh
 Air aghaidh liath nan nial 's an ear
 No nuair a chritheas tu 's an iar
 Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air lear.
 Ma dh' fheuite gu bheil thu 's mi fein
 'An an gu treun 's gun fheum 'an am,
 Ar bliadhnaibh tearnach sios o'n speur
 La chèile siubhal chum an ceann.
 Biodh aoibhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,
 A thriath 'ad òige neartmhor ta!
 Oir 's dorch' mì-thaitneach tha an aois
 Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil,
 Bho neoil a sealltuim air an raon,
 'S an liath-cheo faoin air thaobh nan càrn,
 An osag fhuar o thuath air rèth,
 Fear siubhail dol fo bheud 'se mail.

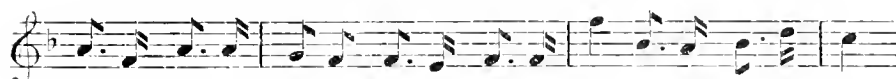
Thou movest in thy course alone,
 And who so bold as wander near?
 The mountain oak shall yet fall prone,
 The hills with age shall disappear.
 The changing main shall ebb and flow,
 The waning moon be lost in night;
 Thou only shalt victorious go,
 For ever joying in thy light!
 When heaven with gathering clouds is black,
 When thunders roar and lightnings fly,
 Thou gazest lovely through the rack
 And smilest in the raging sky.
 But oh! thy light is vain to me;—
 Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold,
 When thou art streaming wide and free
 O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold,
 When thou art shedding wide and free,
 O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold,
 Or trembling o'er the western sea
 At night's dark portals backward rolled.
 Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I
 From strength to weakness both descend,
 Our years declining from the sky,
 Together hastening to their end.
 Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!
 Rejoice, O chief, in youthful might!
 Age is a dark and dreary time,
 Feeble and faint as moon's wan light.
 Struggling through broken clouds in vain,
 While to the hills the mist hangs gray;
 And northern gusts are on the plain,
 Where toils the traveller on his way.

9—AN SGIUBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

KEY F.



{ d ., t₁ : d ., d | d' : s ., l : s ., f | m . d : r ., m : f ., l | s
 Bailaist 'chur's na | crainn, Cha chuir innte | taic dhuinn, Sìuil a chur ri 'druim,
 Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast



{ m ., d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t₁ : d ., d | d' : f ., m : f ., l | s
 Cha chuir sgoimn'a | h-astar; Stiùir 'chur os a | cinn, Cha dean iil do'n | luing
 Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?



{ l ., d' : t ., d' | s : t₁ ., d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t₁ : d ., r | m . f
 'S pumpgun 'cheòrn's an | taoim Cha chuir sginn a | mach dhith. Nach e'ceum bhios | glagach,
 Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,



{ s ., f : m ., r | m . d : f ., d' : t ., l | s : d ., d : m ., m | r . d
 Null's a nail, 's air | tarsainn? Ceart cha seòl i | dhuinn, 'S glens gach buill às | al - tan.
 She would fill and founder, Tackle all a - wry Would quickly wreck or ground her.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn
 Toirt ar cùram seachad,
 'G radh "Na abair dùrd,
 Tha 'n *Insurance* beairteach;"
 'S iomadh aon 'bha 'n dùil
 Nach robh meang 'n an eòis,
 D' a thrìd 'chaill an cùrs',
 Dh' easbhaidh dìùdh us faicill,
 'S riamh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh
 'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',
 'S nach do shòilbhich stùr
 Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh.
 Ged robh sirm 's an luing,
 Pailt an luim 's an acfhuinn,
 'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt,
 Feum gach buill us beairte;
 Ciod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn
 Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn
 Air gach hall 'bhios innt',
 Mnr 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh?
 Feumar còrd 's an acair,
 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,
 'S ris gach sruth us gaith,
 'N combaisd crinnn a leantainn.

Sad would be our plight,
 If, with mad assurance,
 We should caution slight,
 And trust to the insurance.
 Many a witless wight,
 Sure that he was right,
 Lost his bearings quite,
 All from being heedless;
 Thinking care was needless,
 Land at last despaired of,
 He was lost in night,
 And never more was heard of.
 What though we were packed
 With plenty of equipment,
 And knew what every tract
 And tool about the ship meant!
 Knowledge so exact
 Might as well be lacked,
 If we do not act.
 The anchor to be able
 To keep the vessel stable
 Must have a proper cable,
 The compass all compact
 Must lie upon its table.

By JOHN MORRISON, Harris.

10—TUIREADH AN T-SUIRICH—THE WOOPER'S WAIL.

KEY E^b.

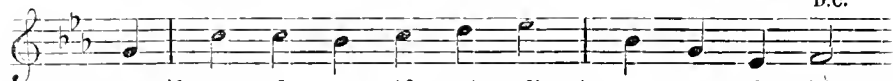
Lively.



: m | l : l : s | l : r : m | s : s : m | s : d }

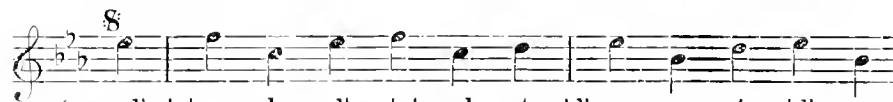
Chorus Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuinn na cruinn - eig,
 Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuinn na cruinn - eig,
 Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,
 Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,

D.C.



: m | l : l : s | l : t : d' | s : m : d | r : - ||

Cha teid mi - se tuil - le air shuir - idh na ghleann,
 Cha dir - ich mi bruth - aich cha'n ur - raiun mi ann,
 I'll gang to the sal - ley a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,
 Nor gang to the val - ley - I'm trach - led ower sair.



: d' | r' : l : d' | r' : l : t | d' : s : t | d' : s }

Song - Nuair rinn mi mo bhrog - an gu snas - uhor a ghrobadh,
 A sheall - tuinn na h-ogh - e tha thall - ad a cbomhuaidh,
 On my shoon I put batches of el - e - gant patches,
 My heart it was wholly up - lift - ed and jol - ly,

D.S.



: d' | r' : l : d' | r' : l : d' | s : m : d | r : - ||

'S a ghluais mi, cho ceol - mhór ri smeor - ach air chrann,
 Cha chreid - inn ri m' bheo gu'r e ghor - aich a bh'ann.
 And went sing - ing snatches of beau - ti - ful song;
 Nor thought it was fol - ly that sent me a - long.

Bha m'inntinn lan suigeart nuair rainig mi'n uinneag,
 'S mi cinnteach gun cumadh a chruinneag riun cainnt,
 Nuair dh'fhosgail i'n duilleag 'sa theann mi ri furan,
 'S ann thaom an truille an cuman m'am cheann.
 Cha teid mise tuille, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i na madaidh,
 'Eha 'mathair sa h-athair a labhairt le sgraing,
 Thuit ceo air mo leirsinn 'us m' anail gam threigsinn,
 An rathad cha b'leir dhomh 'us leum mi' san staing.

'Smi fodha gu m' shuillean an eabar an dunain,
 Mo bhrigis m'am ghluintean 'san cu oir an geall,
 Bu mhiosa na'n corr leann 'bhi faicinn na h-oinsich,
 Aig uinneag a seomair ri spors air mo chall.

Mar'phaisg air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhag mi an churraidh,
 Mo chaiseart 'san runnach, 's mo thruibhas sa ghleann,
 'Smi 'n so as mo letne ag altrom mo chrenchidan,
 'San ionad nach leir dhomh an breid a chur teann.

'Toirt boidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eigeach gu duineil,
 Ged gheibhinn an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann,
 Nach teid mise tuille a cheilidh no 'shuiridh,
 'Snach fhaicear mo luideagan tuille 'sa ghleann.

Wi' bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin',
 I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;
 I startit a-showin' my love overflowin',
 She stopped me by throwin' aboot me the pail.
 Nae mair, &c.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me,
 My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool;
 Her parents were flytin', the dogs were for bitin';
 I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!

The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin',
 The big dog was thinkin' he'd noo get a bite,
 But the thing maist amoyin' was to see her ongoin'
 Lookin' oot and enjoyin' my terrible plight.

Bad luck to the woin', it's been my undoin',
 My breeks are a ruin, my bachel's are gone,
 And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin'
 My wounds, and securin' the bandages on!

I'm vowin' and frettin' and manfully bettin'
 That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share,
 Nae mair will I sally a-courtin' of Mallie,
 I'll show in the valley my duddies nae mair.

Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH."

11—CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC—THE SPECTRE HAG.

KEY F.

{ d . d : r . m | s . l : m . r | m . m : r . m | l . s . m : r | d . d : r . m | s . l : m }
 { Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, Nan ciabhag glas, nan ciabhag glas, Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, }
 Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag

{ m . s₁ : d . m | r . d : d | d . r : m . d' | l . s : s . f | m . r : m . d' | t . l . s . m : r }
 { 'S acfhuinneach i shiubhal chàrn, Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, Nan ciabhag glas, nan ciabhag glas, }
 walks the moorland fast and free. Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag,

CHORUS.

{ d . r : m . d' | l . s : s | s . s₁ : d . m | r . d : d | d . d : d . s | m . m : m }
 { Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, 'S acfhuinneach i shiubhal chàrn, Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, ho-ró, }
 Great and hoary - headed hag Walks the moorland fast and free. Hag of Ben a Bhric, ho-ro,

{ m . r : m . m | s . m : m . r | m . d : d . s | m . m : m | r . s₁ : d . m | r . d : d }
 { Bhric ho - ró, bhric ho - ró, Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, ho-ró, Cailleach mhór an fhuarain àird }
 Bhric ho - ro, Bhric ho - ro, Hag of Ben a Bhric, ho-ro, Spectre mountain hag is she.

Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,
 Nam mogan liath, nam mogan liath;
 Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,
 Cha 'n fhaca sinne leithid riabh.
 Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,
 Dingh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn.
 'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,
 Cham thu mi gu'n bheinn, gun sealg.

Bha thu fhein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Do bhuidheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh
 Air an traigh ud shios an de.

A chailleach—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh
 Dh' imlich shigean dubh an traigh.

Ochan ! is i'n doirionn mhor
 An doirionn mhor, an doirionn mhor
 Ochan ! is i'n doirionn mhor
 A chuir mis' an choill ud thall.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhi dubh, horo,
 Dubh horo, dubh horo,
 Cha'n iognadh mi bhi dubh, horo,
 H-uile la a muigh, o h-i.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhi fhiuch, fuar,
 Fhiuch fuar, fhiuch fuar,
 Cha'n iognadh mi bhi fhiuch fuar,
 H-uile h-uair a muigh gu brath.

'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
 Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,
 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,
 seachad an sliahh dubh ud thall.

Hag with great gray grisly paw,
 Grisly paw, grisly paw,
 Such a hag we never saw,
 Never, never did we see.
 Hag of Ben-a Bhric, &c.

What has brought her to the hill,
 To the hill, to the hill?
 She has wrought me muckle ill,
 Kept ber deer away from me.

She was with her flock of deer,
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,
 Yesterday she had her deer
 On the beach along the sea.

The Hag : I would not take my flock of deer.
 My flock of deer, my flock of deer,
 I would not take my flock of deer
 To lick black shells beside the sea.

Ochan ! it was weary woe,
 Weary woe, weary woe,
 Ochan ! it was weary woe
 Sent me to yon wood to dree !

No wonder I am black, horo,
 Black horo, black horo,
 No wonder I am black, horo,
 When I am always out, o hee.

No wonder I am cold and wet,
 Cold and wet, cold and wet,
 No wonder I am cold and wet,
 When out for ever I must be.

But yonder is the flock of deer,
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,
 But yonder is the flock of deer,
 Beyond the mountain you may see.

Said to be composed by a hunter who met the hag.


12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C.—*With spirit.*




Solist. | m̄ .,s : l̄ .,t | l̄ .,s : m̄ | m̄ .,m̄ : d̄' .,d̄' | t̄ : t̄ .,r̄' | m̄' .,l̄ : l̄ .,s }
Cho. | Fail ill ó ro, fail ill ó | Fail ill ó ro, eil - e, Hi | ri - thil nithil }
 Fal il ó ro, fal il ó | Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - hil nhil }

FINE.



| l̄ .,l̄ : t̄ .,l̄ | l̄ .,s : r̄ .,r̄ | m̄ : m̄ .,r̄ | m̄ .,s : l̄ .,t̄ | l̄ .,s : m̄ ., }
 a - gus ó, 'S na thugaibh hóro eil - e. || Gur mise tha trom airtneulach }
 i - hil ó, No heart have I for sing - ing. At dawn I rise with weeping eyes, }

D.C.



| r̄ | m̄ .,m̄ : d̄' .,d̄' | t̄ : t̄ .,d̄' | r̄' .,d̄' : t̄ .,l̄ | l̄ .,s : l̄ .,d̄' | t̄ .,l̄ : s .,l̄ | s .,m̄ - | m̄ ., }
 'S a mhadaim is mi 'g eiridh, Tha gaoth an ear a gobachadh, 's cha'n i mo thogairt fein i. }
 No heart have I for singing; Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging. }

Tha gaoth an ear a' gobachadh,
 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fein i;
 'S i gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn,
 A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh.
 Fáil ill, etc.

'Si gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am báta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhí treubhach.
 Gun tigeadh oirnn am báta
 D'am b' abhaist a bhí treubhach
 Uachdaran na tír' oirre—
 Mo dhíth ma dh' eireas bend da!
 Uachdaran na tír' oirre—
 Mo dhíth ma dh' eireas bend da!
 Uachdaran na duthech' innte—
 Gu bheil mo dhúrachd fein leis.
 Uachdaran na duthech' innte
 Gu bheil mo dhúrachd fein leis
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte!
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte
 Far am bí na fídhleirean,
 'S na píoban ann gan' gléusadh.
 Far am bí na fídhleirean
 'S na píoban ann gan' gléusadh
 Ach 's mise tha trom airtneulach
 'Sa mhadaim is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill
 Of eastern winds are stinging,
 Oh, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging.
 Fal il óro, fal il ó, &c.

Yes, I would hail the western gale,
 With blessings round it flinging,
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging.
 Oh, that it brought the honnie boat,
 Light o'er the billows swinging,
 And safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing.
 Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,
 Our gallant chieftain bringing,
 For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging.
 For our relief our country's chief,
 To whom our hearts are clinging,
 Oh would that he right gallantly
 His way to Sleat were winging.
 Oh, would that he right gallantly,
 His way to Sleat were winging,
 Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harp and pibroch ringing.
 Where songs arise and harmonies,
 With harps and pibroch ringing,
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,
 No heart have I for singing.

13—CUMHA DO H-UISDEIN MAC-AOIDH—LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

KEY A 2.



{ . l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d : - . m : r ., r | m : - . r : d ., l₁ | d : - . r : l₁ ., d |
 Nach cruaidh an guth so th'aig an t-sluagh, Bho'n deach thu luath 's adh' earh iad |
 Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and plean-



{ s₁ : - . l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d : - . m : r ., m | r : - . d : r ., m | s : - . l : m ., s | r : - . |
 riut ; Tha ghaoir cho eu - mant aig daoibh 'nais', Aig muàibh aig fuath, 's aig scarbhan-tan ;
 try ; One common grief, without re-lief, Has seiz'd on chief and peasantry ;



{ . m : l . l | s : - . f : m ., s | r : - . l₁ : d . r | m : - . r : d . l₁ | s₁ : - . |
 Cha'n eil bho'n Tòrr gu ruig an stòir, Aon duine beò, bho'n dh'fhalbh thu bhainn, |
 In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There 's none at all speaks cheerfully ;



{ . l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d : - . m : r ., m | r : - . m : s ., d | s : - . f : m ., r | r : - . |
 A's urraim còmhraidh mu' na bhòrd, Ach tùirseach, brò - nach, mar bhran-uach.
 Since that sad day he went a-way, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n ann mu'n callan codach fhéin,
 Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach,
 Ach aon 'thoirt bhuaip' gun aon fhear-fuath,
 'S an robh gach buaidh cho fàs-mhorach,
 A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chéill,
 Anns nach bu léir dhuinn failligeadh ;
 Nach bho'n éug bhí 'cur 'an céill
 Nach' eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

'S lionmhor cridhe 'thuit a mhàn
 Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,
 'Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn
 'Bhí suidhicht' 'an innim shiorbhcartaich
 Bha iona ceud dhe d'fhine fhéin
 A' deanamh féum mar ionmhaigh dhíot ;
 Ach dhearbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir,
 Nach 'eil fo'n ghréin ach diomhanas.

Co an duine thug ort bàrr
 Am breith, 'am páirt, 's an ionnsachadh ?
 No co an t-aon a sheas d'áit ?
 Dhé'n th'air an crádh ga d'iondraichinn ?
 Gach beag 'us mòr gach sean 'us óg,
 Le gal, 'us deòir ga'n ceansachadh.
 Ge tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach òirnn,
 Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

It is not private loss or woe
 That makes the blow so rigorous,
 But his sad fate whom none could hate,
 With mind so great and vigorous.
 For none could find, in heart or mind,
 A fault in kind or quality.
 Now he is not, though we forgot
 Our common lot, mortality.

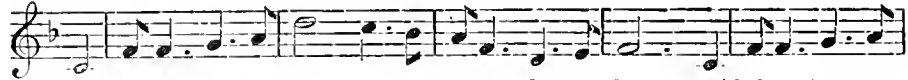
Oh, many a man was filled with gloom
 That round thy tomb stood silently ;
 Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void
 By death destroyed so violently.
 By clansmen prized and idolised,
 His worth disguised humanity,
 But this fell blow, alas! will show
 There 's nought below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth,
 Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him ;
 And none can fill his place but ill
 Of those who will be mourning him
 The hearts are wrung of old and young,
 The mourner's tongue is failing him,
 Oh, never more shall we deplore
 One man so sore bewailing him !

Music and words by ROB (DONN) MACKAY

14—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F.



{ s₁ | d.d : - | r : - . m | l : - | s : - . f | m.d : - | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - | - : s₁ | d.d : - | r : - . m }
 Gu ma slan a lchi mi a chailin di - leas donn! Bean a chuailein
 Oh! happy may I see thee, my faithful brown-hair'd maid! My sweet light-hearted



{ d' : - | t : - . d' | l : - . s | m : - . s | l : - | - : d' | s : m | s : l . t | d' : - | t : - . d' }
 reidh, air an deis' a dh'ei-readh fonn; 'Si cainnt do bheoil a's binn leam, nuair
 la - dy, in flow - ing locks ar-rayed; Thy voice, like soothing mu - sic, has



{ l : - . s | m : - . s | l : - | - : d' | s : - . l | s : m | l : - | s : - . f | m.d : - | l₁ : - . t₁ | d : - | - ||
 bhitheas m'inntian trom, 'S tu' thog-adh suas mo chrìdh' nuair a bh' dh' tu bruidhinn rium.
 oft my grief al-layed, Thy words dispelled the woes that up-on my spi - rit weighed.

Gur muladach a ta mi,
 'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,
 'S neo-shuindach mo chadal domh,
 'S do chaidreamh fada uam;
 Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
 As d'aogais tha mi truagh;
 'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn
 Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Snìl chorrach mar an dearcag,
 Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
 Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
 Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
 Aidicheam le eibhneas
 Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
 'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
 O'n uair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uat,
 Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,
 Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut,
 'S gun dhiult mi dhuit mo phog.
 Na cuireadh sid ort curam,
 A ruin, na creid an sgleo;
 Tha d'anail leam ni's eubhraidh,
 Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

My lot this night is dreary
 Upon the surging deep,
 And comfortless my slumber
 When far from thee I sleep.
 But back to thee, my maiden,
 My restless thoughts shall sweep,
 And few shall be my years
 If without thee I must weep.

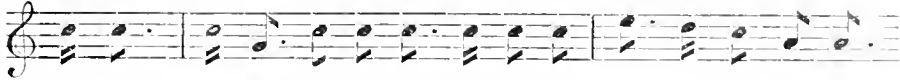
Like berries, 'neath their lashes
 Thine eyes are soft and clear;
 Like rowans, 'neath thy placid row
 Thy glowing cheeks appear.
 Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,
 That I have held thee dear,
 And since I had to part from thee,
 Each day has seemed a year.

What though they tell thee that I had
 Begun my choice to rue,
 That I forsook my maiden
 And from her kiss withdrew!
 Let not the story grieve thee;
 My love, it is not true:
 Thy fragrant breath is sweeter
 To me than morning dew.

Gaelic words by HECTOR MACKENZIE, Ullapool.

15—H-UGAIBH! H-UGAIBH!—AT YOU! AT YOU!

KEY C.



{ d', d'. — | d', s. — : d' . d' | d' ., d' : d' . d' | m' ., r' : d' . l | l ., }
 H-ugaibh! h-ugaibh! bo, bo, bo! An doctair Leodach 's biodag air,
 At you! at you! bo, bo, bo! Take care what may become of you,



{ d' : m' . m' | m' ., r' : d' . d' | d' ., l : s . s | s ., f : m ., d | d ||
 Faicill oirbh 'san taobh sin thall, Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dibh! ||
 The doctor with his dirk may go, And take the head off some of you!

Biodag 's an deaca' an gath-seirg
 Air crios seilg an luidealaich;
 Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
 Gur maing an rachadh bruideadh dhi.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
 'S claidheamh-mor an taruinn ort,
 An saighdear 's miosa th'aig righ Deors',
 Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,
 'S cearbach sud air amadan,
 'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
 A dh'fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
H-ugaibh, &c.

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,
 Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliogartaich;
 Cha'n 'eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
 Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.
H-ugaibh, &c.

See on his belt, with rags and dust,
 The dirk with all the rust of it;
 'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,
 If he should get a thrust of it.
At you! &c.

As fencer bold he used to swing
 His sword, but made so small a stir,
 The poorest soldier of the king
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.
At you! &c.

Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts
 And clumsily he carries them;
 He chops the heads off cormorants
 And hews and hacks and harries them.
At you! &c.

Brave at his side the sword must be
 That he must clank and rattle with;
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea
 But he will boldly battle with.
At you! &c.

16—BROSNACHADH-CATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*



f. l, | ḍ . ḍ : ḍ : - . l, | ṃ . ḍ : ṃ : - . r | ṃ . ḍ : l, : - . t, | ḍ : -)
 (A | mhacan ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumnach dàu air maigh,)
 O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for bat . tle prance,



f. l, | ḍ . ḍ : ṃ : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | ḍ : - ||
 (Faigh buaidh 'san t-stri, Sgrios sios gun dìth Ar naimhde, rìgh nan sleagh!
 Oh, win renown, Our foes cut down. O king of spears, advance!

Lamh threin 's gach càs!
 Cridh' ard gun sgath!
 Ceann airm nan roinn gear goirt!
 Gearr sios gu bàs,
 Gun bhàrc sheol bhàn
 Ehi snàmh mu dhubh Innis-torc.

Mar thairneanach bhaoghal
 Do bhuille, laoich,
 Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann,
 Mar charraig chruinn
 Do chridh' gun roinn,
 Mar lasan dìch' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,
 Is crobhaidh nial,
 Mar chiach bho reul a bhàis.
 A mhacain cheann,
 Nan cursan srann,
 Sgrios naimhde sios gu lar!


O arm of might!
 Brave heart in fight!
 With swords and lances keen,
 O'er foes prevail,
 Let no white sail
 Round Innistorc be seen.

Thy strokes shall clash,
 Like thunder crash,
 Like lightning flash thine eye,
 Thy heart a rock,
 In battle shock,
 Thy blade a flame on high.


Thy target raise,
 And let it blaze
 Like death-star's baleful light,
 O chief renowned,
 Whose chargers bound,
 Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Music published here for the first time.

17—COIRE-CHEATHAICH—THE MISTY DELL.



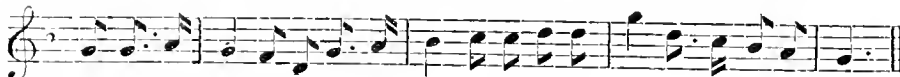
KEY. (F.) l₁ : r₁ , m | r : d . l₁ : r₁ , m | f : s . f : m . r | d : d , r : d . l₁ | d : - .)
 'Se Coire-cheathaich nan aighean | sìubhlach, An Coire rùmach is ùrar fonn,
 My Misty Cor - ric, by deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell,



{ r : r , m | r : d . l₁ : r₁ , m | f : s . s : l . l | r : r , r : l . l | s : - .)
 Gu ùrach miad - fheurach, mìn - gheal, sùghar, Gach lusan ùbar bu chùibhradh leam;
 Soft, rich and gras - sy, and sweetly scented, With every flow'r that I love so well;



{ l : l , l | r : r , r : l , l | s : f . f : m . r | d : d , r : d . l₁ | d : - .)
 Gu molach, dùbh - ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, Corrach, plùranach, dhu - ghlan, grunn,
 All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,




{ r : r , m | r : d . l₁ : r₁ , m | f : s . s : l . l | r^l : l , s : f . m | r : - ||
 Caoin, ballach, dìtheanach, canach, mìsleanach; Gleann a mhùiltich 's an lionmhòr mang.
 Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.


Tha mala ghruamach de'n bhìolair uaine,
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'anns an fhonn;
 Is doire shealbhadh aig bun nan garbh-chlaeh,
 'S an grinneal gainnhich gu meanbh-gheal pronn;
 'Na ghlugan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,
 Ach coileach bìirn tigh'nn a grunnnd eas bòm,
 Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,
 A ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.
 'S a mhaduinn chùin-ghil, an am dbomb dùsgadh,
 Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;
 A chearc le sgìncan a gabhail tùchain,
 'S an coileach cùrteil a dùrdail cròm;
 An dreachan sùrdail 's a ribheid chùil aig
 A cur nan smùid dheth gu lùghor bìnn;
 An druid 's an brù-dhearg le moran ùnich,
 Rì ceileir sunntach bu shiubhlach rann.

The watercresses surround each fountain
 With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green;
 And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain,
 Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean;
 Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling,
 The new-born stream from the darksome deep;
 Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,
 It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.
 How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming
 Beneath the rock to recline, and hear
 The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming,
 And gallant moorcock soft-crooding near!
 The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling,
 With mellow music a ceaseless strain;
 The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing
 Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

From the song by DUNCAN BAN M'INTYRE.

18—MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.

KEY B². 
 { : m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | m : - : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : - | : }
 (A) Mhairi bhan òg, 's tu'n b'igh th'air m' aire Rì'm bheo bhi far am bith'm fhein;
 Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beauti-ful bride;


 { : m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - | : }
 O'n fhair mi ort coir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangail' o'n chleir;
 In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A bond the clergy have tied;


 { : r : f | s : f : m | l₁ : - : d | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | r : - : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : - | : }
 Le cumbhantán teann, 's le banntaibh daingean, Le snaom a dh'fhianas 's nach treig,
 This cov-e-nant sure, ap-proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a-bide,


 { : m₁ | l₁ : t₁ : l₁ | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t₁ | l₁ : - : - | : }
 'Se t'fhaotainn air laimh le gradh gach caraid Rinn slàin - te maireann a'm chrè.
 And since with good-will thy hand was given, I thrill with pleasure and pride.

Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnaoi shomalt'
 A dh'fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu mìleant, còmhnaid, seocail, foinnidh,
 Do chòmbradh gheibh mi gu saor:
 Thà mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain
 A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin
 Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,
 'S coir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha miann mo shùil do dh' fhiuran barraicht
 An dlùthas nam meanganan suas;
 Geng fo bhlàth o bàrr gu talamh,
 A lub mi farasda nuas,
 Bu duilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh
 'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuaib.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses
 And pride, shall ever be shown;
 Each virtue most rare her soul possesses,
 And fair and sweet has she grown.
 My thoughts used to rove in boyish folly,
 Ere ever her love I had known;
 But, now I'm her own, my heart is wholly
 My darling's alone—alone.

Where woodlands are green with trees well
 A scene of beauty to view, [nourished,
 I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,
 Of bright and beautiful hue:
 That bough from above, desiring greatly,
 With love unto me I drew;
 None else could have moved that tree so stately,
 'Twas only for me that it grew.

A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Bàn) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in *Sacred Songs of the Gael*, *The Thistle*, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.

19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON.

KEY: F. (Dh'iadh) ceo nan stne mu | eu - dann Chuilim, Is | sheinn 'bhean-shlith a | toruan m'laid, }
 O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;

{ Gorm | shuilean eibhinn 's an | Dàin a sìleadh, O'n | thrial thu uainn 's nach | till thu tuille. }
 Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and ne'er re - turnest.

SEISB— { Cha | till, cha till, cha | till Mac Crìomhainn, An | cogadh no sìth cha | till e tuille, }
 CHORUS No more, no more, no more returning, In peace nor in war is he returning;

{ Le | airgid no nì cha | till Mac Crìomhainn, Cha | till e gu brath gu | la na cruinne. }
 Till dawns the great Day of Doom and burning, Mac Crimmon is home no more returning.

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
 Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,
 Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geugan dubhach,
 A caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhaireg fa dheibidh lan bròin is m'laid,
 Tha'm bàta fo sheol, ach dhiult i sìubhal;
 Tha gàirich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
 Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar,
 'S mac-talla nam mur le mìurn 'ga fhreagairt,
 Gach fheasgach is òigh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,
 O'n thrial thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,
 The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
 Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
 Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,
 The boat under sail unmoved is lying;
 The voice of the waves in sadness dying,
 Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,
 Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;
 Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,
 For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MAC CRIMMON, piper to the Laird of MAC LEOD, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE—OSSIAN AND MALVINA.

KEY: F. (d : d | d : -r | m : r | d : - | r : r | l : -se | l : s.f | f : - | f : f | l : -s | s : m | m : -)
 'Se guth ciùin mo rùin a th' ann. 'S ainmic thu gu m'aisling fein; Fosglaidh sibhs' bhur talla thall,
 'Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; O - pen wide your azure hall,

(d : d | r : -m | d : -t, | l, : - || m : l | l : -se | m : se | l : - | d : d | l : -s)
 Shìnsre Thoscair, nan ard speur. 'Se do chonhnuidd-s' m'anam fein, A shìl Oisein,
 Race of Tos - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,

(f : s.f | m : - | d : d | l : -s | s : m | m : -r | d : d | r : -m | d : -t, | l, : - ||)
 's treine Iaimh, Eiridh m' osnadh moch gun fheum, Mo' dbeoir mar shìleadh | spenran ard.
 night - y chief; Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chrann aillidh mi, threin nan seod,
 Oscair chorr, le geugaibh cùbhr';
 Thainig bàs mar ghaoth nan torr;
 Thuit fo sgeith mo cheann fo smùr.
 Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon,
 Cha d'èirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh fein:
 Chunnaic oigh mì fo shamhchair thall,
 Bhuaill iad clarsaiche mall nan teud.

OISEAN:

Caoin am fonn 'na mo chluais fein,
 Nighean Lotha, nan sruth fiar,
 'N cual thu guth nach 'eil beo 's a bheinn
 An aisling, ann do chodal ciar?
 Nuair thuit clos air do shuilibh mall
 Air bruachan Mòrshruth nan toirm beur',
 Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan càrn,
 An latha ciùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chuala tu 'n sin bàrda nam fonn,
 'S taitneach ach is trom do ghuth;
 'S taitneach, Mhalmhine nan sonn,
 Leaghaidh bròn am bochd anam dubh.
 Tha aoibhneas ann am bron le sith
 Nuair shuidhicheas àrd strì a bhròin;
 Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrìgh
 Gann an lài' an tìr nan seòd.

I was once a stately tree,
 My fair boughs were Oscar's pride,
 But his death soon blighted me,
 And my blossoms drooped and died.
 Spring returned with flower and leaf,
 But no leaf on me was found;
 Virgus saw my silent grief,
 Struck the harp of softest sound.

OSSIAN:

Sweet the music in my ears,
 Maid from Lotha's winding streams,
 Has the voice of other years
 Sounded fondly in thy dreams?
 When, descending from the chase,
 Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,
 Clasped in slumber's soft embrace,
 'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

Melodies all faint and low,
 O Malvina, round thee stole;
 Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh!
 Sorrow melts the weary soul.
 There is joy in peaceful woe
 When subsideth sorrow's strife;
 Idle tears should cease to flow,
 Grief consumes the mourner's life.

Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. FRASER'S collection.

21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.

KEY C. { s : d | d : s | l . s : f . m | s : d | d : s | m : d | s : d | d : s }

Thug mi miannan mòr, ('S eòir an cumail daingean), Fuireach fad mo
I have vowed a vow, Sworn an oath most drastic, That I shall from

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

bhèd Mar hu chòir do mhanach. || Falaich uam do ghnuis, ciurrar
now Live a life mon - as - tic. Then oh, hide thy face, Turn a-

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

mi le dealan, Ead - ar gath do shùil 'S lubag - an na laimhir.
way the lightning of thy dazz - ling grace, And thy glances bright'ning.

Ni do mhala dhonn
(Crom mar bhogha-saighead)
Guin a chur am chom
Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh.
Tha do bhilean blath
Tàladh a chum meallaidh;
Dhuraiginn—ach, á!
Cum iad as mo shealladh.

Fuirich, fuirich thall,
Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;
Iomairt ann am cheann
Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.
Cuiridh tu le d' bhoidhech',
Mionnan mor as m' aire;
Mur a fan thu fòil
Gòisnichidh tu manach.

Lest thy bending brows
Pierce my soul, and slay more
Quickly than bent bows
Or a shining claymore;
Lest thy warm lips draw
My heart to sweets forbidden;—
I could wish—but, ah!
Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

Keep thy breath away,
Its fragrance round me stealing
Sends my thoughts astray,
And sets my brain a reeling.
I am so beset
With thy witching beauty,
That I may forget
Vows and sacred duty.

Song by "Eagar;"

22—EALAIH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.



KEY E ♭ f : d . d | r : r . m | r : m . s | l : s . l | r : m . f | s : m . r)
 SEISD—(Air fail - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fail - ir - in,)
 CHORUS—Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in,



(d : r . m | s : m . r | d : d . m | s : s . m | s : s . s)
 (ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fail - ir - in, ill - ir - in,)
 eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in,



(l : t . d' | r' : l . t | d' : t . l | s : l . d' | l . s : f . m | r ||
 uill - ir - in, O, Gur boidheach an comunn tha comhnuidh'n Srath-mor.
 ool - yir - in, O, For kingdom and friendship and bon - nie Strathmore.

Gur gile mo leannan
 Na'n eal' air an t-samh,
 Na cobhar na tuinne,
 'S e tilleadh gu traigh,
 Na'm blath bhainne buaile,
 'S a chuach leis fo bharr,
 No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
 'G a fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lùbas
 Air stuchlaibh nan slàbh,
 Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin sa
 Gu siubhlach a sniomh;
 Tha gruaidh mar an ros
 Nuair a's boidheche h'bios fhiamh
 Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein
 Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean
 A comhdach nam brnach,
 B'ìdh gaeh coinean 's a chrochd-choill'
 A ceol leis a chuach;
 'S b'ìdh mise gu h-eibhinn
 A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
 Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sguileach,
 A manran ri m' luaidh.

Not the swan on the lake,
 Or the foam on the shore,
 Can compare with the charms
 Of the maid I adore;
 Not so white is the new milk
 That flows o'er the pail,
 Or the snow that is shower'd
 From the brow of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath
 On the mountain's high brow,
 So the locks of my fair one
 Redundantly flow;
 Her cheeks have the tint
 That the roses display
 When they glitter with dew
 In the morning of May.

When summer bespangles
 The landscape with flowers,
 And the thrush and the cuckoo
 Sing soft in their bowers,
 Through the wood-shaded windings
 With Bella f'ìl rove,
 And feast unrestrained
 On the smiles of my love.

The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWBAN MACLACHLAN.

23—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

Slowly and tenderly



KEY E⁷ (r) : r .m | f : d' .l : l .s .f | m : s .(l) : l .r | r : d .r : m .r | r .d .- : l .)
 'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc a's air - de, Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a bhà - ta,)
 I climb the mountains, and scan the o - cean For thee, my boatman, with fond de - vo - tion,
Seisid.— Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le,
Chorus.— O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la,



((r) : r .m | f : s .f : m .r | f : s .,(s) : l .d' | r' : d' .l : l .s .m | r : r . ||
 (An tig thu'n diugh no an tig thu mairiach? 'S mur tig thu i - dir gur truagh a ta mi!
 When shall I see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone - ly sorrow.
 Fhìr a bhà - ta, na ho - ro ei - le, Gu ma slau dhuìt's gach ait' an teid thu!
 O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!

The mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
 'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean;
 An tig thu nochd, no 'm bi mo dhùil riut?
 No 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta,
 Am fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sàbhailt;
 Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite,
 Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gun dhe 'n t-sìoda,
 Gheall e sìod agus breacan rionnach;
 Fainn' òir anns am faicinn lomhaigh;
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e di-chuimhn'.

Ged a thuit iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
 Cha do lughadaich sìod mo ghaol ort;
 B'i'dh tu 'm aising anns an òrlheche,
 Is anns a mhaduinn b'i'dh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh;
 Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
 Ach gaol a thòisich nuair bhà mi 'm phàisde,
 'S nach searg a chaidh, gus an claidh am bàs mi.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag imseadh,
 Gu'm feum mi t'aogas a chur air di-chuimhn';
 Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho dìomhain,
 'S hhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

B'i'dh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach,
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a renbadh;
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
 Is each uile an deigh a tréigsinn.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,
 And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish;
 Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me?
 Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
 If they have heard of, or seen my lover;
 They never tell me—I'm only chided,
 And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
 A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
 A ring of gold which would show his semblance,
 But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me,
 But not the less to my heart I hold thee;
 And every night in my dreams I see thee,
 And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion
 Is not a season's brief emotion;
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

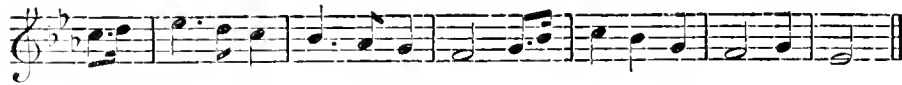
My friends oft tell me that I must sever
 All thought of thee from my heart for ever;
 Their words are idle—my passion's swelling,
 Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
 Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.

24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



KEY E^b. (: m., f | s : d : d | d :- : r : m | r :- : m., f | s : m : s | l :- : s | s :-)
 O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'n ar gaol, Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt;
 Our love has been constant and bright, Nor changed with the changeful years;



(: l., t | d' :- : t : l | s :- : f : m | r :- : m., s | l : s : m | r :- : m | d :- : ||
 A seabhachadh aoibhneis a cheil' 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.
 Each glad in the oth - er's delight, And mixing our cares and tears.

'S nuair dh' fhair'inn-sa mulad no heud
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh foir,
 Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid
 Gach duibhre gu lens thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'ns subhachas daond'
 A tìondaigh gu aoigh a bhròin,
 Mar thuirlingeas duilleach nan craobh
 A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo cheò.

Ge minic a dh'fhiosraich sinn daor
 A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn,
 Gur h-eòl dhuinn le cheil' air gach taobh
 A h-aon nach d'rinn aom o'n nòs.

O! bhunaich sinn tairis 'n ar gaol
 Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt,
 A seabhachadh aoibhneis a cheil'
 'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is caidreamaid dochas gun géill
 Na shiubhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;
 Co-phàirticheams' acain do chleibh
 'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhneis còir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief
 But your help and caresses came soon?
 Your kindness still brought me relief,
 And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosier pleasures one sees
 Oft turn to the pallor of pain,
 As when autumn dismantles the trees,
 And makes barren and bleak the plain.

Our joys into griefs thus to run,
 My darling, too often we knew;
 But each of us still knew of one
 That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,
 Nor changed with the changeful years,
 Each glad in the other's delight,
 Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

Then, dear, let us hope the worst part
 Of our life is the part that is flown;
 Let me share all the woes of your heart,
 And make all my gladness your own.

Song by "Abrach."

25—CUMHA MHC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH LAMENT.

KEY B₂. { m : - : r | m : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : - : - | r : - : r | m : - : - : - | r : - : d | l₁ : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, Och nan och! leag iad thu,
Och nan och! thou art low, Och nan och! tale of woe,

S FINE.

{ d : - : l₁ | d : - : r | d : - : l₁ | s₁ : - : l₁ d | r : - : d r | m : - : m | r : - : - | d : - : - }

Och nan och! leag iad thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aith;
Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, 'M beal - ach a ghar - aith.
Sad thy fate, laid so low, Laid where they slew thee;
'Twas thy proud charg - er's force Mad - ly that threw thee.

D.S.

{ m : - : r m | s : - : m | m : - : r d | d : - : - : - | r : - : d r | m : - : r d | r : - : d l₁ | l₁ : - : - }

Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu,
'Twas thy wild war - like horse, In his fierce fier - y course,

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,
'Giulan na curraice,
O'n chuala gach duine,
Gur ann 'na mhullach bha 'm fabhar.
'S i maighdeann ro dhubhach,
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh,
O'u la chuireadh am fainn' orm.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,
'S tric sniùl air mo shuilean,
'S mi 'g iondrainn an fhiurain,
Marcaich ùr 'nan steud aluinn.
Cha teid mi gu bainnis,
Gu feill no gu faidhir,
Gur ann toiseach an earraich,
Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chraidh mi!

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!
Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!
Reub an t-each bàn thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!
Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

Wearing my widow's dress
While these griefs round me press,
Mourning in deep distress,
Sadly I linger.
Oh, but my heart is wae!
Oh, how unlike the day
When first this circle lay
Fair on my finger!

Under my widow's weeds,
Oh, how my bosom bleeds,
Rider of gallant steeds,
Weeping, I mourn thee:
Ne'er shall my heavy heart
Have in earth's joys a part;
Death, with his fatal dart,
Sorely bath torn me.

On thy black bounding steed,
Riding with eager speed,
Slain by the milk-white steed,
Where it had thrown thee.
Oh, my young darling Hugh,
Slain e'er I ever knew;
Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh,
I must bemoan thee!

Composed by the bride-widow of EVAN or HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.
Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN'S Collection, and Professor BROWN'S
"The Thistle."

26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

CHORUS.

KEY C. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \text{ , } m : d \text{ , } l \text{ - } | d \text{ . } d : s \text{ , } m | s \text{ , } m : d \text{ , } r | m \text{ , } s \text{ - } : l | s \text{ , } m : d \text{ , } l \text{ - } | s \text{ . } d : s \text{ , } f \end{array} \right\}$
 Iseabail nach gabh thu furas? Iseabail nach dean thu tumb? Iseabail gu bheil thu gorach }
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

SONG.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \text{ , } r : d \text{ , } r | m \text{ , } s \text{ - } : l | s \text{ , } m \text{ - } : d \text{ , } l | s \text{ , } m : f \text{ , } r \text{ - } | s \text{ , } d \text{ : } t \text{ . } l | s \text{ e \text{ , } m : l \end{array} \right\}$
 Mur a pos thu Donnall Bàn. Ged a thainig e gu laithibh Tha e laidir reachdor slan,
 Bella, you're a silly girl. You'll be happy yet together; Tho' he's old, he's stout and kind;

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \text{ , } m \text{ - } : d \text{ , } l | s \text{ , } m : f \text{ , } r \text{ - } | m \text{ , } r : d \text{ , } r | m \text{ , } s \text{ - } : l | s \text{ , } m \text{ - } : d \text{ , } l | s \text{ , } m : f \text{ , } r \text{ - } \end{array} \right\}$
 Na biodh iongain ort a b-alach, B' tu'd mhathair na gabh sgath. 'S math do bhord a bhi gun ghainne,
 You a smiling wife and mother, He a husband to your mind. Better take him, rich and mellow,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \text{ , } d \text{ : } t \text{ . } m \text{ l } | s \text{ e \text{ , } m : l | s \text{ , } m \text{ - } : m \text{ , } r \text{ l } | d \text{ , } l : s \text{ . } f | m \text{ , } r : d \text{ , } r | m \text{ . } s : l \end{array} \right\}$
 'S pailteas bainne aig do bhà, 'Seach bhi'n taice giullain shuaraich 'S e gun bhuaile aig no bharr.
 And have wealth and cattle now, Than take some poor worthless fellow, Who has neither corn nor cow.

Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh,
 Cha bhi dith ort, theid mi'n rath;
 'S fearr duit sin na'n aire, is briodal
 Iain chrin a Dail-a-chàis.
 Tog dhe d' iomairt feadh an tighe,
 Cha'n eil math dhuit a bhi bàth;
 Glac an gliocas, 's glac an storas
 Tha cho deonach teachd a'd dhal.

Iseabail, mur gabh thu 'n taingse
 Bi' mi feargach riut gu bràth,
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donnall
 Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an la.
 Greas, gabh conhairle, 's cuir umad,
 Bidh an duine so gun dàil,
 Nach biodh aileag ann do mhuineal
 Nuair a chuireas e ort failt.

You'll get jewelry and dresses,
 And you'll never want for cash;
 Better that than mere caresses
 From wee John of Dalachash.
 What's the good of being saucy?
 Stop your fussing through the house;
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Bella, you will cause me sorrow
 If your chances you abuse;
 You may leave the house to-morrow
 If old Donald you refuse.
 Quick and dress, and show your graces;
 There, your man is coming, Miss;
 Now, don't you be making faces
 When he greets you with a kiss.

Song by J. MUNRO.

27—O THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.

KEY D. $\{ \underline{f} : \underline{m}, \underline{s} \mid \underline{l} : \underline{r} \mid \underline{d}^1 : \underline{m} \underline{,m} \mid \underline{s} \underline{,f} : \underline{m}, \underline{r} \mid \underline{d} : \underline{m}, \underline{s} \mid \underline{l} : \underline{r} \mid \underline{d}^1 : \underline{m}, \underline{d} \mid \underline{r} : - \mid \underline{r} \}$
 O theid sinn, theid sinn le suigeart agus aoidh, O theid sinn, theid sinn deòn-ach
 A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y chor - us,

FINE.

$\{ \underline{f} : \underline{m}, \underline{s} \mid \underline{l} : \underline{r} \mid \underline{d}^1 : \underline{m} \mid \underline{s} \underline{,f} : \underline{m}, \underline{r} \mid \underline{d} : \underline{t}, \underline{d}^1 \mid \underline{r}^1 : \underline{d}^1, \underline{t} \mid \underline{l}, \underline{s} : \underline{f}, \underline{m} \mid \underline{r} : - \mid \underline{r} \}$
 O theid sinn, theid sinn thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu munntir ar daingh us ar n-còl - as.
 We'll cross the Forth, and rivers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

SONG.

$\{ \underline{f} : \underline{m}, \underline{r} \mid \underline{d} : \underline{d}^1 \mid \underline{d}^1 : - \underline{d}^1 \mid \underline{r}^1 \underline{,d}^1 : \underline{t}, \underline{l} \mid \underline{l}, \underline{s} : - \underline{s} \mid \underline{l} : \underline{r}^1 \mid \underline{r}^1 : - \underline{m}^1 \mid \underline{r}^1 : - \underline{d}^1 \mid \underline{l} \}$
 Ged bhà sinn bliadhna-tan fa-da fa-da bhàth, An Bai-le Chluaidh a còmh - nuidh,
 Though we may roam far from our Highland home, Where Clyde's brown flood is swell - ing,

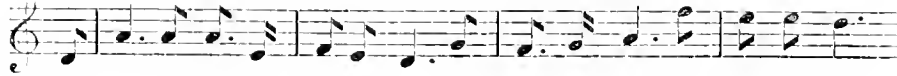
D.C.

$\{ \underline{f} : \underline{t} \mid \underline{d}^1 \underline{,d}^1 : \underline{d}^1 \underline{,r}^1 \mid \underline{d}^1 : \underline{t}, \underline{l} \mid \underline{s} \underline{,f} : \underline{m}, \underline{r} \mid \underline{d} : \underline{r}, \underline{m} \mid \underline{l} : \underline{s}, \underline{m} \mid \underline{l}, \underline{s} : \underline{f}, \underline{m} \mid \underline{r} : - \mid \underline{r} \}$
 Car tamul beag gun treig sinn ar gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A dh'fhaotainn an graidh 'us an còmhraidh
 We'll seek our native vales, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

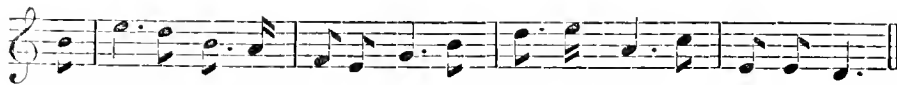
'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith, Na bataichean aotrom seoladh;	Again we'll view the places that we knew— The bay with boats in motion,
'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's an t-samhraidh,	The mountains all sublime with their snow in summer time,
'Us chi sinn na h-aùmhnichean boidheach. O theid sinn, &c.	And rivers rolling down to the ocean. Away, &c.
'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait' 's an d'rugadh sinn 'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;	We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen, And wander through the wild wood,
'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn 'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntinn an smeorach. O theid sinn, &c.	Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the five-long day, Where we used to play in childhood. Away, &c.

Gaelic words by the late JOHN MUNRO, Glasgow.

28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY. f. r | l : - . l : l . m | f . m : r : - . s | f . s : l : - . f' | m' . m' : r' : - .)
 C. (An nair bha Gàilig aig na h-èibin Bha'm bainne air an lòn mar dhriùchd)
 When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up on the lea:



(f . t | m' : - . r' : t . l | f . m : s : - . t | r' . m' : l : - . d' | m . m : r : - . ||
 A mhil a' fàs air bàrr an fhraoich, A h-nìle nì cho saor 's am bùrn.
 The heath er in to honey sprang, And everything was good and free.

Cha robh daoin' a' paidheadh màil;
 Orra cha robh càin no cis—
 Iasgach, sealgach agus coill
 Gun fhoighneachd aca 'ns gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri;
 Cha robh cònsachadh no streup ann;
 E-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh
 Anns an t-seòl 'bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crìch no tòir;
 Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn beò an sìth;
 Feum 's am bìth cha robh air mòd,
 'Us lagh na còrach air a' chridh'.

Dh' òr no dh' airgid cha robh miagh;
 Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh;
 Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh,
 Nì 's mò a dh' iarr neach riamh cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh
 Anns gach àit am measg an t-sluaigh,
 Eadar far an d' éirich grian
 'Us far an laidh i nìar 's a chnain,

An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-èibin.

No tax or tribute used to fall
 On honest men, nor any rent;
 To hunt and fish was free to all,
 And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,
 For none were wronged and none oppressed;
 But every one just led the life
 And did the things that pleased him best

All lived in peace, there was no sort
 Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;
 There was no need for any court—
 Their hearts contained the law of right.

For gold or silver no one cared,
 Yet want and woe were never near;
 All had enough, and richly fared,
 And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread
 Among the people everywhere,
 From where the morning rises red
 To where the evening shineth fair,

When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

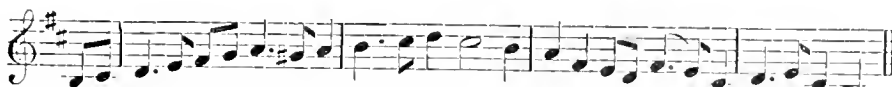
Gaelic song by J. MACCUARAIG.

29—GUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.



KEY D. { m' :- f : s | l : - : t | d' :- m' : r' d' | t : - : l | s : m : d' | t : - : l | se : m : l | l₁ :- }
 Cuir, a chion di - lis, | di - lis, di - lis, | Cuir, a chion di - lis, | tharam do lamh ;
 Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms ;



{ l₁ t₁ | d' :- r : m' f | s :- fe : s | l :- t : d' | t :- : l | s : m : r d | m :- r : t | d :- r : t | l₁ :- }
 Do | ghorm shuil thairis a | mhealladh nam mill-tean, | E' amaideach mi 'nuair | thug mi dhuit gradh |
 Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguil - ing ; Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.

SONG.



{ l | d' :- r' : m' | m' :- m' f | m' : r' : d' | t :- : l : s | d' :- t : d' | r' :- de' : r' | m' :- re' : m' | m' :- }
 Rinn deisead do phearsa nach fhacas a thuairmeas, | 'Giomachd fo'n chuach-chultha | canagach tìà,
 Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,



{ d' r' | m' : f' : m' r' d' | r' : m' r' d' t | l : s f : m d' | t :- : l | s : m : r d | m :- r : t | d :- r : t | l₁ :- }
 Rinn dealradh do mhaise 'us | lasadh do ghruaidhean, | Mise ghrad-bhualadh | thairis gu làr.
 Thy lips red and luscious, and blushes bright glowing, Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

<p>Do dhearc-shuillean glana, fo mhàla gun ghruaimean, 'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d' ghràdh. Do ròs-bhilean tana, seimh, farasda suairee, Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo lamh.</p> <p>Their fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is cruaidhe ; Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs ; Na biodhams a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth oan uairse ; Ach tiomaich o chruas do ebridhe gu tìas.</p> <p>Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an uaigneas, 'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là ; Ach ainneir a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairee, Gabh-sa dhìom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.</p>	<p>Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my treasure, Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn, With passion have filled me, and thrilled me with pleasure ; Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.</p> <p>Thy charms are ensnaring, despairing I languish ; Free me—remember how noble thou art ; No longer enslave me but save me from anguish : Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.</p> <p>For me there's no sleeping ; but weeping, grief-laden, Midnight and morning with sorrow I dwell ; But, oh ! should my sweetest and neatest young Pity and love me, I soon should be well. [maiden</p>
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30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOCH EITVE.

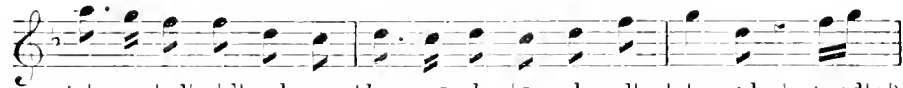


KEY F, ♩: $\dot{d}^1 \cdot \dot{1}$ | s : m : r : \dot{d}^1 | d : - : r : m : f | s : - : l : s | s : m : d }
 SEISD—(Cha'n eil mi mar b'abh - aist la seachdain no Sabaid, 'S cha
 Dh'fhàs cianal air m'aig - ne bho'n thug mi 'chiad aire Do'n
 CHORUS—I'm dreary on Sun - day, I'm wea - ry on Mon - day, And
 A lovely young na - tive, from bon - nie Loch E - tive, Has
 D.C.

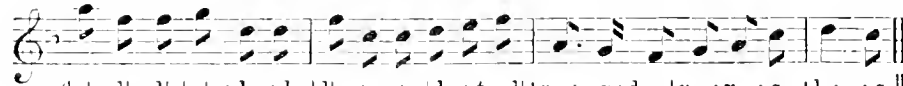


(m : - : r : d | r : m : s | l : - : s : || m : f | s : l : d¹ | r¹ : - : d¹ : r¹)
 (d'uisg - ear á prámh gu deagh | ghlus mi; || Bha ám ann 'ns shaoil mi nach)
 chailinn tha tamh mu Loch Eite.
 noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness; I once had the no - tion, that for
 filled me with love and with sad - ness.

* First time end with F (doh¹); second time end with C (soh).



(m¹ : - : r¹ : d¹ | d¹ : l : s | l : - : s : l | s : l : d¹ | r¹ : - : l | : : d¹, r¹)
 (beanadh an gaol rinn 's nach maothaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach)
 love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've



(m¹ : d¹ : d¹ | r¹ : l : l | d¹ : s : s | l : t : d¹ | m : - : r : d | r : m : s | l : - : s)
 (chaochail am beachd sin 'ns | tha mi nis faicinn Gur | deac - air e duine bhí | strith ris.)
 changed that opinion, I've felt its do - minion, And find that its sway is re - sist - less.

Aig coimhinn na h-òigridh 's ann ehir mi 'n
 ceud eòlas
 Air an òg-chailinn choimhlionta, chiataich;
 'Us cha tig e an gradaig a mhùchas an t-sradag
 A rinn ise fhadaidh 'n am chliabh sa.
 Cha dùth dhomb bhí luaidh air na feartan thug
 buaidh orm,
 'S a mhosgail bho shuaimhneas gu bròn mi—
 A gnais fhoimh, fhilathail, a suilean caoin, tairis,
 'S a binn-bheul o'm blasda thig còmhradh.
 Is finealta, nasal a bens 'us a gluasad;
 Is ceanalta, suaire a nàdur;
 'N a pearsa cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgoinneil—
 'Cha 'n iognadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghriúidheag.
 'S e cuspair mo smaointean a latha 's a dh'òidliche
 A dh' fhoills-eachadh seòl air bhí reidh rith',
 'Chionn mur fàidh mi a buannachd ri 'm bheò
 bìdh mi truagh dheth,
 Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suaimhneas gun
 àibhneas.

At a young people's meeting I first got her
 greeting,
 This fair one for whom I am yearning,
 And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my
 bosom,
 That still are unquenchably burning.
 The graces displayed in this charming young
 maiden
 Are past all my powers of relation:
 Her smile that entrances, her bright loving
 glances,
 Her artless and sweet conversation—
 Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture,
 Each word and each motion discover
 She 's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty—
 Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!
 Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;
 To win her esteem I'll endeavour;
 And if my enslaver deny me her favour,
 My life shall be clouded for ever.

New song by M. M. MACFARLANE; translation by L. M. The air is known as "Airdh nam badan."

31—CRONAN A LULLABY.

KEY A. (m̄ : r̄ : d̄ | m̄ : r̄ : d̄ | r̄ : d̄ : r̄ | m̄ : - : s̄)
 Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaoil - ach,
 Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O,

(m̄ : r̄ : d̄ | m̄ : r̄ : d̄ | r̄ : d̄ : t̄ | l̄ : - : s̄)
 Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear - de - no dhaoi - ne
 Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro;

(s̄ : l̄ : t̄ | d̄ : r̄ : m̄ | r̄ : d̄ : r̄ | m̄ : - : s̄)
 Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich,
 None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or strong - er:

(f̄ : m̄ : r̄ | d̄ : t̄ : l̄ | s̄ : l̄ : t̄ | r̄ : - : d̄)
 Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean.
 Lull - a - by, lit - tle one, cry - ing no long - er.

Cagaran laghaeh thu, cagaran caomh thu,
 Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine ;
 Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich,
 Goididh e sithionn o fhàireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean,
 Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich ;
 Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,
 Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu !

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuainean ;
 Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da ;
 Chuinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,
 'S bìthidh fianh - ghàire air cràdhan 'na bhruadar !

Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby,
 He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe ;
 Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be ;
 None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing ;
 Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing ;
 Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken ;
 Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken.

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him ;
 Angels are lovingly watching around him—
 Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling,
 Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling !

The three first verses of the Gaelic are relics of an old Lochaber lullaby.

32 — BAN-RIGH BHICTORIA — QUEEN VICTORIA.



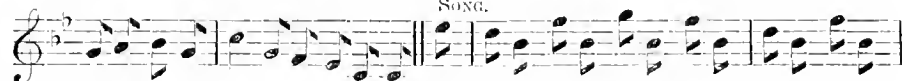
CHORUS.

KEY B⁷ { .s₁.s₁ | ḍ : m . r | ḍ : s₁.t₁ | ḍ : s₁.f₁ | m₁.d₁:d₁.ḍ | r . m : f . m | r : l₁.de)
 Cuiribh fonn air an dàn so an can - ain ar n-aithrichean. 'Us togaibh leam an t-seisd so, gu
 Now a bold and sonorous good chorus from Highlanders: Ring out your hearty cheers, Mountain



{ r : l₁.s₁ | f₁.r₁:r₁.t₁ | ḍ : m . r | ḍ : s₁.t₁ | ḍ : s₁.f₁ | m₁.d₁:d₁.m₁ | r₁.m₁:f₁.s₁)
 h-eutrom 's gu caithreamach; Tha clama nan Gaidheal tha tann measnam nior-bheanna. Le d'urachd ag cur
 cers and brave Islanders; All join this refrain, for the reign, long and glorious, The royal rule of

SONG.



{ l₁.t₁:ḍ.l₁ | r . l₁.s₁ | f₁.r₁:r₁. } f { m . d : s . ḍ | l . ḍ : s . ḍ | m . d : s . ḍ)
 fuilt air a' Bhan-righ'm Victoria. Tha Sasann doirteadh mach a h-òr a storasaibh gu
 blessings full, the good Queen Victoria's. The Saxon land, with lavish hand, has shown her liber-



{ m . d : ḍ . m | f . r : l . r | t . r : l . r | f . s : l . s | f . r : r . f | m . d : s . ḍ)
 fhiantach; An Eirinn fhein a' deanamh streip a mi-thlachd gheur a thionnachadh; Na Cuirich agus
 al - i - ty; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest, rarest qual - i - ty; On Lowland dales and



{ l . ḍ : s . ḍ | s₁.l₁:ḍ.r | m . d : ḍ . s | l . f : s . m | f . r : m . de | r : l₁.s₁ | f₁.r₁:r₁. }
 Goillmah-Alb' euir aird air mar is urrainn daibh, A choisreagadh gu h-nasal falaidh bliadhna na h-inbhill!
 hills of Wales, that ancient Principal - i - ty, This Jub - i - lee they keep with glee, and free cordi - al - i - ty!

Ach sinne, Gàidheil nan crìochan garbh,
 Is tearc 's an àin ar òraichean;
 Is eutrom, falamh, fas, gun òr,
 Ar pòcannan 's ar n-òimhasan;
 Cha'n e ar nòs bli spaidheil, spòrsail,
 Bruidhneach, bùsdaile, mìodalach,
 'Us fàirgith sinn, mar sin, do'n Bhanrigh'm
 Làn-ghradh ar cridheachan.
 Gun hion i mòran Eithean fhathast
 Cathair àrd nam Breatannach;
 Gu'm fas a càirlean Ìomhor, Ìan;
 Gu'm faigh a nàmhaid beagachadh;
 Gu'm meal i sonas, gràdh an t-sìobh,
 'Us glòir 'n a làithibh deireannach;
 'S na leanas iadsan thig 'n a dèigh
 'S a ceumaidh cha 'n eagal duinn.
 Am meas nan linn a b' àirde glòir,
 Le'n daoine mòra, foghainteach;
 Am meas nam fine choisinn eilit
 Fo rìghrìbh eiseil, comasach -
 A dh'aindheoin beachd nan eachdraichean
 Gu deimhin, 's iad no roghainn-sa
 Ar cinneadh fein, an linn a tha
 'S ar Banrigh'm Victoria.

But we the Gaels, in lonely vales
 Beyond the frowning Grampians,
 Though clausnet true, are poor and few,
 Bereft of chiefs and champions,
 Though we've been proud and never bowed
 With praises loud to royalty,
 Our Queen and land shall aye command
 Our hand, heart and loyalty.
 Long may she reign o'er land and main,
 No loss or pain distressing her,
 Her friends increasing, foes decreasing,
 Health unceasing blessing her;
 Long may her people shower upon her
 Love and honour merited;
 May sons unborn her virtues see
 By kings to be inherited.
 Of every age upon the page
 Of Britain's sage historian,
 For this we claim the highest fame,
 This age we name Victorian;
 And surely none such victories won
 So wisely, bravely, humanly;
 And than our Lady none has been
 More unceasingly or womanly.

Gaelic song written for this collection by Mr M. MACFARLANE.

PART II.

Sacred Songs of the Gael.

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(Nos. 1, 2, 3, 17, and 22 are Harmonised.)

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



Nach falc thu an sluagh, do chala nam buadh A fhuair thu na stnadhan 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 ₁ : d : l ₁		s ₁ : - : d . m		r : - : -		d : -		}
	:d		d : t ₁ : d		d : - : m . d		t ₁ : d : t ₁		d : - : m ₁		f ₁ : l ₁ : f ₁		s ₁ : - : s ₁		f ₁ : - : -		m ₁ : -		}	
	:m		s : s : s		s : - : s . s		s : m : s		s : - : m		d : d : d		d : - : d		t ₁ : - : -		d : -		}	
	:d		m : r : d		d : - : d . d		s ₁ : l ₁ : s ₁		d : - : l ₁		f ₁ : f ₁ : f ₁		m ₁ : - : m ₁		s ₁ : - : -		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 ₁ : d : l ₁		s ₁ : - : d . m		r : - : -		d : -		}
	:d		d : d : d		d : - : m . d		t ₁ : d : d		d : - : s ₁		l ₁ : f ₁ : f ₁		m ₁ : - : d		d : t ₁ : -		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 ₁ : l ₁ : f ₁		m ₁ : - : m ₁		f ₁ : l ₁ : f ₁		d : - : d		s ₁ : - : -		d : -		}

Tha'n truaighean aig cridh, tha cruin air an cinne,
 Gu binn th' iad seinn le eibhneas,
 Thoir moladh is cflu dh' Fhear-saoraibh an ruin,
 Thug sabhailt 'g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

2—AN DACHAIDH BHUAN—THE LASTING HOME.



Air dhonn bhì sealltainn air saoghal truagh Chì mì caochladh tigh'n air gach uair,
In this pair warl', fu' o' sin an' shame, Where death an' change can ilk moment elaim,

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



Chì mì daoine a cur an cul riùm, 'Sa dol gu dluth chum an Dachaidh Bhuan.
Where frien's are ev - er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Home,

	{ r	{ m :- r m	{ s :- m r	{ m :- r	{ d :- r m	{ s ₁ :- l ₁	{ d :- r d	{ l ₁ :- s ₁	{ S ₁ :-
	{ S ₁	{ S ₁ :- S ₁	{ S ₁ :- S ₁ S ₁	{ S ₁ :- S ₁	{ S ₁ :- S ₁ S ₁	{ S ₁ :- f ₁	{ S ₁ :- S ₁ S ₁	{ f ₁ :- f ₁	{ m ₁ :-
	{ r	{ d :- t ₁ d	{ d :- d t ₁	{ d :- t ₁	{ d :- t ₁ d	{ m :- r	{ d :- t ₁ d	{ d :- t ₁	{ d :-
	{ t ₁	{ d :- s ₁	{ m ₁ :- s ₁ s ₁	{ d ₁ :- r ₁	{ m ₁ :- r ₁ d ₁	{ d ₁ :- f ₁	{ m ₁ :- r ₁ m ₁	{ f ₁ :- s ₁	{ d ₁ :-

The sean is or a dol sios do'n naigh,
Air lag 's air laidir tha'm bàs toirt luaidh,
Nuair thig an t-am dhaibh an saoghal fhagail,
Ma's tinn no slàn iad, cha tann' iad uair.

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

Ach ma's fìrean thu thuig an fhuaim,
'S do'n d' rimeadh prèisail an t'ì bhing buaidh,
Tha 'g farraidh imchead an ceum na fìrinn,
Is t' aghaidh dìreach air Sìon shuas;

'S na h-uile cuis anns an bh' ort feum,
'S e fantuinn dluth ris, fo sgàil a sgeith,
Eheir ort gun giùlan thu h-uile cuis duibh,
Nuair bhithas do shuil ris na dh' fhuiling e.

Is ged tha chairdean an so air chuaitt
Bheir e an aird iad, is gheibh iad duais;
Nuair thig an bàs theid iad suas gu Parraas,
'S bh' iad gu brath aig an Dachaidh 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 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'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 Home.

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 oidhch' 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	(.m ₁ l ₁ : -. l ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ l ₁ : -. t ₁ d : -. t ₁ l ₁ : -. l ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ l ₁ : -. t ₁ l ₁ : -.)
	(.m ₂ m ₁ : -. m ₁ f ₁ : l ₁ m ₁ : -. m ₁ m ₁ : -. m ₁ m ₁ : -. m ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : -. r ₁ d ₁ : -.)
	B. d d : -. d d : d d : l ₁ : r ₁ l ₁ : -. t ₁ d : -. d d : d d : -. se ₁ l ₁ : -.)
	(.l ₁ l ₁ : -. l ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ m ₁ : -. m ₁ l ₁ : -. se ₁ l ₁ : -. t ₁ d : l ₁ m ₁ : -. m ₁ f ₁ : -.)



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

(.m ₁ m ₁ : l ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ l ₁ : -. t ₁ d : -. r m : f m : -. r d : t ₁ l ₁ : -.)
	.m ₂ d ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : -. s ₁ s ₁ : -. s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : -. f ₁ m ₁ : r ₁ d ₁ : -.)
	.se ₁ l ₁ : d d : d d : -. r m : -. t ₁ d : t ₁ d : -. l ₁ l ₁ : se ₁ l ₁ : -.)
	.m ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ d : l ₁ l ₁ : -. s ₁ d ₁ : -. f ₁ m ₁ : r ₁ d ₁ : -. r ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ l ₁ : -.)

Air neul ro ard ni fhollseach' fein,
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 sgat cho cruaidh,
'S gun' cuir e sléibhte 's cuan 'nan ruith;
Clisgidh na bhíos marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhíos héo le h-uamhann críth.
Le h-osaig dhoinnnaich a bheil
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhùn an t-seangain dol 'na ghluais,
Grad bhriuchlaidh 'n uaigh a níos a' mairbh.
Mosglaidh na fireannaich an tús,
Is dúsgear iad gu léir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghlóir,
Ga'n còmhachadh aig beul na h-uaigh'.
Le aoibhneas togaith iad an ceann,
Ta am an fhuaglaidh orra dlu;
Is mar chraoibh-nheas fo ionlan bláth
Tha dreach an Slamaighear 'nan gnúis.
Ach daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhu
Gu 'n ùmhlaicheadh iad féin do Dhia;
O! faie a nis' iad air an glun;
A' deanamh urnuigh ris gach sliabh.
'N sin togaith aingeal glórmhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chríost da'n suaineas fuil,
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa' chóir
'S da' fhuilangas rinn dóigh is bun.

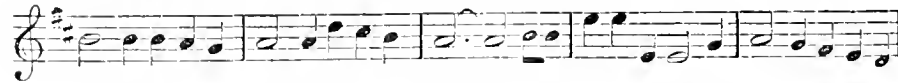
A great archangel on a cloud,
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,
Calling mankind, with accents loud,
To the last Judgment to convene.
Then at that awful trumpet sound
The hills and seas shall flee away,
The dead shall startle in the ground,
The living tremble in dismay.
This solid earth shall rend and rive
By tempest breath, before him sped;
And, like an ant-hill all alive,
The grave shall yield her countless dead.
The righteous dead shall first awake
From restful sleep, and life resume;
Their souls shall down from glory break,
And meet them at the open tomb,
They shall with joy lift up their head,
For their Deliverer is near;
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,
His likeness shall in them appear.
But haughty men who would not deign
Before Almighty God to bow,
Oh, see them on their knees, in vain
Praying to rocks and mountains now!
They 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. MACLEAN. 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: $\text{f} \text{ } 1_1$ | 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 binn's isurraian, Toirt mille urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn air aghaol 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 sluagh nam flatheas A'
 came to aid her, His fame who made her His choice. Hallelujahs prolong the song that's given A-



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

O, 's beag a chaidh luaidh dhe bhuidhean taitneach,
 Measg sluagh '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 cliuiteach, ur, dh'fhas fallain,
 'S tu lub' gu talamh o ghloir;
 'S an toradh a ghiulain thu, ma shìreas,
 Gheibh Iudhaich '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 ainmnichean solais, ghloirmhor, fallain,
 Tigh'n beo o charraig nan al,
 So 'm fìor-nisge beo chuireas ceol 's gach anam
 A dh'olas glan e mar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an drùchd, ni's cubhraidh na oladh
 'S o d'fhianuis thig solus is gras,
 'S tha briathran do bheil mar cheir na meala
 Toirt sgeul d'ar n-anam air slaint'.
 'S tu leomhann treubh Indah, flur nan gaisgeach,
 'S tu dhuìsg a mach as an uaigh;
 'S bith' nainmdean do ghloir 'n an stol fo d'chosailh
 'S do mhòrachd marcachd le buaidh.

Oh! who can declare how fair and gracious,
 How rare and precious His worth?
 That Branch of Renown with crown of blessing,
 Weighed down and pressing to earth,
 The Faithful and True, the Dew on 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 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 MOLAIDH—HYMN OF PRAISE.

D.C



KEY: F C. A

f : - . m | l : f | m : - | r : m | f : - . m | r : f . m | r : - | -)

Shlànighear ro ghèr - mhor, Mo threoir ged bha mi mall,
 Bu tu fear-stiùraidh m'ò - ge, Gu m' threòreach 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;



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, Bu 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 cluich air bruaich ain - eibh - inn, Is uach bu leir dhomh 'd call!
 With heed - less footsteps play - ing Up - on the brink of woe!

Oir dh'fheillsich thu do glòir dhomh
 'S bha mais' gu leoir 'n ad ghnuis,
 'S nuair thuir thu "Mair-sa beo" 's ann
 Rinn m'anam sòlas ùr;
 Is grìan 's is sgrìath do lathaireachd,
 Is bheir thu gràs is glòir,
 'S na gheibh bhì ann ad fhabboir
 Bheir thu dhaibh slainte mhor.

Mo charaid thu, na fàg mi.
 'S an fhasach stiùir 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 snaimhneach,
 A' cluaintinn luaidh ort fein.

Nuair thionailas mo chairdean,
 'S an uaigh 'g am charamh sìos,
 Bith 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thamh dhomh,
 Gus an la an tig thu ris;
 Bì dlùth troimh ghleann a' bhàis domh,
 'S a ghaoil, na fàg-sa mi
 Gus 'm faic mi ann ad ghloir thu
 Fàd shiòrruidheachd mhor gun chrìch.

For Thou, Thy glory showing,
 Madest me Thy beauty see;
 Thy love has been bestowing
 New life and joy on me.
 Thon grace and glory givest,
 Thon 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.

G—AN T-AITE BH SIG 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 |
 E²: Us i | nigh - can Shi - on's | fearr dheth, 's i | flunair am fa - bhoir mor, | Bhi | 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 | iarraim' 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 tìr nam | beo, . . . Ach | luidhair uchd an | t-Slangheir, an | t-ait' anns an robh Eoin.
 which I ev - er pray, . . . To lean on Jeaus' bo - som, where John at supper lay.

Bhiodh am 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 gheibhim bhi 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 doghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaint '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' fhailnicheas mo bhuaidhean 's mi dol thoirt suas an deo,
 Cha dean Rìgh nan Uamhas mo sgaradh uat 's thu beo,
 Nuair bhios mo chridhe failinn 's mi fagail gleann nan deoir,
 Bh mhath an leabaidh bhais sud bhi anns an ait' bh'aig Eoin.
 'S ma dhuisgeas mi 'n a ionghaigh fo 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 iarraim tuille gloir,
 Ach suidhe stios 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.

Hymn by P. GRANT; translation by L. MACBEAN. Time noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer.

7—AM BÀS—DEATH.

Solemnly.

D.C.



KEY: S₁ | S₁ : l₁ : d | r : - : f | s : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l₁ : - : f₁ | S₁ : - : - | d : - : -
 A². { Se mu bhacaid ort, a Bhais, Gur brais' thu ri pàirt, 'S gun teachdaire laid - ir tróm the.
 An cogadh no'm làr Cha toir-ear do shàr, 'S aon daine cha'n fhair do threig - siun.
 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 deire - ean,
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Saves peasant or peer before thee;



{ s | l : s : m | s : - : m | r : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l₁ : - : f₁ | S₁ : - : - | d : - : - }
 Cha bhacar le pais Air ais thu a ris 'S tu dhreasbhuidh 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 bho na bhroinn,
 Mu's faic iad an soills' air eigin;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinnmh an oig,
 Mu'n faodar am posadh eigheachd;
 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 ul.

A Chumhachd a tha
 Cur h-ugainn a' bhais,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear fheich da,
 Tha misneach is bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul da.
 Oir 's Athair do chlamn
 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 thoilneas 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 eersome bed thou makest.
 If old or if young,
 If feeble or strong
 In wisdom or wrong and error;
 If small or if great,
 Whatever our state,
 We have the same fate of terror.

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

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

8—AIDEACHADH—CONFESSION.



^{KEY} f. m | l : l | d' : - . t | l : l | s : - . s | f : s | l : t | d' : t | l : - . }
^{E⁷} O! Thighearn' is a Dhia na glòir, An t-Ard-Rìgh mór os ceann gach sluaigh,
 O God of glo - ry, great a - dored, Above all nations mighty King!



f. l | d' : r' | m' : - . r' | d' : t | l : - . f. m | f : s | l : f. r | d' : t | l : - . ||
 Cia dàna nì air t-ainm ro mhòr Le bìlìbh nèb-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-àingle 's naomha 'n glòir,
 'An Ràthair do Mhòrachdsa gun smal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sith,
 'S an tobair ioc-shlàint bhrùchd a thaobh,
 A bheir dhomh beatha as a' bhàs
 'S o m' thruaillidheachd a nì 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 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. MACBEAN. The tune has not been published before.

9—ORAN DO'N T-SAOGHAL—THE WORLD.



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



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



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

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

Nam faighinn tuille fahoir
 Is gràs bheireadh buaidh,
 Bhiodh m' inntinn a' tamb
 Anns an aros tha shuas,
 Ged blùthinn 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 òir
 'S an tigh stoir sin tha shuas
 Far nach goid na mèirlich
 'S nach enamb e le ruaidh.

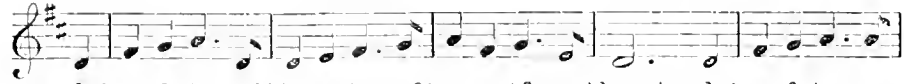
My mind would be ascending
 To heaven's Highest One,
 The Kingdom never-ending,
 The bright cloudless Sun;
 The bright cloudless Sun;
 Salvation's founts unfailing,
 Whence joys ever spring,
 The right arm all-prevailing,
 The great glorious King.

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,
 For that day ever straining,
 That brings bliss to me.

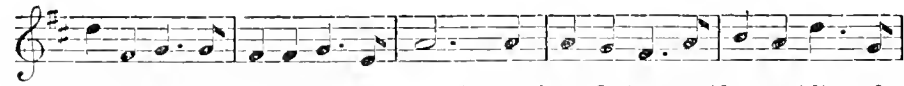
If I were made more holy,
 And more free by Christ,
 More pure and true and lowly,
 By His love unpriced,
 My hopes in Him should centre,
 My wealth should be stored
 Where thief nor rust can enter—
 The stores of the Lord.

From P. GRANT'S hymn; translation by L. MACBEAN. 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)
 (Tha daoine taghta am le Dia, D'an d'thug e riamh a lghradh, Ged tha iad ciontach,
 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 | l : s | d' : -f)
 caillte, truagh, 'S coitruaillidh ole ri each, 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



| (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 dleasnais 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-earbs'
 D'ar n-annaibh 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 cheisd,
 Ach seasaidh facal Chrìosd;
 A pheacaich, eisd r'a chuireadh reidh
 'S gabh e le creideamh fìor—
 "O thigibh h-ugam-sa gach aon
 'Ta saothrachaidh 's fo chlaoidh,
 A ta fo callach throm 's fo chnail
 Is bheir mi suaimhneas duihh.

"Mo chuing-sa ceanglaibh ribh gu teann,
 Is ionnsaichibh mo dhoigh;
 Oir ta mi macant' agus min
 An cridh' 's an cleachdadh fòs;
 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;

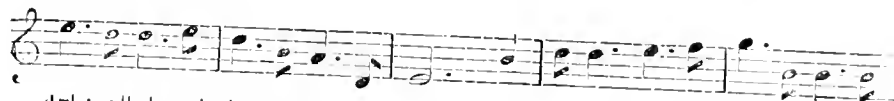
"Take up My yoke, and learn of Me
 The lessons I impart;
 My meek and gentle spirit see,
 And lowliness of heart;
 So shall your souls for ever live,
 At rest from toil and care;
 For easy is the yoke I give,
 My burden light to bear."

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 CHRIOSD—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY: F | S .S :- | S :-l | t :-r | r :-r | S :-s | t :-t | t.l :- | - : t | S.S :- | S :-S |
 C. 'S e fulang - as mo shlanuighoir A bhith's mo dhan a luaidh, Mer irios - iachd 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 'n a blàs ro chruaidh. 'S e'n t-iongantas bu mhìorbhuilich, Chaidh
 haviour, And dying of the King. Oh, wonder most in - scri - ta - ble That



{ r' :-t | l :-s | m :- | - : r | s :-r | m :-s | m' :-r' | r' :-m' | r' :-d' | t :-l | l :- | - ||
 inuse riamh do'n t-sluagh, An Dia bha ann o shìornidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chìochran truagh!
 human tongue cau name, Th' E - ter - nat and Im - mu - ta - ble A suckling Child became!

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

Rugadh 'an stàbull diblidh e,
 Mar dhilleachdan gun treòir;
 Gun neach a dheanadh càirdeas ris,
 No bheireadh fàrdoch dhò,
 Gun mhùinntir bhì 'g a fhuithealadh,
 No nidheam mar bu chòir;
 Ach eich is daimh 'g a chnartachadh
 D' an dual gach uile ghloir.

Bha tuill aig na sìonnachaibh
 Gu'm falachadh o thèinn;
 Bha nid aig na h-eumlaithie
 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 ECHANAN. The air is that sung in Rannoch, where the hymn was composed. It was contributed to this collection by a native of that district.

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



KEY: f: S . S | l : s : l | d' : - : s . s | l : l : d' | s : - : s . l)
 C. (Eha mi'm chadal gu blath Ann am fasgadh 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' | r' : - : r' . d')
 phasgadh 's a bhàmh fo mo cheann, Thàinig teachdair a bhàis, Thuir 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' : - : ||
 sinbhlainn gu'n dàil, 'S nach robh faireach no tàmh domh ann.
 call me on high, And no longer could I a - bide.

Dhuig mo mhathair le gaoir,
 'S thuir 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
 Thàinig ainglean na cùirt,
 'S thug iad mis' leo cho dluth 's cho luath;
 Chaidh sinu troinn na glinn dorch'
 Far nach bu leir dhuibh bhur lorg,
 Ach thàinig sonas nis orm bhitheas buan.

Nam faiceadh m'athair 's mo mbath'r
 Meud mo shonas 's an ait' s'
 Bhiodh iad toilicht gun d'fhag mi'n saogh'l;
 'S bhiodh gach latha mar bhliadhan'
 Gus am faigheadh iad triall,
 Gu co-chomunn ta siornuidh 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 gaoil
 Nach robh 'n leithid measg dhaoiu'
 'Nuair a bha iad 's an t-saoghal through.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n ceòl
 Nach teid mhasgadh le bròn;
 Tha e fantuinn 'n a oran nuadh,
 Clu is onoir is glòir
 Do'n ti bha marbh is tha beo,
 'S 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 Strathspcy.

13—MORACHD DHÈ—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



KEY. (S₁) | d :-d | s : s₁ | d :-r | m :-d | m :-m | s : m | m :-r | m :-d | m :-m | r : s₁)
 F.) Co | chuartaicheas do | bhith a Dhè! An | d'òimhne' shluig ga h | reusan suas; 'S an | oidhirpibh tha /
 Who can Thy being, Lord, contain? That deep where reason's efforts sink; Angels and men are



| d :-d | r :-d | s₁ :-d | d : m | r :-d | d :-s₁ | d :-d | r : m | s :-s | l :-s)
 | aingle 's daoin' Mar | shligean maoraich | glacadh chuain. O | bhith-bhuantachd tha 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 :-l ||
 | bheil 'san t-saogh' 's a' nì | nì o'n dà; O 's | beac an eachdraigh | chualas d'ot, 'S cha | mhòr do d'ghnèmh a | ta fo'n ghréin. ||
 history has been lit - tle told; This world is but of yesterday; Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

Ge d' thionndadh 'ghrian gu neo-nì rìst,
 'S gach nì fa chuairt a soluis mhòir;
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndrainn nath,
 '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
 Bhi 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.

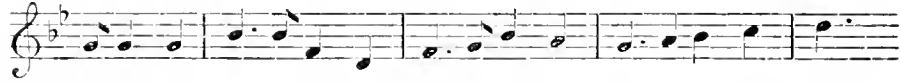
The sun and all things that exist
 Within its circling light, would be
 From Thy vast works as little missed
 As tiny drop from brimming sea.
 Creation, glorious though it be,
 Brings not the power of God to light,
 For all His works that we can see
 Give but an earnest of His might.

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.

Verses by BUCHANAN; translated by L. M. The air is said to be an old "Oran Sith," or fairy melody.

14—EARBS' A CHRISDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

Slow and with feeling.



KEY. $f_1 | l_1 : l_1 | d : - . d | s_1 : m_1 | s_1 : - . l_1 | d : t_1 | l_1 : - . t_1 | d : r | m : - .$ }
 B.C. (Dhia, dean mo phlaundach ann an Crìosd, 'S mo chrionach bristidh mach le blath,
 Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree,



$f_1 m | s : m | r : - . d | r : m | s_1 : - . s_1 | l_1 : d | m : - . r | d : t_1 | l_1 : - .$ ||
 'Is bì'dh gach subhaile '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 ghrùdh,
 A dh' fhògras m' eagal uile uam,
 'S a shaoras mi o uamhunn bìis.

'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 bì'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,
 Bì'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach olc :
 'S cha 'n eagal leam gu 'm bi mi 'n dith
 Gu sìorruidh no gu 'm fas thu bochd.

Mo dhùrachd, m' eagal, 's m' uile mhiann
 A'm Dhia tha còmhachadh gu léir ;
 Oir nèamh, is talamh, '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.

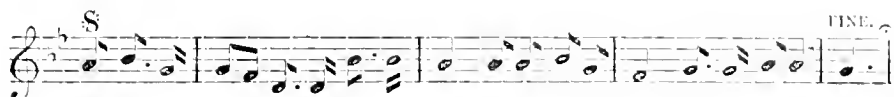
My hope, desire, and fear for aye
 Shall in my God concentred dwell,
 For heaven and earth and lowest hell
 Shall my Almighty King obey.

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 . l_1 : l_1 . l_1 | l_1 . s_1 : m_1 . m_1 : d . d | t_1 : t_1 . t_1 : d . l_1 | s_1 : l_1 . l_1 : t_1 . t_1 | l_1 : - .)
 B². (S e gradh m' Fhìr saor - adh a bhios 'n a cheol dhomh, 'S ann air bu cheol dhomh bhì deamh - agant;)
 My Saviour's love shall be still my sto - ry, It is my mu - sic while here be - low;



(t_1 : d . l_1 | l_1 . s_1 : m_1 . m_1 : d . d | t_1 : t_1 . t_1 : d . l_1 | s_1 : l_1 . l_1 : t_1 . t_1 | l_1 : - .)
 ('O'n 's e thug coir dhomh le fhuid a dhortadh Air saorsa ghloirmhor a chloinne fein.
 'S nair 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 saved my soul from woe.
 And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.



(l_1 : d . r | m : m . l_1 : t_1 . d | r : r . t_1 : d . r | m : m . r : d . t_1 | l_1 : - .)
 ('S e sud an t-òran 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 nàire 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 Adhamb,
 'N uair thug e'm bas air a shliochd gu leir,
 'S ann rinn an Slanuighear gach ni an aird
 'S an lagb rinn ardach le umblaichd 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 P'arras
 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,
 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.

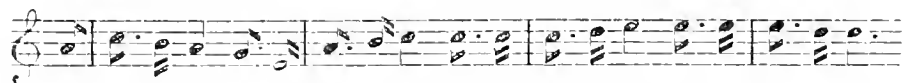
In that same nature that we inherit
 From our first father, all stained with sin,
 Did Jesus' sufferings, His life and merit,
 A great salvation for sinners win.
 To reconcile us His flesh was riven
 From death to save us He came and died
 And to bring brethren from earth to heaven
 He bore our sins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

Hymn by P. GRANT; translation by L. MACBEAN. The air was obtained for this collection from a Gaelic singer.

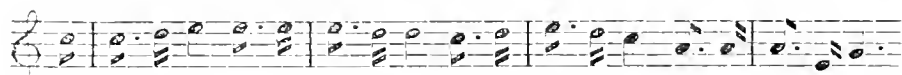
16—GEARAN NAN GAIDHEAL—THE CRY OF THE GAEL.



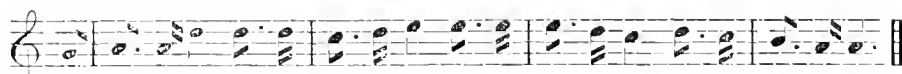
KEY. f. l. | d' ., t : l : s ., m | l ., t : d' : r' ., d' | t ., l : s : s ., s | l ., s : s : - .)
 C. (S an t-seann seanachas bha | Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg dhaoine b'ainmig an leithid ann,)
 In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft vic-tor-ious in fields of fight;



(. l | d' ., t : l : s ., m | l ., t : d' : d' ., d' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : r' : - .)
 Le gaisg is cruadal, is ereach air uairibh, 'S bha'm fuil co uaibhreach 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' gum chiall ac' mu | thimchiollsiorr' 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' ., d' | t ., l : l : - .)
 Ach bhaist' is posadh is | snidh aig orduigh'n, B'e sud an dochas a bha 'n an ceann.)
 Though they were christened, and sat and listened At high communions when they came round.

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

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

Ach e'ait' an teid sinn, no co ni feum dhuinn?
 Cha'n'eil fo'n gbrein na ni dhuinn sta,
 Ach Uan Dé o'n 's e phaigh an eirc
 Le meud an eifeachd a bha'n a bhas.
 Ma gheibh sinn sgeul air's gun dean sinn feum
 'S gun dean thu eisdeachd ruinn air a sgath, [dheth,
 Bidh sinn fo dhion's theid sinn as o phiantaibh,
 A seinn gu siorruidh air cliu do ghrais.

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.

17—ASLACHADH AIR SON BEANNACHD—SUPPLICATION FOR BLESSING.



Dhia bheo! Rìgh na glòir! Thoir cluas. Beannaich clann nan daoine.
O Lord! Most adored! Accord blessing to mankind,

KEY A.

{	$s_1 : - : - d : - : - l_1 : - : s_1 l_1, t_1 d : - : - l_1, s_1 s_1 : - : - m : - : s r : - : d : r, m d : - : -$
	$s_1 : - : - s_1 : - : - f_1 : - : - f_1 m_1 : - : - f_1 s_1 : - : - s_1 : - : - d t_1 : - : - l_1 t_1 d : - : -$
	$m : - : - d : - : - d : - : - d d : - : - d d : - : - t_1 d : - : - d s : - : - s m : - : -$
}	$d : - : - m_1 : - : - f_1 : - : - f_1 d_1 : - : - f_1 m_1 : - : - r_1 d_1 : - : - m_1 s_1 : - : - s_1 d_1 : - : -$



Suidhich sìth; fo - gair strìth is fuath; Lion gach cearn le gaol.
Pub - lish peace, make strife cease, Increase Love men's hearts to bind.

{	$s : - : f m : - : r d : - : r, m, f e \hat{s} : - : - l_1, s_1 s_1 : - : - m : - : s r : - : d : r, m d : - : -$
	$d : - : r d : - : s_1 s_1 : - : d t_1 : - : f_1 m_1 : - : - l_1 : - : s_1 f_1 : - : m_1 f_1, s_1 m_1 : - : -$
	$m : - : t_1 d : - : r m : - : d r : - : d d : - : - d : - : d t_1 : - : t_1 d : - : -$
	$d : - : s_1 l_1 : - : t_1 d : - : l_1 s_1 : - : - d_1 d : - : - t_1 l_1 : - : - m_1 s_1 : - : s_1 d_1 : - : -$

Dhia mhoir! Rìgh nan slogh!
Thoir cluas.
Beannaich clann nan Gàidh'l.
Islich naill, 's daoine truagh
Tog suas,
Buin-sa rin le bàigh.

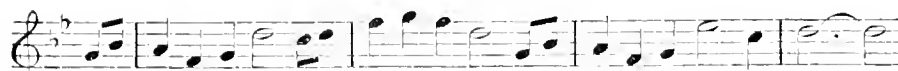
Dhia naoimh! Athair chaoimh!
Thoir cluas.
Beannaich sinn tha'n làth'r.
Bì ruinn dlàth anns gach cùis
Is uair;
Riaraich oirnn do ghras.

Great King! Hear us sing!
Oh, bring
Blessing to the Gael.
Humble pride; help provide;
Them guide;
Make the right prevail.

Most High! Hear our cry!
Be nigh
All before Thy face.
Oh, do Thou bless us now;
Endow
Us with strength and grace.

Hymn by M. MACFARLANE, Paisley. Translation by L. M. The tune is an ancient melody known as "Caigh a Bhaid"—The Tomb of the Bard. Harmony by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

18—GOIGRICH—STRANGERS.



KEY $f: l_1, d$ | $t_1: s_1: l_1$ | $m: - : r, m$ | $s: l: s$ | $m: - : l_1, d$ | $t_1: s_1: l_1$ | $f: - : r$ | $m: - : - : -$
 B \flat . (O is | mithich dhuinn gluasad, agus sibhal gu luath, Cha bhì' lathcan ro bhuan fo'n | ghreim;)
 Let us ever press on, for our life is soon gone, Oh, swiftly our moments fly;



$f: m, m$ | $r: d: r$ | $m: - : m, f$ | $s: m: m$ | $r: - : l_1, d$ | $t_1: s_1: l_1$ | $d: - : t_1$ | $l_1: - : - : -$ ||
 'S coigrich sinn is luchd cuairt, 'g iarraidh 'n' duthaich tha shuas, Tha ar dachaigh 's ar duais air neamh.
 Though as strangers we roam, we are seeking a home In our Father's dear land on high.

'S fasach ulartaich, through, anns am bheil sinn
air chuart.

Cha'n'eil fois dhuinn no suaimhneas ann,
Ach tha'r suilean riut fein, tha air neamhaibh
nan speur,
Thoir oirnn gu'n ruith sinn an reis gu ceann.

'S ann tha sinn 's an uair s' mar long air a chuau,
Measg nan tonn a ta uaibhreach àrd,
Ach 's treise'n Ti sinn tha shuas na tuitlean
dhroch sluaigh,
'S tu chaisgeas am fuaim nuair is àill.

'S tu bheir ardan an ghuais gu tumb ghabhail 's an
uir,

'S theid an aillteachd air chid gu leir;
Ach do phobull bochd brùit, bith' tu fein air an
cùl,

'S le do ghràs ni thu 'n stiùreadh 's gach ceum.

O stiùir sin le d' ghràs gus an ruig sinn an t-ait'
Anns am bi sinn gu sabhailt beo,
Far nach bi sinn 'g ar luasgadh dol thuige is maith
Mar long air na cuantaibh mòr.

Through a wild world of woe all weary we
go,

No joy have we here or peace,
But we trust in Thy love, who rulest above,
For strength till our toils shall cease.

Sore troubled are we, like a ship on the sea,
Amid billows that surge and swell;
Yet the Lord is more strong than the fierce flood
of wrong,
And His voice shall their anger quell.

Their clamour and pride Thy pow'r shall deride,
And men's haughty thoughts abase;
And Thy poor broken folk, secure from their
stroke,
Thou shalt strengthen and guide by grace.

Oh, guide us by grace to that happy place
Where we shall in safety be,
No longer distressed and tossed without rest,
Like a ship on the raging sea.

From the hymn by Rev. P. GRANT. English by L. M. The melody is given as sung in Strathspey.

19—ORAN GAOIL—A SONG OF LOVE.



KEY F. (s; l, | d :- | d : r | d : l, | s, : l, | d :- | r : m | s :- | s : m | r :- | r : m)
 Togaibh naoimhibh, luath-ghaire, deanaibh gair - deachas | ur! O'n a fhuair sibh bli'n
 O ye saints, shout with gladness, and with joy - fulness sing! Can there e - ver be



(r : d | r : m | r :- | d : r | d :- | m : s | l :- | s : l | s : m | r : d)
 fhabhor ri Ard - Rìgh nan duì; O'n a shaor e o'n bhàs sibh 's o an
 sadness for the friends of the King? Free from all condem - na - tion ye are



(r :- | m : s | l :- | l : d | l : s | s : l | m : r | d : r | m :- | r :- d | d :- ||
 trailleachd bu mho, 'S gun d'fhuair e sgiamhach le shalant sibh, thugaibh dhasan an cliù.
 made by His grace, Ye are clothed with salva - tion, Then re - e - cho His praise.

O a Shlannigheir ghràs-mhoir l
 'S tu is fearr dhomh tha beo ;
 'S nuair a chuimhnich's mi t' fhabhor
 Tha m' aobhar gairdeachais mor ;
 Chaidh t'fhuil phrìseil a thaomadh
 Air son gach aon de do naoimh,
 'Se sud an gaol rinn mo chiurradh
 'S rinn do shuilean mo chlaoidh.

Ach o'n dh' fheuch thu do ghradh dhomh,
 O, na fag-sa mi chaoidh,
 Gus am faic mi ad ghloir thu
 'S cha bhì bron ann no caoidh.
 Nuair a thig an la mor sin
 'S saorsa ghloir-mhor do naoimh
 Bi'dh mi deasach' mo lochran
 Gu dol an comhail mo Rìgh.

O most gracious Saviour,
 Be Thon ever my choice ;
 And secure in Thy favour
 Let me ever rejoice.
 On the cross where they slew Thee,
 There Thy love was revealed ;
 This Thy love has pierced through me,
 And Thine eyes made me yield.

Never, never forsake me,
 From all ill keep me free,
 Till with gladness Thou take me
 All Thy glory to see.
 Till we see Thee returning
 Our deliverance to bring,
 Keep my lamp brightly burning,
 So to welcome my KING.

Words selected from Rev. P. GRANT'S hymn "His name." The tune was contributed by a Gaelic singer in Strathpey.

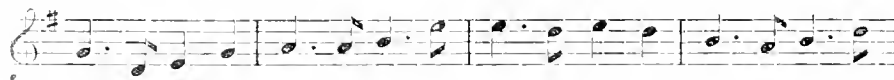
20 - A CHRIOCH - THE END.



KEY G. { s : -f | m : r | m : -r | d : -d | s₁ : -l₁ | d : d | d : -r | d : -d }
 { Air | charbad teine | snidhídh Críost, 'S mu' nu' cuairt da beucaidh 'n tairneanach, A' }
 On a - ery chariot Christ shall ride, With thunders rolling round His path, To



{ s : -r | m : d₁ | s : -s | l : -s | d : -r | d : d₁ | d : -r | d : -d }
 { dol le ghairm gu críoch nan néamh, 'S a' reub' nan neul gu doimíonach. O }
 bear His voice through hea - ven wide, And rend the clouds with storm and wrath. Out



{ d : -s₁ | l₁ : d | r : -r | m : -l | l : -s | l : s | m : -r | m : -s }
 { chuibhlíbh charbaid thig a mach, sruth mor de theine laist' le féirg; Is }
 from His chariot - wheels shall go The a - ery torrents of His ire, The



{ l : -d | d : d | r : -d | d : -r | m : -r | d : l₁ s₁ | l₁ : -d | d : - }
 { sgaoilídh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh, A' cur an t-saogh'l 'n a las - air dhéirg. }
 flaming floods shall downward flow, And set the world a - round on fire. ||

Leaghadh na Dhùile 'nuas le teas,
 Ceart mar a leaghas teine eòir :
 Na cnuic 's na sleibhteas lasaidh suas,
 'S bi'dh teas-ghoil air a chuan gu léir.
 An eurtain gorm tha null o'n gbréin,
 'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chléib,
 Crupaidh an lasair e r'a cheil,
 Mar bhéilleig air na h-éibhlíbh beò.

'S a chum an doimíon atadh suas,
 O cheithir airdilbh ghuaisidh 'ghaath ;
 Ga sgúrs' le neart nan aingeal treun,
 Luathach' an léir-sgríos ó gach taobh.
 Tha obair nan se' là rinn Dia,
 Le lasair obhian 'g a chur m'a sgaoil ;
 C'ia mor do shuibhrean Rìgh nam feart,
 Nach ionndrainn casgradh mhìle saogh'l !

The elements with fervent heat
 Shall melt like wax in furnace glow,
 The flames from hills and mountains meet,
 And all the ocean boil below.
 The azure curtain of our sphere,
 Hung like a mantle o'er the earth,
 Shall shrivel up and disappear
 Like bark upon the burning hearth.

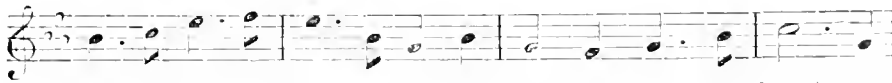
And still the fiery storm to urge
 The four strong winds together haste,
 And, with the might of angels, scourge
 The willing flames to wilder waste.
 Thus do destroying powers repeal
 Thy six days' work with one accord,
 But Thy dominion would not feel
 The loss of thousand worlds, O Lord !

Gaelic from BUCHANAN'S " Day of Judgment." English from " Spiritual Songs of DUGALD BUCHANAN." The melody is an Ossianic chant.

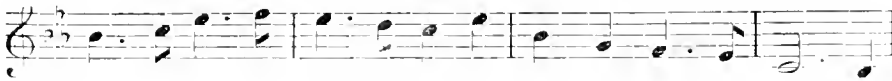
21—GLEANN NA H-IRIOSLACHD—THE VALLEY OF HUMILITY.



KEY: $f: S_1$ | \dot{d} : - . r | m : - . r | \dot{d} : - . l_1 | s_1 : l_1 | \dot{d} : m | r : - . \dot{d} | \dot{d} : - | - : m |
 E \flat . 'S e | sin an gleann is fearr a tha 's an fhasach so gu 'leir; Na'
 Oh, vale most sweet and low - ly found in all this de - sert drear! There



| s : - . l | \dot{d}' : - . r' | \dot{d}' : - . s | m : s | m : r | m : - . s | l : - | - : m |
 'naoimh b'f'dh ann a' sraideamachd, is 'pairt diu sil - eadh 'dheur; B'f'dh
 walk the good and ho - ly, there doth fall the fre - quent tear; Their



| s : - . l | \dot{d}' : - . r' | \dot{d}' : - . t | l : \dot{d}' | s : m | r : - . \dot{d} | l_1 : - | - : S_1 |
 'bron a' r son am 'peacaidh orr', 's iad beachdachadh gu 'geur Air
 love and grief are blending in these tears as they behold Their



| \dot{d} : - . S_1 | l_1 : \dot{d} | l : - . t | \dot{d}' : - . l | s : m | r : - . \dot{d} | \dot{d} : - | - ||
 'gradh do-innst an t-Slanuigheir, 'sa 'ghraincalachd th'ann't 'fein.
 vile - ness and of - fend - ing, and their Saviour's love untold.

An seachas an Tì 's àirde
 Tha luchd-aiteachaidh a ghlinn,
 'S a ghuth 's a bhriathran ghloir mhòr
 'Toirt sìth is solas enim.
 Tha n t-uisge 's fearr 's na h aimhnichean,
 'S a ghrian fìor chaoimhneil da,
 Tha fasgadh 'n àm na stòirm ann,
 'S gur boidheach gorm e ghnath.

A Thic'hearna, deonaich dhomhsa
 Bhi ri m' bheo a fuireach ann,
 'Cum m'anam bhò fhein-fhìrinnteachd
 Is leanam Ios' gu teann.
 Bho ghathan mo luchd-mìoruin
 Dean mo dhìon a dh' oich' is là,
 Gach freumh de'n pheacadh spion asam
 Is glan mo chrìdh' 'n ad ghrìdh.

The Highest is abiding
 With the saints within that vale,
 His precious words providing
 Them with peace that ne'er shall fail.
 There pure glad streams are flowing,
 There the sunshine is serene;
 No tempests there are blowing,
 Bright and happy is the scene.

Let me be onwards pressing
 Still where Jesus' feet have trod,
 In that sweet vale of blessing
 Walking humbly with my God.
 Lord, be my soul's defender,
 Keep me aye from sin secure,
 And through Thy love most tender
 Let my heart be meek and pure.

Verses from the Gaelic hymn by JOHN MACLEAN. The tune is the sacred melody known as "The Hymn of the Saviour."

22—URNUIGH AN FHEUMNAICH—THE NEEDY'S PRAYER.



Nuair bhios mi airtnealach, **Triall** m'astair bhrònaich thruaigh,
O'er woes and wea - ri - ness, **Dark** - ness and drear - i - ness,

KEY G.

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



Dhia ghlòirneach, neartaich mi, **Fòir** orm is deùnaich buaidh.
O God most glo - rious, **Make** me vic - to - ri - ous.

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

Nuair bhios mi sgith fo chradh,
 Nuair bhios mo dhochas fann,
 Bi-sa mo dhìdean àrd
 'S m' fhìor ionad-comhnuidh ann.
Nuair bhios mi 'm bruillean stri,
 'N cruaidh amhghar dolasach,
 Lìon mi le suaimhneas sìth
 'S nuadh chreideamh solasach.
Nuair bhios mi treigte, truagh,
 'N t-eug fhuar 'gam spuinneadh lom,
 Tiorraich mo dheura suas,
 Tog dhìom mo thursa trom.
Fuadaich na teagamban
 'S eagail a shàrnich mi,
 Glan nam m' uil' easaontas,
 'S taisbean do làth-rachd domh.

When faith is failing me,
 Dark doubts assailing me,
 Be Thou my hiding-place,
 My safe abiding-place.
 When griefs are numberless,
 When cares are slumberless,
 Grant me tranquillity,
 Faith and humility.
 When joys are leaving me,
 And deaths bereaving me,
 My foolish fears allay,
 Wipe all my tears away.
 From doubt's obscurity,
 From sin's impurity,
 Oh, set me free by grace,
 So shall I see Thy face.

Hymn written for this collection. Harmony by W. S. RODDIE.

23—MIANN AN ANAM—THE SOUL'S DESIRE.



KEY: $f: d., r$
C. $(: m : s : s | s : - l : t | d' : l : s | m : m : d', d')$
Tha m'inninn-s' an geall a bhli thall thar nìsg' Ior - dain, Mar ri
Over Jordan's dark ri - ver my soul ev - er strain - eth, I would



$(d' : r' : m' | l : s . d' : s . m | r : d : r . s | m : r : d , r)$
Prionnsa na sio - chaint b'è mo mhiam dol 'na chomh - ail. 'Se
fain dwell for ev - er where the Prince of Peace reign - eth. With a



$(m : s : s | s : - l : s . l | d' : l : s | m : m : d', d')$
cl - bear na treud e, bheir e fein or - ra faic - ill; As na
Shepherd's de - vo - tion God's poor flock He feed - eth, And from



$(d' : r' : m' | l : s . d' : s . m | r : d : r | m : r)$
heil - ean - a cuainteach ni e'n cuairteach - adh dhachaidh.
far isles of o - cean His lost ones He leadeth.

Is e àilleachd thar chàch
Thug mo ghradh-sa co mòr dha,
'S nair bhith's e as m'fianuis,
B'è dh' mi cianail, ro-bhronach.
Is e m' àilleagan broillich,
'S e mo charaid 's m' fhear-pòsd e,
'S e mo bhrathair is sine
Tric is minig 'gam chòmhnadh.
'S e fear ghabhail mo leith-sgeul
'S a sheasamh mo chòrach,
A phaignas m' uil' fhiachan
'S ni mo dhion o gach dòrninn;
Tha gach latha mar bhliadhna
Gus an crìochnaich mi m' astar
Gus am bi mi 'na fhianuis
Troimh shìorruidheachd cur beachd air.

All His graces are peerless,
And my love they awaken;
But my spirit is checrless,
By His presence forsaken.
For my Saviour most gracious
Is my Husband most tender;
My heart's Treasure most precious,
Brother, Friend and Defender.
By His strong intercessions
Peace and pardon He gave me,
And He bore my transgressions,
From their vileness to save me.
Now my faith would enfold Him
Where sin cannot sever;
For I long to behold Him
For ever and ever.

Gaelic words from a hymn by Mrs CLARK of Terra-dhamh, Badenoch. Tune noted down for this collection

24— LEANABH AN AIGH—CHILD IN THE MANGER.



KEY
E^b. { d : m : s | d' : - : - | r' : - : - | t : l : s | l : - : - | s : - : - | d : r : m | s : - : - }
Leanabh an à - - igh! Leanabh bh'aig Mái - ri; Rugadh an stà - -)
Child in the man - ger! Infant of Ma - ry; Outcast and stran - -



{ l : - : - | s : m : d | r : - : - | - : - : - | s : m : s | d' : - : - | l : - : - | s : m : d | }
Rígh nan dùl! Thainig do'n fhàs - ach, Dh'fhuing 'nar
ger, Lord of all! Child who inher - its All our trans-



{ d : - : - | r : - : - | m : r : m | s : - : - | l : - : - | r : m : r | d : - : - | - : - : - | }
n-Mit - e Son' iad an air - - eanhl Bhitheas dha dluth!
gres - sions, All our demer - - its On Him fall!

Ged a blitheas leanaban
Aig righrean na talmhainn,
'N greadhnachas garbh,
'Us anabarr muirn,
'S gearr gus am falbh iad
'S fasaídh iad amhuim,
An ailleachd 's an dealbh
A searg' 'san uir.

Cha b' ionann 's an t-Uan
A thainig g'ar fuasgladh,
Iriosal stuama,
Ghluais e'n tus;
E naomh gun truaileachd,
Cruithfhear an t-stuaigh,
Dh' eirich e suas
Le buaidh o'n uir.

So leanabh an aigh,
Mar dh' aithris na faidhean,
'S na h-ainlean ard,
B' e miann an sul;
'S e's airidh ar gradh
'S ar n' urram thoirt dha;
Is soma an aireamh
Bhitheas dha dluth.

Monarchs have tender
Delicate children,
Nourished in splendour,
Proud and gay;
Death soon shall banish
Honour and beauty,
Pleasure shall vanish,
Forms decay.

But the most holy
Child of Salvation,
Gently and lowly
Lived below;
Now as our glorious
Mighty Redeemer,
See Him victorious
O'er each foe.

Prophets foretold Him—
Infant of wonder;
Angels behold Him
On His throne;
Worthy our Saviour
Of all their praises,
Happy for ever
Are His own.

Gaelic words from the hymn by Mrs M. MACDONALD, Mull (Mairi Dhughallach, bean Neill Dhoinmullaich ann an Ard Tunna).

25—AONACHD RI CRÍOSD—UNION WITH CHRIST.

KEY: f d | $\text{m} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1$ | $\text{d} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{m} : - : \text{f}$ | $\text{s} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{m} : - : \text{d}$ }
 B^c. We sud an cean - gal caomh - ail caoin, Ni thu ad aon ri
 Oh hap - py bond! oh ho - ly tryste! If thou and Christ art

S FINE.
 | $\text{r} : - : \text{d}$ | $\text{m} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{d} : \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1$ | $\text{d} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{m} : - : \text{f}$ | $\text{s} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{m} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{d} : - : \text{r}$ ||
 Críosd! Air chor's gu'm bi thu reir a ghne 'Sgu meal thu e gu flor.
 one, His na - ture and His power divine Made thine while a - ges run.
 Is leat a mhais' is u - ram árd, Is leat gum chaird a ghloir.
 His glor - y bright and beau - ty rare, And joy that ne'er shall dim.

D.S.
 | m | $\text{s} : - : \text{s}$ | $\text{s} : \text{l} : \text{f}$ | $\text{s} : - : \text{f}$ | $\text{m} : - : \text{r}$ | $\text{m} : \text{s} : \text{f}$ | $\text{m} : - : \text{d}$ | $\text{r} : - : \text{r}$ ||
 Air dhuit bhi pos - da ri Mac Dhe, 'S leat fein a shaibhreas mor,
 If mar - ried to God's Son, thou hast Heaven's treasures vast with Him;

Is leis-san d' fhiachan is cha leat-s'
 Aon pheacadh rinn thu riamh;
 Do chionta nile thog e uait
 Le dhioladh buadhach fíor.
 Gach teasaírginn, gach díon is gaol
 Bheir daoín' d' an ceile gráidh,
 Bheir Críosd sin duit-s' is tuille fos
 Ri d' bheo le cridhe blath.

Nuair sheasas tu le aoibhneas árd
 An la'ir a Bhreitheimh choir,
 'N sin thig do bhínn a mach gu caoin,
 O d' charaid gaóil, d' fhear posd'.
 Nuair chí thu ardaich d' fhir-posd',
 D'a ghloir is leat-sa roim,
 Co-ghloir, co-shonas is co-naill,
 'S thu fuaight ris mar cho-oigbr'?

Cha bhi na h-áinglé's binne cluá
 Co dluth ri Críosd riut fein;
 Is ceile thus', is oiglaich iads'
 Gu d' riarachadh gu leir.
 Cha'n fhaic thu chaoidh am measg nan sluagh
 Bhíos shuas an sud gu h-árd
 Aon nasal mar do charaid gaóil
 Ta aonaicht riut tre ghras.

Thou hast brought Him but pain and loss,
 For on the cross He paid
 The hopeless debt that thou hast owed;
 Thy load on Him was laid,
 With all the sympathy and love
 A man may give his bride,
 Thy Lord shall make, while ages roll,
 Thy soul be satisfied.

And when before God's throne thou art,
 Shall not thy heart rejoice
 Thy gracious sentence there to hear
 In thy dear Husband's voice?
 In all that shall thy Spouse exalt,
 Thou shalt possess a share;
 Thou hast in all His hopes a part,
 And art His fellow-heir.

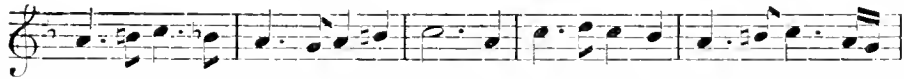
Thou, nearer than the angel band,
 On His right hand shalt be;
 Thou art His bride in queenly state,
 And they but wait on thee.
 Oh, never shalt thou see among
 That glorious throng above
 One half so fair or good as He
 Who gave to thee His love.

From hymn by Dr. MACGREGOR;

26—AM MEANGAN—THE BRANCH.



KEY { d | m : -r | d : t, | d : -r | m : -d | m : -r | l, : t, | d :- | - : d | l, : t, | d : r }
 F. { O | bhonn le - se | bhris a mach am | faillean gasda | ur, Am | fhor chrann uaine }
 From Jesse's root a love - ly shoot, a Branch of beauty grew; And bright was seen its



{ m : -fe | s : -f | m : -r | m : fe | s : - | - : m | s : -l | s : f | m : -fe | s : -m, r }
 taghta luachmhor, 's airidh e air cliu, Am Meangan nasal | torrach buadh'or }
 glorious sheen, its graceful form and hue; Its leaves were fair, its fruit was rare, and



{ l, : t, | d : r | m : - | - : m | d : t, | l, : t, | d : -r | m : -s, f | m : r, d | l, : -t, | d : - | - }
 's e gach uair fo' dhrùichd, A | ghèugan dosrach sin - te suas, 's iad | tarruing uaithe | stuigh. }
 sweet it was to view Its branches wide on ever - y side refreshed with heaven's dew.

'Se so an ceann am measg nan crann, air ardachadh gu mor,
 Faillean, sugh'or, maiseach, cùbhraidh, taitneach,
 urar, og,
 Aluinn, eatach, 's e ro sgiamhach, miannaicht air gach doigh.
 Gun fheachd no fàraidh, ruaidh no crionadh, gun ghaoid, no giamh, no go.

Cran ro-phriseil, miann na fridhe, 's e gu dìreach fas,
 E air sineadh mach a gheugan 's iad gu leir fo bhliath,
 Nach mothaich tart nu am an teas, nach searg 's nach crion gu brath,
 Air uisge seimh tha e 'na thamh, 's cha tiornaich mhead an trasg.

Tha amhainn fìor-ghlan ruith n'a chrìochaibh dh' fhuir-nisg shoilleir, beo,
 Cur subhachas an cridh' gach aon a gheibh di taom'ri ol,
 Tha slaint' is urach 'na dhuilleach cubhraidh do'n anam bruit' fo leon,
 Beatha is ioc-silaint dhaibh fo'n iarguinm, s gheibh dream gun luths uaithe treoir.

Meangan cliuiteach 's e air lùbadh le ur-mheas chum an iar,
 Toirt toradh trom gach am 'sa bhliadhun', 's gu sìorruidh a toirt fais,
 Tha e brioghor 's mor a mhilseachd anns gach linn is il,
 'S gach eun tha glan am measg na coill' gheibh iad fo'n chraobh so sgail.

Oh, this shall be of every tree the first and most renowned,
 Grandly swelling, sweetly smelling, fresh, and straight, and sound;
 For evermore its living store of graces shall abound,
 And no decay or blemish may in all its boughs be found.

A princely stem, the forest's gem, it ever fairly grows,
 Its branches broad beneath a load of blossoms far it throws;
 When suns are hot it withers not, no drought or thirst it knows,
 But beareth fruit, for at its root the living water flows.

That river clear, that floweth near with current pure and bright,
 Alone imparts to human hearts a sorrowless delight;
 These leaves make whole the wounded soul, and give the weary night,
 Bestowing wealth of life and health instead of pain and blight.

This goodly shoot with golden fruit is down from heaven weighed;
 Throughout the year its fruits appear, its bloom shall never fade;
 To every race it yieldeth grace with vigour undecayed,
 And cool retreat for warblers sweet beneath its pleasant shade.

Words from a beautiful hymn by Mrs CAMERON, Rannoch.

27—LA BHREITHEANAIS—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

KEY: $f: 1, s$ C. $f: 1, s$
 O anam, gu curam Nis d'uisg a - gus smuainich Nuair thig Leomhan threubh
 Rouse, O soul, from thy langour! When thou seest ap - pear - ing Judah's Li - on in

$d: r: 1, s$ | $l: f: 1, s$ | $m: -r: 1, t$ | $d': r': t, l, t$ | $l: f: 1, t$
 Iudah, 'N tig thu dluth dha gun uamhas? 'M faod do chridhe bhi luidir, No do
 anger, Wilt thou meet Him unfeared - ing? Shall thy heart still be boldest, And thy

$d': r': t, l, t$ | $d': -r': d', r'$ | $m': r': t, l, t$ | $d': l: d', t$ | $l: f: 1, s$ | $m: -r$ ||
 Iamh a bhi buadhach Nuair a chi thu 'na ghloir e 'S aingle gloir-nhor mu'n cuairt da ||
 proud arm be rearing, When His power thou be - hold - est, Whom the heavens are re - ver - ing?

Chuinn an trompaid 'ga seideadh,
 'S fuaim nan speur a dol thairis;
 Tha na mairbh nis toirt geill da,
 'S iad ag eiridh o'n talamh;
 Nis dh' fhosgail na h-naighean,
 'S bhruich an sluagh asd' gu h-ealamh,
 'S thug e'm follais an sluagh sin
 Bha 's na cuaintean am falach.

Tha mille tairn'each ag eigheach,
 'N sluagh gu leir tha ri faire,
 'S leis an fhuaim tha'nns na speuraibh,
 Chrith gach creutair air thalamh;
 'N cuan 's na tonnan a beucaich,
 'S bonn nan sleibhteann air carach,
 'S cridhe dhaoine 'g an treigsinn,
 Ach e' ait' an teid iad 'g am falach?

Ach, anam, ma fhuair thu
 Fuil an Uaim gu do shaoradh,
 Na biodh do chridhe 'gad fhailinn
 Cluinntinn caramh an t-saoghail.
 'N Ti 's an do chuir thu do dhochas,
 'S e sud a ghloir tha 'g a taomadh,
 'S e sud na tuitlean a chual thu
 Thig air an t-sluagh nach tug gaol da.

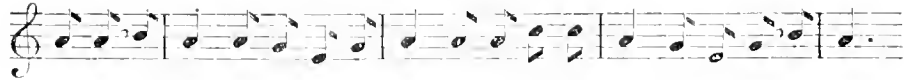
Hark! the trumpet-sound blending
 With the flame's wild explosion;
 See! the dead are ascending,
 Yielding lowly devotion!
 Graves unnumbered restore them,
 All earth's dust is in motion,
 And the dark depths outpour them
 From the caves of the ocean!

Thousand thunders are rolling,
 And mankind is awaking;
 Under sounds so appalling
 All earth's creatures are quaking.
 Ocean's billows are boiling,
 Mighty mountains are shaking,
 And men's hearts hack recoiling,
 Every hope is forsaking.

But if Christ's blood avail thee,
 O my soul, for abluition,
 Let thy heart never fail thee
 In earth's final confusion.
 See thy Saviour come glorious,
 He who gave absolution,
 And His right arm, victorious,
 Gives His foes retribution.

From hymn by Rev. P. GRANT.

28—GAIRDEACHAS—JOY.



KEY C. { .l : l.ta | l : l .s : m .s | l : l .l : d'.d' | l : s .m : s .ta | l : - . }
 O'sann tha'n solas aig dream fhuair co - las Air neach cho gloirmhor ri aon Mhae Dhe!
 Oh, sweetest joy without stint or measure, The love of Je - sus to earth come down!



{ .l : ta.l | s : m .s : l .d' | ta : l .l : d'.r' | m' : m'.m' : m'.r' | r' : - . }
 Cha nithcan feolmhor ri'm beil an doch - as Ach crun na gloir ann an rioghachd neimh.
 Oh, poor to us were earth's richest treasure, Who hope to wear an immortal crown.



{ .l : d'.r' | m' : m'.m' : m'.r' | r' : d'.l : d'.r' | m' : d'.d' : d'.l | d' : - . }
 Bubbhochd an storas le gleannan deoir so, 'S na bheil de dh'oir ann a chruinne-che;
 A poor posses - sion were all ere - a - tion And all the wealth that the world contains,



{ .l : s .s | m : s .l : d'.t | d' : r'.d' : t .d' | m' : s .l : d'.t | l : - . }
 Tha'n cridhe deonach bhí thall air Jordan, A seinn an orain d'an d'thug iad speis.
 All mean and meagre to spirits ea - ger For heaven's glo - ries and joyful strains.

O a bhrathraibh nach dean sibh gaird'cheas,
 Anns gach sarach thig oirbh fo'n gbrein?
 Togaibh Hosanna do'n Tì a bhàsaich,
 Tha chlin air ardach' os cionn nan neamh;
 'S nuair a chuimhnicheas sibh air fhalbhor
 Le cridhe blath thugaibh dhasan geill;
 Tha e am Pàrras mar fhuir bhrathair,
 Ag ullach àit dhuibh 'na rioghachd fein.

'S e clann Shìoin a chuideachd rioghail
 Aig am bheil sith ris an Tì is aird,
 'S bheir e tearruint' iad as gach trioblaid
 'S bith' e 'n a dhìdean dhaibh aig a bhàs.
 Cha chum am bàs iad, 's cha chum an uaigh iad,
 Thug esan buaidh air na gaisgich threum,
 Is amhluidh shaoras e fos a shlughadh nath'
 Is bheir e suas iad gu rioghachd fein.

Oh, then, rejoice with glad voices ringing,
 In all your sufferings extol His name,
 To Him who died, your hosannas singing
 Whose praise the angels of God proclaim.
 Think on the favour of Christ, our Saviour,
 Obey with gladness His least command;
 Our form He beareth, while He prepareth
 Our happy home in His Father's land.

For Zion's sons are a royal nation,
 The chosen friends of the Lord most High;
 He shall redeem them from tribulation,
 And when life leaves them, His love is nigh.
 Death cannot chain them, nor grave restrain them,
 For these are conquered by Jesus' might;
 He shall deliver His own for ever,
 And make them glad in His home of light.

Gaelic words by Rev. P. GRANT. The melody is that used in GRANT'S own district, Strathspcy.

29—AN FHOIS SHIORRUIDH—THE REST ETERNAL.



KEY: $f: 1_1$ | $d: - : r$ | $m: - : -$ | $d: - : r$ | $m: - : - d$ | $f: - : -$ | $r: - : r$ | $d: - : r$ | $m: - : -$ }
 G. (Nach | so - na suaimh - neach an sluagh a | dh' fhag sinn, Theich | as gach truaigh)
 The hap - py dead whom the Lord hath tak - en, Have rest for ev -



{ $m: - : f$ | $m: - : d$ | $r: - : -$ | $r: - : -$ | 1_1 | $d: - : r$ | $m: - : -$ | $d: - : r$ | $m: - : d$ }
 's a chaidh suas gu Par - ras; Lean iad an t-Uan 's iad air chuairt 's an
 er from sin and sad - ness; They followed Christ, and were not for -



{ $f: - : -$ | $r: - : m$ | $f: - : s$ | $1_1: - : -$ | $s: - : f$ | $m: - : r$ | $d: - : -$ | $d: - : -$ }
 fhas - ach, Is dh' fhag sud suaimh . . neach aig uair a bhais iad.
 sak - en, And now they share in immort - al glad - ness.

'S e'n fhuil chaidh dhortadh thug coir tre ghràs
 Air beo-dhochas nach deach' a narach'; [dhaibh
 Thu fhuil an Uain tuille's buaidh na 'm bàs dhaibh
 'S ged fhuair an naigh iad bi 'n leabaidh thamh i.

Nuair chur iad cùl ris gach duil fo'n ghrein so'
 Dh' fhosgail an snail ann an dùthaich neamhaidh'
 Seinn halleluiah, 's a chliu 'n am beul-san,
 'S tha saoghal ur dhaibh a nis air eiridh.

Tha fois o'n t-saoghal 's o chorp a bhàis ac',
 O chiont' 's o dhaorsa 's o eagal trailleil,
 'S o ana-miannaibh mi-rianail làidir,
 'S o smuaintean diomhain bha rianh 'gan sarach.

Nis tha'm Fear-posd' ac' 's iad beo le lathaireachd
 'S iad nis cho sgiamhach 's bu mhiann le'n cairdean;
 Tha slàinte as ùr tigh 'nn o ghnùis an Ard-Rìgh,
 'S iad sona suaimhneach gun luaidh air bàs ac'.

For when He gave them a hope so glorious,
 They placed their souls in His gracious keeping;
 Through Jesus' blood over death victorious,
 Their flesh in grave is but softly sleeping.

When to their eyes all this world was darkened,
 Their spirits entered on scenes surprising;
 To halleluiahs with joy they hearkened,
 And saw heaven's glories around them rising.

They have no sickness, nor sore, nor sighing,
 Nor thirst, nor hunger, nor wants distress them;
 No death nor sorrow, nor care nor crying,
 But peace eternal to soothe and bless them.

They have the Bridegroom, beloved and precious,
 The love He giveth their souls adorning;
 Their hearts rejoice in His smile most gracious,
 And sing the sweetness of heaven's morning.

Gaelic words from the hymn by Rev. P. GRANT.

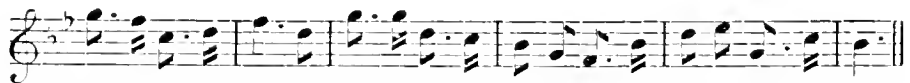
30—AN CATH—THE CONFLICT.



KEY (d | d .,m | : s₁ .,l | | s₁ .m | : m .,r | d .m | : l₁ .,r | d : -l₁ | d .s₁ : l₁ .,m |)
 B^b. (Is | iomadh | comhrag, | s'reup is stri Do'n | chreidmbeach fhuir tha'n dual ; Tha | naimhdeas ifrionn-)
 Through many a | sorrow, strife and storm, Must Christian | pilgrims pass ; For powers of | ill in



(| s₁ .,m | : m .,r | d .m | : s .,l | d : -d | r .,m | : s .,l | s .,m | : d .t₁ |)
 ail le | spid, 'Ga | ruith gach mir dhe | chuairt ; Is | buairidhean bho'n | t-sloc is | is' A)
 every | form Their | upward | course harass ; When hell's | temptations | fast ascend, Their



(| l .,s | : r .,m | | s : -m | | l .,l | : m .,r | d .l₁ | : s₁ .,d | m .f | : l₁ .,r | d : - |)
 lot a | chri' gu | cruaidh, Ach | bheir e buaidh 'san | ruaig 'ga crìch, Fo | bhratach caoin an | Uain. ||
 bosom | often bleeds, But they shall conquer | in the end, Who march where Jesus | leads.

Is lionmhor cath, is gleachd, is duaidh,
 Is buille bhualadh dhòrn,
 Is amhghar, trioblaid, teinn is truaigh,
 Tha dhaibh an dual 's an fheadil ;
 Ach armachd Dhè bheir dhaibh a bhuaidh
 'S thig iad an uachdar beò,
 'S trid neart an Tì rinn sìth dhaibh suas
 Bi' gaisge chruaidh 'nan treòir.

Tha buairidhean a teachd bho'n nàmh
 Air iomadh fath mu'n cuairt,
 Mar dhiachainn theinteach bhios 'gan cràdh
 'S a toirt dhaibh tàire cruaidh ;
 Oha nochd e caoimhneas dhaibh no làigh,
 'S gun iochd 'na ghnaths, no truas,
 Ach chum an dearbhadh anns gach càs
 Bheir iad tre ghràs làn bhuaidh.

What weary conflicts fierce and long,
 What sudden strokes of pain,
 What trouble and distress and wrong
 Must Christian hearts sustain !
 But when in God's own armour clad,
 Though foes their path assail,
 His mighty strength shall make them glad,
 And they shall still prevail.

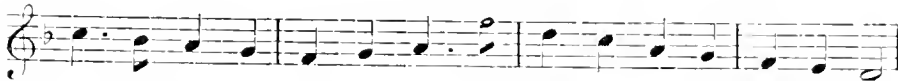
When sore temptations surge and swell
 Around the Christian race,
 Assaults of sin and thoughts from hell
 That torture and abase,
 These cruel foes on every side
 The man of God must face,
 And he shall be a soldier tried,
 And conqueror through grace.

Gaelic words from the hymn by JOHN MORRISON (Ian Moirison a bha anns na Hearadh).

31—SMEIDEADH OIRNN—BECKONING.



KEY F. { l : -s | m : - | l : -s | m : - | l : d' | t : d' | l : -s | m : - }
 Smeideadh oirnn, | smeideadh oirnn! | Olc 'us math a' | smeideadh oirnn!
 Beckoning, beckoning! Good and e - vil beckoning!



{ s : -f | m : r | d : r | m : - .d' | l : s | m : r | d : t | l : - } ||
 Bi mar iuil dhuinn, | Dhia nam feart, | A chum 's nach fag sinn | slighean ceart.
 Be our guide, O God of truth, | And save us from the snares of youth.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Sugraidh 'n t-saoghail smeideadh oirnn ;
 Caisg 's a chridhe mianntan cearr,
 'Us aom ar ruintean chum na's fhearr.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Maoin 'us cliu a' smeideadh oirnn ;
 Cum sinn umhail, saor o uail,
 A chum 's nach fas ar cridhe cruaidh.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Tuigse 's eolas smeideadh oirnn ;
 Teagais sinn, a chum 's nach claon
 Ar n-inntiun dh' ionnsuilh bheachdan faoin.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Gradh 'us seirc a' smeideadh oirnn ;
 Deonaich dhuinn na h-aighe caomh
 A ghradhaicheas an cinne-daoin.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Iosa, 'n Slanraighear, smeideadh oirnn ;
 Treoraich sinn gu crich ar cuairt
 A chum 's gu'm bi sinn leis-san shuas.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Worldly pleasures beckoning ;
 Let us ne'er be led astray,
 But keep us in the heavenly way.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Wealth and fame are beckoning ;
 May our youthful hearts abide
 Untouched by discontent or pride.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Truth and wisdom beckoning ;
 Teach us, Lord, and let us be
 From ignorance and folly free.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 Grace and love are beckoning ;
 Grant us, Lord, a lowly mind
 And tender heart for all mankind.

Beckoning, beckoning,
 See our Saviour beckoning ;
 Lead us, Lord, till life be past,
 That we may live with Him at last.

Children's Hymn. Gaelic words by M. MACFARLANE.

32.—NA SLEIBHTEAN—THE MOUNTAINS.



KEY F. { m : - : r | d : t : l | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : s | m : - : r | d : t : l | d : - : r }
 'S toslach ciun tha na sleibhteann, Samhach seimheil an fàith, Neamh is talamh, 'n an t-amhair /
 Sìth, mar dhòimhne na fairge, Còmhlaich carraig is torr — Sìth, mar aigeann neo-chrìochnach
 Calm and still are the mountains, Peace hath here her a - bode, Heav'n and earth are repos - ing
 Sì - lence - solem, un - broken, Deep and vast as the sea, As the measureless o - cean

D.C.



{ m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - | d : - : m | s : l : s | s : - : s | m : - : s | s : l : s | s : - : - }
 Sàbaid shòimeanta Dhè, Dhia, a chruthaich na sleibhteann, Tha do-leirsimeach dlùth,
 Cuan na sìorraidheachd moir. }
 In the Sabbath of God. } Lord, who madest the mountains, Thou art here though unseen;
 Of e - ter - nity. }



{ l : - : t | d : t : l | l : - : d | l : - : s | m : r : m | l : - : - | d : - : t | l : s : f | m : - : m }
 'Thoir do m'anam bhì sìochail, 'Thoir do m'spiorad bhì ciùin. O! an sìth tha'n ad lathair, }
 Give me also this calmness, Make my spirit serene. Oh, the peace of Thy presence, }



{ l : - : r | r : d : r | m : - : s | l : - : l | s : m : r | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - }
 Tàladh mùlad o'n chrìdh'— Dènaich dhomhsa 'n a lannachd sìth 'n ad lathair gu sìor.
 Where all sorrow shall cease! Let me now and for e - ver Find Thine in - fi - nite peace.

'S laidir seasmhach na sleibhteann,
 Treun neo-chaochlaideach riamh;
 Fhuair iad neart am bun-àite
 'S mòrachd àillail o Dhia.
 O! is maiseach na sleibhteann,
 'G eiridh suas gu na neimh;
 Bhean do mheòir riu is fhuair iad
 Bhuat's an àilneachd 's an sgeimh.
 Neart, is maise, is sìochaint,
 Lìonadh srath agus beinn,
 Aiteal ghlan o do ghloir-sa,
 Dril o d' oirdhearcas fein.
 Theid na sleibhteann so thairis.
 Ach 's buan-mhadreannach Dia,
 'S nochdaidh esan muadh ghloir dhuinn
 Bhios sinn moladh gu sìor.

Strong and steadfast, the mountains
 Feel no changes of time,
 God did lay their foundations,
 He hath made them sublime.
 He hath clothed them with beauty,
 Sweet and lovely and rare,
 By the touch of His fingers
 They are heavenly fair.
 Peace and power and beauty
 Vale and mountain disclose,
 Dimly showing His glory
 From whose hand they arose.
 When the mountains have vanished
 He shall live evermore,
 Still revealing new glories
 While we praise and adore.

This beautiful melody belongs to one of ROB DONN'S elegies. The words are by L. M.

PART III.

Gaelic Psalms.

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1.- COLESHILL.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

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

C. Mo shui - le to - gam suas a chum. Mo shui - le
I to the hills will lift mine eyes. I to the

Prec.

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

to - gam suas a chum. Nam beann o'n tig mo neart,
hills will lift mine eyes. From whence doth come mine aid,

Cong.

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

Nam beann o'n tig mo neart.
From whence doth come mine aid.

Prec. *Cong.*

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

O'n Dia rinn tal - amh ag - us neamh, O'n Dia rinn
My safe - ty com - eth from the Lord, My safe - ty

Prec.

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

tal - amh ag - us neamh, Ta m'fhurtachd ui - le teachd,
com - eth from the Lord, Who heaven and earth hath made,

Cong.

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

Ta m'fhurt - achd ui - le teachd.
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2.- FRENCH.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key F. { :f | m :- f | s :- m | s :- l, s | m. s : (m. r) || d :- | d., r : m | f : m | r. m, f : s }

Is toigh leam Dia, air-son gu'n d'eisd, Is toigh leam
I love the Lord, because my voice, I love the

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

Dia, air - son gu'n d'eisd,
Lord, be - cause my voice,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :- f | s :- l, s | m. s : (m. r) || m., f : s. l s f | m : r. m, s | r : m | r. d : m. r }

Ri m'ghuth's ri m' uir-nigh fòs, Ri m' ghuth
And pray - ers He did hear, And pray -

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

's ri m' uir - nigh fòs
ers He did hear,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :- f | s :- m | s :- l, s | m. s : (m. r) || s : l | d', t : l | s. l :- t | d', t : l., t. l }

A chionn gu'n daom e ruim a chluas, A chionn
I, while I live, will call on Him, I, while

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

gu'n daom e ruim a chluas,
I live, will call on Him,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :- f | s :- l s | m.s : (m.r) || m ., f : s . l s f | m : r . m , s | r : m | r . d : m . r }

Sior eigh-eam ris - rim' bheo. Sior eigh -
Who bowed to me His ear. Who bowed

|| d :- l | , d : r , d . l | s : d , r . m , f | s , l : s | d : r | m :- | r :- | d :- ||

eam ris - - rim' bheo.
to me His ear.

3.- ST. DAVID'S.

Key D. || d :- f :- | m :- s :- | l :- d' :- | f :- s : l | m :- s :- | f :- s :- | m :- | :- | r :- | :- ||

O thug - aibh mol - adh mòr do Dhia,
Give praise and thanks un - to the Lord,

|| d :- f :- | m :- s :- | d :- r : m | f :- s | s :- l :- | s :- | :- ||

Is buidh - each - as far - aon,
For bount - i - ful is He;

|| s :- | ta :- | l :- s | f :- s : l | s :- : m | d :- : m | f :- s :- | m :- | :- | r :- | :- ||

Oir tha e maith, mair - idh gu brath
His tend - er mer - cy doth en - dure

|| s :- | :- | m | d :- | r :- | f :- | s : f | m :- | :- | r | d : r | m : r | d :- | :- | :- ||

A throc - air gras - inhoir caoin.
Un - to e - ter - nit - y.

4.- DUNDEE.

<p><i>Precentor.</i></p> 	<p><i>Congregation.</i></p> 
<p>Key { :l l :l l :l t :-l t :- } :s m :f :s l :-s l :- l ,t :d ,l s :l }</p>	
<p>C. <i>Tha ann an Si-on feitheamhort, Tha ann an</i> <i>Praise waits for Thee in Si-on Lord, Praise waits for</i></p>	
	
<p>{ l ,t :d ,r ,d t ,l ,t :l l ,t :d ,r ,d t ,l ,t :l l :s l :t d :-t l ,t :l l :s ,l t ,l :s m :-s :- }</p> <p>Si - - on feith - - - eamh ort, Thee in Si - - - on Lord,</p>	
<p><i>Prec.</i></p> 	<p><i>Cong.</i></p> 
<p>{ :d t :t :l l :l :t d :- } d :r m :r m :r :d d :r m :r m :r :d d :r m :r m :r :- }</p> <p><i>Mol-adh, a Dhe, gun dith; Mol - - adh,</i> <i>To Thee vows paid shall be; To Thee</i></p>	
	
<p>{ d :r m :r m :r :d d :t l ,t :d r :m r :d :t l :-t d :- }</p> <p>a Dhe, gun dith; vows paid shall be;</p>	
<p><i>Prec.</i></p> 	<p><i>Cong.</i></p> 
<p>{ :d t :t :l l :s l :l :t d :- } d :r m :r m :r :d d :r m :r m :r :d d :r m :r m :r :- }</p> <p><i>'Sann duit a dhiol-ar fos gu pailt, 'Sann duit</i> <i>O Thou that hear-er art of prayer, O Thou</i></p>	
	
<p>{ m :-r d :- d :-t l ,t :l d :t l ,t :l l :s l :t d :-t l ,t :l l :s ,l t ,l :s m :-s :- }</p> <p>a dhiol - ar fos gu pailt, that hear - er art of prayer,</p>	

Prec. *Cong.*

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

A bhoid mar gheall-ar i. A bhoid
All flesh shall come to Thee. All flesh

|| l :- | m , s .l :t , l .s | s :l .s , f | m .f :s .l | s :l | :- ||

mar gheall - - - ar i.
shall come to Thee.

5.- NEW LONDON.

Key Eb. || d :- | m :- | m :- | s :- | d :- | l :- | s :- | s :l | d' : | d' :- | t :- | l :- | t :- ||

Le guth mo bheoil trath eigh - eam riut;
O Lord, give ear un - to my voice,

|| s :- | l :- | s :- | d' :- | m :- | s :- | l :- | s :- | r :- | m :r | d :- | :- ||

Thoir eisd - eachd domh, a Dhe,
When I do cry to Thee;

|| s :- | l :- | d' :- | t :- | l :t | l :- | s :t | l :- | s :- | l :- | s :- | l :- | s :- | r :m | :- ||

Le iochd dean troc - air orm, is foir,
Up - on me al - so mer - cy have,

|| m :- | s :- | s :- | l :- | l :d' | :- | m :- | r :d | d :r | m :r | d :- | :- ||

Gu gras - mhoir freag - air mi.
And do Thou an - swer me.

6.- ELGIN.

Precentor. Congregation.

Key G. { :r | r :r | r :m | f :s f | m :- || r :- m, f | m :- | r :- m, f | m :- | r :d | r, m :f }

Lèr cluasaibh chuala sinn, a Dhé, Lèr cluas - aibh
O God, we with our ears have heard, O God, we

{ f :s | l, s, l :s | s :f | s, l :s | s, l :s, f | m, l :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | d :r | m :- }

chual - a sinn, a Dhe,
with our ears have heard,

Prec. Cong.

{ :r | r :r, m | f s, f | m :- || r, f :m | r, f :s | s :l, s | m, s :r }

Ar sinn - sir chuir an ceill, Ar sinn - -
Our fa - thers have us told, Our fa - -

{ r :m | f s f, m r m :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | r :d | r, m :r | d :r | m :- }

sir chuir an ceill,
thers have us told,

Prec. Cong.

{ :f | m :r | r :r | f :r, f | s :- || l :s | l, s :f | f :s | l :s | s :f | s, l :s }

Na gnìomhar - a a rinn - eadh leat, Na gnìomh - ar - -
What works Thou in their days hadst done, What works Thou

{ s, f :s | l, s, m, s :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | r :m | f s f, m r m :r | s :l, s | m, s :r | d :r | m :- }

a a rinn - - eadh leat,
in their days hadst done.

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :r | r :r:m | f :s:f | m:- || r :f:m | r :f:s | s :l :s | m :s:r }

Nan aim-sir fad o chein. Nan aim - -
 Ev'n in the days of old. Ev'n in

{ | r :m | f s f . m r m :r | r :m | f s f . m r m :r | r :d | r :m :r | d :r | m :r | }

sir fad o chein.
 the days of old.

7.- MARTYRS.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key D. { :l | l :l | l :l | l :t | l :- || r :m | f :s:f:m | r :m:f | s :- | s :l | s:l,s:f }

Os - naí' a phriosan-aich ad lathr, Os - - naidh a
 O let the prisoners' sighs a-scend O let the

{ | s | l:s:f | f,s:l,t | l:s:f:m | r,m:f | s:f:m | r,m:f,s | l,s:f:l,s,f | f:s | l :- }

phrio - san - - aich ad lathr,
 pris - 'ners' sighs a - - - scend

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l | l :l :s | f :s | s :l || l :s | l :t :d' | l :d' :-t | l :t :l :s }

Thigeadh a Dhé nam feart. Thig - - - eadh
 Be-fore Thy sight, on high. Be - - - fore

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

a Dhé nam feart.
 Thy sight, on high.

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l | l :l .s | s :f | s :-s | l :- || l :s | l .,t :d' | l .d' :-t | l .t ,l :s | s :l .,t | d' ,t :l }

'San dream a dh'orduicheadh chum**bais** 'San dream a
Pre-serve those in Thy might-y power, Pre - serve those

{ l :s | l .s :f | f .,s :l .,t | l .s :f .m | r .,m :f | s .f :m | r .,m :f .s | l .s ,f :l .s ,f | f :s | l :- || }

dh'ord - uich - - eadh chum**bais**
in Thy might - y power,

Prec. *Cong.*

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

Saor-sa reir meud do neirt. Saor - - sa
That are de - signed to die. That are

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

reir meud do neirt
de - - signed to die.

8.- STILT.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key G. { :f | m :f | s :s | s :l | s :m || d :r .,m | f :- | f :s | l :s | f :m | r .,m :f }

O Dhia a ta mi'geigheach riut; O Dhia a
O Lord, I un-to Thee do cry; O Lord, I

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

ta mi geigh - - each riut,
un - - - to Thee do cry,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :f | s :l | s :- || f :m | r ,m :f | f :s | l :s }

Dean dei - fir ug - am fein, Dean dei - - -
Do Thou make haste to me, Do Thou

{ m ,f :s | l :s | f :m | r ,m :f | f ,s :l | s :- }

fir ug - - - am fein,
make haste to me,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :f | s :s | s :l | s :m | d :r ,m :f :- | f :s | l :s | f :m | r ,m :d }

Is tabh-air eisd-eachd fòs do m' ghuth, Is tabh - air
And give an ear un - to my voice, And give an

{ f :s | l ,s ,l ,s :f | f :m | r ,m :f | m ,f :s | f :m | r :m ,r :d | r :- }

eisd - - - eachd fòs do m' ghuth,
ear un - - - to my voice,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | m :f | s :l | s :- || f :m | r ,m :f | f :m | r :m ,r :d }

'Ntrath ghlaodham riut 'am fheum. 'Ntrath ghlaodh - -
When I cry un - to Thee. When I

{ r :- | r :d | r ,m | m :r | m ,r :d | l :- | d :- }

am riut 'am fheum.
cry un - - - to Thee.

9.- FRENCH.

(ROSS-SHIRE VERSION).

<p><i>Precentor.</i></p>  <p>Key F. { :f m :f s :-s s :l s :f.r d .,r:m m :- f :m r .,m:f }</p> <p><i>Is toigh leam Dia, air - son gu'n d'eisd</i> <i>I love the Lord be - cause my voice</i></p>	<p><i>Congregation.</i></p>  <p><i>Is toigh leam</i> <i>I love the</i></p>
 <p>{ m :f s :l .s,f m :r .,m r :- d .r,m:r r .,m,r:d d .r,m:r .,d r .,m:r :- }</p> <p><i>Dia, air - son gu'n d'eisd</i> <i>Lord be - cause my voice</i></p>	
<p><i>Prec.</i></p>  <p>{ :s s :s s :l s :- f(m) m .,f :s l .s,f:m d .r :-m d .m,r }</p> <p><i>Rim' ghuth's rim' uir-nigh fós,</i> <i>And pray - ers He did hear,</i></p>	<p><i>Cong.</i></p>  <p><i>Rim' ghuth</i> <i>An pray - -</i></p>
 <p>{ d :- d .,r :m m :-f ,m r .,m,r :d l .,d :- : }</p> <p><i>'s ri m uir - - nigh fós,</i> <i>ers He did hear,</i></p>	
<p><i>Prec.</i></p>  <p>{ :s s :s s :s s :s l :- s :l d :- l .d :-t :l t .l .t .l :s s :- }</p> <p><i>A chionn gu'ndaome rium a chluas A chionn gu'n</i> <i>I, while I live, will call on Him I, while I</i></p>	<p><i>Cong.</i></p> 
 <p>{ s :l s :l .t .l s :l .s,f m .f,s :l .s,f m :r m .s :l .s s :- : }</p> <p><i>d'aom e rium a chluas,</i> <i>live, will call on Him,</i></p>	

Prec. *Cong.*

{ s | s :s | s :l | s :-f (m) || m ,f :s | l .s ,f :m | d .r :-m | d .m ,r |

Sior eigh-ris ri m' bheo. Sior eigh -
Who bowed to me His ear. Who bowed

|| d :- | d ,r :m | m :-f ,m | r .m ,r :d | l .d :- | : |

eam ris ri m' bheo.
to me His ear.

10.- OLD LONDON.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key A. { r | r :r | r :m | f :s .f | m :- | r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r ,m | r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r ,m | r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r ,m |

On doimhne, O Ie-ho-bhah Dhé, On doimh - ne,
Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried, Lord, from the

|| r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r ,m | r :m .r | d :- | l .d | t ,d ,t ,l | l ,t :d | r ,m .r | r ,m .f | m ,r ,d :r |

O Ie - ho - bhah Dhé.
depths to Thee I cried,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ r .m | f :f | f :s .f | m :- | r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r :m | r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r :m |

Do ghlaodh mi riut-sa suas; Do ghlaodh
My voice, Lord, do Thou hear; My voice,

|| r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r :m | r ,m .f ,m | f ,m ,r | r :m .r | d .r ,m ,r | d :r | m :- |

mi riut - sa suas;
Lord, do Thou hear;

Prec. *Cong.*

{ l₁.t₁.d | r :r | r :d | r :r | m :- || l₁:s₁ | l₁:d | d :r.d | t₁:d.t₁ | l₁.t₁:d,r.m | r :- }

Dhia, eisd rim'ghuthgu fur-ach-air, Dhia, eisd rim'

Un - to my sup-pli-cation's voice Un - to my

|| r.,m:f | m :r :m | r.,m:f | m :r :m | r.,m:f | m :r :m | r :m.r | d.r,m.r | d :r | m :- ||

ghuth gu fur - ach - air.

sup - - pli - - ca - - tion's voice.

Prec. *Cong.*

{ l₁.t₁.d | r :r | r :m | r :- || l₁:s₁ | l₁:d | d :r.d | t₁:d.t₁ | l₁.t₁:d,r.m | r :- }

'Srim' uir'nigh crom do chluas. 'Srim' uir - - - nigh

Give an at - tent-ive ear. Give an at -

|| l₁.t₁.d | r .m,r :d | d :t₁ | l₁.t₁:d,r .m | f :- | m :- | r :d | r :- ||

crom do chluas.

tent - - - ive ear.

11.- DUNDEE.

(SUTHERLAND-SHIRE VERSION).

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key { :m.s | l :l | l :s | l :t | l :-s || l :-s | m :-s | l :- | t :-d | t.l :s }

C. Tha ann an Si-on feitheamh ort, Tha ann an

Praise waits for Thee in Si-on, Lord, Praise waits for

|| l :-t | d :-t | l :-s :- | d :-t :- | l :-t | l .s | m :-f | s :- ||

Si - - on feith - eamh ort,

Thee in Si - on, Lord,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l .t | d' :d' | t :l .t | d' :- || d' :-r' | m' :r' .d' | d' :-r' | m' :f .m' r' }

Mol - adh, a Dhé, gun dith, Mol - - - adh,
To Thee vows paid shall be, To Thee

|| r' :- | m' :r' .d' | d' :-t | l :-d' | r' :-d' | m' :r' .d' | l :-t | d' :-

a Dhé, gun dith,
vows paid shall be,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l .t | d' :d' | t :l | l :t | d' :- || d' :-r' | m' :r' .d' | d' :-r' | m' :f .m' r' | r' :- | m' :r' .d' }

'Sann duit a dhiol-ar fos gu pailt, 'Sann duit a
O Thou that hear-er art of prayer, O Thou that

|| r' :-t | l :-t | d' :-t | l :s | d' :t | l :-t | l :s | m :f | s :-

dhiol - - ar fos gu pailt,
hear - - er art of prayer,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :l .t | d' :d' | l :l .t | d' :- || d' :-t :- | l :-s | l :-t }

A bhoid mar gheall-ar i. A bhoid
All flesh shall come to Thee. All flesh

|| d' :-t | l :- | l :-t | l :-f | s :-f | m :-l | d' :-t | l :-

mar gheall - - ar i.
shall come to Thee.

12.- MARTYRDOM.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key Bb. } .d | t₁ :-d | r :-r | r :-m | r :d.l₁ || s₁ :- d :- -l₁ | s₁l₁:s.f₁ | s₁ :- l₁ :-

Bhi tabh-airt buidh-each-as do Dhia, Bhi tabh airt buidh -
To ren - der thanks un - to the Lord, To rend - er thanks

Prec.

|| d :r | m :- r :- | r :m.r | d :- -:- || .d | r :-r | r :-m | r :-m

each - as do Dhia, 'Sni sàr-mhaith mais-each e;
un - to the Lord, It is a come - ly thing;

Cong.

|| m :- | m.s :- | -:- | m :-r | d :- | r :- | r :m | r :- -:-m

'Sni sàr - - mhaith mais - each e;
It is a come - ly thing;

Prec. *Cong.*

{ .m | r :-r | r :-r | r :-r | m :-f | s :-f | m :-r :- | d.r:m.r | d :- | r :-

Bhi tabh-airt cliu, O Thi a's aird', Bhi tabh - airt cliu.
And to Thy name, O Thou Most High, And to Thy name,

Prec.

|| r :m | f :m | -:- | r.m:r.d | r :- -:- || .d | t₁ :-d | r :-m | r :-m

O Thi a's aird', Do t'ainm-sa feadh gach-rè.
O Thou Most High, Due praise a - loud to sing.

Cong.

|| m :- | s₁ :- l₁ :t₁ | l₁.d :- | m :- r :- | r :m.r | d :- -:-

Do t'ainm - sa feadh gach - rè.
Due praise a - loud to sing.

13.- BANGOR.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key D. { :f | s :-s | s :s | l :l | l :s || l :s | f :m | r ,m :s }

Mar thog - ras fiadh na sruth - an uisg, Mar thog - ras
Like as the hart for wa - ter brooks, Like as the

Prec.

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

fiadh na sruth-an uisgh, Le buir-each ard gu gear,
hart for wa - ter brooks, In thirst doth pant and bray,

Cong.

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

Le buir - eadh ard gu gear,
In thirst doth pant and bray,

Prec. *Cong.*

{ :f | s :-s | s :s | l :l | l :s || s ,l :d | r' :- | l ,d :r' :f' }

Mar sin tha m'an-am plos-cart - aich, Mar sin tha
So pants my long-ing soul, O God, So pants my

Prec.

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

m'an - am plos - cart - aich. Ag eigh-each riut - sa, Dhe,
long - ing soul, O God. That come to Thee I may,

Cong.

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

Ag eigh - each riut - sa, Dhe!
That come to Thee I may!

14.- ST. PAUL'S.

Precentor. *Congregation.*

Key A. | .l₁ | d :- d | d :l₁ | d :r | d :- | d :-r :m | r :-d :r | m :-r .d | s₁ :-l₁ .d ;

Bhu aoibh-neas orm trath thubhairt iad, Bha aoibh - neas orm
I joyed when to the house of God, I joyed when to

Prec.

|| d :-r :-m .r | r :-m :r | d :-l₁ | d :-l₁ :- | .d | d :-d | m .r :d | d :r .m ||

trath thubh - airt iad, *Gutigh Dhe theid sinn suas;*
the house of God, *Go up, they said to me;*

Cong.

|| m :-l₁ :-r .d | r :-l₁ :-m .s | s :-l₁ :-m | f :-l₁ :-m | m :-r :d | r :-m :- ||

Gu tigh Dhe theid sinn suas;
Go up, they said to me;

Prec. *Cong.*

{ .r | d :-d | d :l₁ | d :r | d :-l₁ | d :-m :-r | r :-d :r | m :-r .m | f :-l₁ :-m |

Addhorsuibh, O Ier-us-al-em, Ad dhors - aibh, O
Jer-us-al-em, with-in thy gates, Jer - us - al - em,

Prec.

|| m :-l₁ :- | r :-m :r | d :-l₁ | d :-l₁ :- | .d | d :-d | r :d | d :-l₁ ||

Ier - us - al - em, *Ar cos - a seas-aidh fòs.*
with - in thy gates, *Our feet shall standing be.*

Cong.

|| s₁ :-l₁ .d | l₁ :-l₁ .s₁ | f :-l₁ :-m | m :-r :d | r :-m :r | d :-l₁ :- ||

Ar cos - a seas - aidh fos.
Our feet shall stand - ing be.

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