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Glossary of Gaelic and Norse Words in the Place-Names of Scotland.

I. GAELIC.

In Gaelic the stress accent falls on the first syllable, except in compound names, where the chief stress falls on the qualifying word. The aspirated digraphs 'bh' and 'mh' are represented by 'v' in English; 'fh' is silent; 'n' is equivalent to the guttural sound heard in the German word *Nacht*.

In the respelt word the vowels have the following phonetic values: 'a' as in 'father,' 'ā' as in 'shake,' 'ā' as in 'all,' 'e' as in 'pen,' 'ē' as in 'feet,' 'ē' as in 'where,' 'i' as in 'tin,' 'ī' as in 'time,' 'o' as in 'cot,' 'ō' as in 'mote,' 'oo' as in 'foot,' 'ow' as in 'cow,' 'u' as in 'tub,' and 'ū' as in 'tube.' Of the consonants, 'g' is always hard as in 'gate.'

The definite article varies according to gender, number, case and the initial letter of the noun to which it is prefixed; its forms are am, an, an t-, a', na, na h-, nam, nan.

Aber, Abar, Obar, mouth or confluence of a river.

Abhainn, Amhuinn (*pron.* av'-uin), river. Usually Avon.

Acair, Acarsaid (*pron.* ach'-gur, akh'-gur-sad), anchor, anchorage; harbour.

Achadh (*pron.* ach'-a), field, park. Usually Ach.

Ailean (*pron.* al'-yen), a green place; plain.

Airidh (*pron.* ar'-ē), sheiling.

Aisir (*pron.* ash'-ir), a rocky defile or pass.

Allt (*pron.* ālt), brook, burn, stream. Conventional

pron. Alt Auld Ault

Aoineadh (*pron.* uen'-a), a steep promontory or brae.

Ard, Aird, a high point, promontory.

Āth (*pron.* ah), a ford; also a kiln.

Avon, conventional form of Abhainn, *q.v.*

Bad (*pron.* bāt), a thicket, tuft.

Bagh (*pron.* bāk), a bay.

Baile (*pron.* bal'-y), town. Usually Bal, Bali.

Bàn, white, fair. Ban-righ, Queen.

Barp, conical heap of stones, a chambered cairn.

Barr, a point, top, extremity.

Bàrd, a poet; a dyke, enclosure, ward.

Beag (*pron.* bāk), little, small. Conventional form, Beg.

Bealach (*pron.* byall'-ach), breach, pass, gap.

Bean (*pron.* ben), housewife, plural, Ban.

Beinn (*pron.* byān), a mountain. Conventional form: Ben.

Beith (*pron.* bā), a birch tree.

Beul (*pron.* biol), a mouth.

Binnean or Binnein (*pron.* bin'-en), a pinnacle, little mountain.

Blar, a plain, battlefield.

Bo, plural Ba, cow, cows.

Bodach (*pron.* bott'-ach), an old man, hobgoblin, spectre.

Bog (*pron.* bok), soft, miry, damp.

Both, Bothan (*pron.* bo, bo'-han), a hut, booth or bothy.

Bradán (*pron.* brat'-han), a salmon.

Braigh (*pron.* brai'-h), top, summit. Usually Brae, Bread.

Breas (*pron.* brechk), spotted, pie-bald, speckled, trout.

Broc (*pron.* broch), a badger.

Bruaich (*pron.* broo'-ach), a bank, brae, brim, steep place.

Buachaille (*pron.* buo'-ach-ilyu), a herdsman.

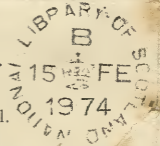
Buidhe (*pron.* boo'-i), yellow, golden coloured.

Bun, a root, bottom, mouth of a river.

Burn, a stream: *Anglo-Saxon*, Burne.

Cadha (*pron.* ka'-a), a pass, steep path.

- Cailleach (*pron.* kyl'-ach), a nun, old woman.
 Cala or Caladh (*pron.* ka'-la), a harbour.
 Carn, a heap of stones, cairn.
 Cam (*pron.* cam), crooked, bent, one-eyed.
 Camas (*pron.* ka'-mas), bay, bend, chafnel.
 Caol (*pron.* kaol), strait, firth, narrow. Other form
 Kyle. Alternative Gaelic form : Caolas.
 Càrr, broken ground.
 Ceann (*pron.* kyenn), head, headland. Usually Ken, Kin.
 Ceapach, a tillage plot.
 Ceo (*pron.* kyò), fog, mist.
 Cill (*pron.* kil), a cell, church. Usually Kil.
 Cioch (*pron.* kioch), a pap, woman's breast.
 Clach (*pron.* klach), a stone. Clachan, stones, hamlet.
 Cladach (*pron.* klad'-ach), shore, beach
 Cladh (*pron.* klugh), a churchyard, a burying-ground.
 Clais, a hollow.
 Cleit (*pron.* klājt), a ridge, reef ; rocky eminence.
 Cluain, a field, pasture, green plain, meadow.
 Cnap (*pron.* krap), a knob, hillock.
 Cnóc (*pron.* knochk, krochk), a knoll. Usually Knock.
 Coill or Coille (*pron.* kolyi), a wood, forest.
 Coire (*pron.* kor'-e), a cauldron, kettle, circular hollow.
 Other form : Corry.
 Creag (*pron.* krāg), a rock, cliff. English form : Craig.
 Crioch (*pron.* krēoch), boundary, frontier, landmark.
 Cro, a sheep-fold, pen.
 Crom, bent, sloping, crooked.
 Cruach (*pron.* kroo'-ach), stack, heap, haunch.
 Cul (*pron.* kool), the back, a nook.
 Dail (*pron.* dal), a field. In Norse, a dale.
 Damh (*pron.* dav), a bullock, heifer.
 Darách, oak, oak wood.
 Dearg, red.
 Doire, grove, hollow.
 Druim, the back, ridge. Usually Drem, Drom, Drum.
 Dubh (*pron.* doo), black, dark. Other form : Dhu.
 Dùn (*pron.* doon), a fort, castle, heap.
 Eaglais (*pron.* āklash), a church, temple.
 Each, eich, a horse.
 Ear, east.
 Eas (*pron.* es), a waterfall. Other form : Easach (*pron.*
 es'-ach), a cascade.
 Easg (*pron.* āsk), bog, fen, natural ditch.
 Eilean (*pron.* ēl'-an), an island.
 Fad, long, *e.g.*, Beinn Fhada, long mountain.
 Faoghail, a ford, sea channel.
 Feadan, narrow glen.
 Fear (*pron.* fer), a man, husband, individual.
 Fearn (*pron.* fern), an alder tree.
 Feith (*pron.* fā), bog, sinewy stream, a vein.
 Fiadh (*pron.* fee'-ugh), a deer.
 Fuar (*pron.* foo'-ar), cold.
 Fuaran (*pron.* foo-ar'-an), a perennial spring, well.
 Gabhar or Gobhar (*pron.* go'-ur), a goat.
 Garbh (*pron.* garv), rough. Other spelling : Garve.
 Garadh (*pron.* ga'-ra), a fence, dike, garden.
 Geal (*pron.* gel), white, clear, bright.
 Geodha (*pron.* goe), a narrow creek, chasm, rift, cove.
 Glas, grey, pale, wan ; green. Glais, a stream.
 Glac, a hollow, dell, defile.
 Gleann (*pron.* glyan'), narrow valley, dale, dell. Usually
 Glen.
 Gob, point, beak.
 Gorm, blue, azure, green.
 Gualann (*pron.* gwal'-in), shoulder of a mountain or hill.
 I (*pron.* ē), an island.



- Inbhir (*pron.* in'-ver), confluence, place at the meeting of river and sea. Other form: Inver; *c.f.*, Aber.
- Innis (*pron.* in'-ish), island, meadow. Usually Inch.
- Ken, Kin, *see* Ceann.
- Kil, *see* Cil.
- Knock, *see* Cnoc.
- Kyle, *see* Caol and Caolas.
- Lag (*pron.* lak), a hollow in a hill. Usually Logan, Logie.
- Lairig, the sloping face of a hill, a-pass.
- Leaba (*pron.* lya'-ba), a bed, couch, lair.
- Leathad (*pron.* le'-ud), a slope, declivity.
- Leathan (*pron.* lyā'-un), broad.
- Leitir, a slope.
- Liath (*pron.* lēa), grey.
- Linne (*pron.* lyēn'-a), a pool, sound, channel.
- Lios (*pron.* lēs), a garden.
- Loch, a lake, arm of the sea. Lochan, small loch.
- Lòn, a marsh, morass.
- Lub (*pron.* loob), a bend, fold, curvature.
- Machair (*pron.* mach'-ar), a plain or extensive beach.
- Magh, a field, plain.
- Màm, a round or gently rising hill.
- Maol (*pron.* mull), headland, bald top, cape.
- Meadhon (*pron.* me'-un), middle, central.
- Meall (*pron.* myal), knob, lump, rounded hill.
- Min (*pron.* mēn), smooth, soft, delicate.
- Monadh (*pron.* mon'-a), moor, heath, hill, mountain.
- Mòd, a court of justice, meeting, small knoll.
- Moine or Mointeach (*pron.* mò'-en-tyach), moss-land, mossy
- Mòr, great, large, tall. English form: More.
- Muc (*pron.* moocht), a sow, pig. Usually Muck, Muick.
- Muileann (*pron.* mool'-ān), mill.
- Muir (*pron.* mur), the sea.
- Murach (*pron.* moor'-ach), a down or sandhill on the sea shore.
- Muran, sea bent.
- Nathair, Nathraichean, serpent.
- Ob, a bay, creek, haven. Other form: Tob.
- Odhar (*pron.* ò'-ur), dapple, drab, dun-coloured, sallow.
- Oitir (*pron.* oj'-tyer), sandbank, shoal, shallow, bar, reef.
- Or, gold.
- Ord, a round steep, or conical hill.
- Os (*pron.* òs), outlet of a lake or river.
- Pit or pet, farm, hollow.
- Poll (*pron.* poul), a pool, pond, pit.
- Rathad (*pron.* ra'-ud), a road, way.
- Reidh (*pron.* rā), plain, level, smooth.
- Riabhach (*pron.* rē'-ach), drab, greyish, brindled, grizzled.
- Other form: Riach.
- Rìgh (*pron.* rē), a king. Other form: Ree.
- Roinn, a point, headland, peninsula.
- Ros, a point, promontory. Other form: Ross.
- Ruadh (*pron.* roo'-a), red, reddish.
- Rudha (*pron.* roo'-a), promontory. Usually Ru, Rhu, Row.
- Ruigh, a run for cattle, sheiling, land sloping.
- Sagart (*pron.* sa'-kart), a priest.
- Sail, a heel.
- Sean (*pron.* shen), old, aged, ancient.
- Seileach (*pron.* shāl'-ach), a willow.
- Sgeir (*pron.* skeir), a reef, sea-surrounded rock.
- Sgorr or Sgurr (*pron.* skor, skoor), a peak, conical sharp rock. Sometimes Scaur.
- Sith (*pron.* shē), a fairy. Sithean (*pron.* shee'-an), a fairy hillock or knoll.
- Slochd, a deep hollow.
- Sneachd (*pron.* snyachg), snow.
- Srath (*pron.* stra), a valley, plain beside a river, strath.

Sròn, nose, peak, promontory. Other form: Strone.
 Sruth (*pron.* stru), a stream, current. Usually Struan.
 Stac (*pron.* stak), a steep rock-conical hill.
 Stob (*pron.* stop), a point.
 Stuc (*pron.* stook), a pinnacle, peak, conical steep rock.
 Suidhe (*pron.* sooi'-ye), sitting, resting place.
 Tairheart (*pron.* tar'-pyart), an isthmus. Other forms:
 Tarbet, Tarbert.
 Taigh or Tigh (*pron.* ty), a house. Usually Tay, Ty.
 Tir (*pron.* tyēr), country, region, land. Other form: Tyr.
 Tobar, a well, spring, fountain. Usually Teber.
 Tòrn (*pron.* tòm), a hillock, mound.
 Torc (*pron.* tork), a boar.
 Torr, a mound, heap, hill.
 Traigh (*pron.* try), sea-shore, beach, strand, sands.
 Tulach (*pron.* too'-ach), knoll, hillock, eminence. Angli-
 cized forms: Tilly, Tully, Tulloch.
 Uachdar (*pron.* ooach'-ur), upper-land. Usually Auchter,
 Ochter.
 Uaine (*pron.* ooin'-e), green.
 Uamh (*pron.* oo'-av), a cave, a grave.
 Uchd (*pron.* oochg), ascent, face of a hill.
 Uig (*pron.* ooēg), a nook, bay.
 Uisge, water, rain.

II. NORSE.

A, Ay, a, island, *e.g.*, Soa, sheep isle, Pabby priest's isle.
 Ager, Acker, arable or cultivated land.
 Bard, extremity, point, headland.
 Beck, a brook.
 Bogha or Bodha, a sunk rock.
 Bost, farmhouse, dwelling.
 Brochs, circular dry stone supposed Pictish buildings.
 By, village, town.
 Carse, alluvial fertile land alongside a river.
 Ey, an island. *See* Ay.
 Fair, Far (*Norwegian*, Faar), sheep.
 Fell, Field (*Norwegian*, Fjeld), mountain.
 Firth, Frith (*Lat.* Fretum), strait, estuary of a river.
 Garth (*Norwegian*, Gaard), an enclosure, yard, farm.
 Gill, a ravine.
 Gio, a chasm, rift.
 Grind, a gate.
 Holm, an island in river or sea near the shore.
 Hope, an inner bay. Gòb, *e.g.*, Oban.
 How (Haugr), a burial mound.
 Law, a conical hill.
 Lax, a salmon.
 Mol, shingly beach. Mòl.
 Nab (*Norwegian*, Knab), a rock projection.
 Ness, a point, headland.
 Noup, a lofty headland.
 Papa, spiritual father, a prefix to several of the Orkney
 and Shetland Islands.
 Skerries, isolated rocks or islets.
 Stack, a columnar rock.
 Stor, Stour, big, large, great.
 Thing, Ting, a provincial parliament.
 Toft, enclosed home-field.
 Vik, Wik, a creek.
 Voe, a little bay, inlet.
 Whal (*Norwegian*, Hval), a whale.

LAOIDHEAN SPIORADAIL,

LE

CALUM MAC-A'PHI,

MAIGHSTEIR SGOIL A BHAN AN ILE.

Gabhadh facal Chrìosd gu saibhir tamh
An cridhe gach cré, a teagasg a chéil le gràdh
Le Salmaibh's Laoidhibh's Dànaibh naomha sheinn,
Ag tabhairt cliu do Dhia nan dul gu binn.

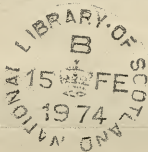
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GLASCHO :
CLO-BHUAILTE LE UILLIAM MUILLEAR.

1842.

THE Author begs leave to intimate to his brethren, that the following Hymns are published at the request of a certain friend, who approved of the subject they are upon, hoping that they may be of benefit to the reader, through the blessing of Christ and the wishes of the Author.

M. M'F.



LAOIDHEAN SPIORADAIL.

DO CHOMUNN NU STUAMACHD.

OR, TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

A'mhuinntir uasail, sluagh mo ghaoil,
Thog bratach suas measg chlann nan daoin,
A chuir neo-mhiosarachd gu bas,
A 'dh'fhiach a sabhailite daoin.

An oidhirp lag so thog sibh suas,
Géd suarach tha i measg an't-saogh'l,
Co aig' tha fhios nach deanadh Dia,
Na meodhon i gu sluagh a shaor'dh.

A Thighearn' cuidich leam an dràst,
A chum mo Dhàn a chur r'a cheil',
Gu seolain air an't slighe cheart ;
A dream th'air seachran le mibheus.

Se neo-mhiosarachd do'n dram,
A dh'-fhàg a chlann air bheagan biadh
A dh'-fhàg na parantan gun bheachd
Is ghearradh as leis iomadh ciad.

Dh-fhàg e òig' a's sean gun neart,
 Dh-fhàg e iad gun tuigs' gun chiall,
 Dh-fhàg e gach aon dhu na'n traill,
 Aig an nàmhaid chum a mhiann.

Dh-fhàg e fear a's bean cho breun ;
 Gun ghaol da cheile na da'n clann,
 Ach mionan's mallachd is toighbheum,
 Is cruaidh bhi g'eisdachd cuid da'n caint.

Is eagalach r'a smuaint' sa'n àm,
 An call a rinn e dh-iomadh sluagh,
 A chlann an eisimplair bhios ac,
 Is tearc mar lean e, ruthe suas.

A pharantan thugaibh fainear,
 Mar thubhairt Solamh an duine glic
 Thu theagasg leinibh doigh bhios ceart,
 S'nuair bhios e sean cha dealaich ris.

A dhuine'n toir thusa fainear,
 An dean thu tair air matheas Dhia,
 An e bhi'd phoitear th-ànn ad' bheachd,
 A thabhairt't'anam suas do'n diabh'l.

An sin bidh t'anam brònach trùadh,
 Air *bheagan* truais ga' chlaoidh sa'n'tsloc,
 Is daorach ort le fraoch feirg Dhé,
 Nach faigh thu fé na mionaíd clos.

Mo mhollachd their thu aig an neach,
 Thug an deoch bhuaireasach so'n tir,
 A sgrios na miltean anamaibh bochd
 S'ga'n cuir do'n t'sloc so chaoidh gu sior.

'S iomadh comhairle fhuair mi riamh,
 Bhon chomunn dhiadhaidh agus cheart;
 Tha stri ri stad a chuir air òl;
 Na'n deoch a thug air mòran creach.

Chomhairlich iad mi iomadh uair,
 Bhon chuideachd uaibhreach teachd a mach,
 'S'mi dh'urnuigh dùrachdach ri Dia;
 Chum'm an-amanuin chuir fo smachd.

Ged s'iomadh tamailt thug mi riamh,
 Da'n cleachd's da'm briathrean ann's gach ait,
 S'na faighinn tairgse dhu a'rìs;
 Gu bithinn dileas leo gu bràch.

A mhuintir mhoghaill their a rìs,
 Cha'n aicheadh sinn nach òl sinn dheth,
 Nar traill cha robh sinne dha riamh,
 S'cha dean so miotlachd do dh'-aon neach.

An eisimplair a thug dhuin Pòl;
 Cha neil sibh na choir ann n'ar beachd,
 Nan deanadh feoil coire da bhrathair;
 Cha'n itheadh easan feoil am feasd.

'Sgann a chreideas sibh an gaol,
 Th'aig cuid do dhaoin bhi g'òl gun stad:
 Ged dh'aidicheas iad dhuibh gu saor
 Nach eil an daorach na ni ceart.

Tha fear a reic na shuidhe na bhuth;
 A chum an crù chuir as am beachd,
 Is truaighain bhochd ga chumal suas,
 Mar mhac duin uasail cuineadh feachd.

San their e ruit le miodal beil,
 Cha mhath leam beud dheanadh do neach ;
 S'ma bheir mi'n deoch so dhoibh r'a òl ;
 Cha'n orduighinn dhoibh bhi air mhisg.

An tug thu fainear nis'na riamh,
 Briathrean Dhia tre *Habaccuc*,
 S'an-oibhinn dhasan bheir ra ol,
 Da chomharsnach chuir bron na thigh.

Tha thu ad mheadhon ann 'san àm,
 Air moran clann a chuir a dhì ;
 S' air parantan fhagail gun mheas,
 Aig ol ad thigh an cuid san nì!

Ma bhios iad a ceannachd na reic,
 Bidh began ga'n cuir a cheill,
 Theid iad a steach an tigh-òsd,
 Chum an còrdadh dheanadh re.

Mo mhile beannachd dhuibh gu sior,
 A chomuainn dhileis agus choir,
 A thug a mhiosarachd so'n tir,
 Chum cogadh direach'n aghaidh na feoil.

Cha neil oidhirp thug sibh riamh.
 Nach ann ga dheanadh a chum math,
 Ach anam a tharruinn o mhiann :
 Se obair Dhia's cha'n obair neach.

Faodaich Pòl bhi cur an 't'sil,
 S'Apolos uisgeachadh na dheigh ;
 As eugmhais Dhia, cha tig a fàs
 Bho'n fhearann's fhearr a tha fo'n ghrein.

Na sgithichibh a dheanamh math,
 Ged fhaodadh tachaird oirbh cràdh,
 Aig tràth feasgair ged bhios bròn ;
 Faodaidh sòlas teachd 'san là.

Creididh mi gu bi oirbh cràdh,
 Là na sàbaid ac ga bhrìst,
 Fir is mnathan feadh nan sràid,
 Air bheag nàire's iad air mhisg.

O' struagh nach faiceadh daoine bochd,
 An easlaint thug e orra 's cràdh,
 'S gu'n aontaicheadh iad le' a'n tol,
 Nach òl iad deur tuille gu bràth.

AN DUINE SAOGHALTA 'SAM FEAR TEAGAISG.

Air fonn John Anderson my Jo.

F. T.

Air dhomh bhì'n so am ònrachd,
 Gun comlaich riùm fear cuairt,
 Is thainig mi air comhradh,
 Ma dhobheartean an't-sluaigh ;
 Cho lionmhor ann sa' cheò iad :
 Is doigh ac air teachd uaith,
 An soisgeul is luchd folum ;
 Na measg gach lò a's uair.

D. S.

'S an labhair e an doigh so,
 Cha chòrd an teagasg rium ;
 Ma their mi facal comhraidh ;
 'S an bheir iad dhomhsa beum ;

Na'n'teagaisgeadh iad dhomhsa ;
 An doigh air òr chuir cruinn
 Gu'n eisdinnse ra còmhradh ;
 Gach seòl a their iad rium !

F. T.

'S'mor a tha do bhròn orm,
 Gad fhaicinn dol a dhi,
 Gun eolas air le hobha ;
 Na air an Tighearn' Ios,
 Nach guidh thu air son trocair,
 Is maitheaneas ad ghniomh ;
 Ma toir am bàs air falbh thu ;
 'S'nach faigh thu tairgse a'ris.

D. S.

Cha'n eagal dhomh an doigh sin,
 Mo dhòchas ann an' Criosd ;
 Sa'n eaglais Ti-donaich ;
 An comhnuidh gu bi mi,
 Urnuigh ni's tha bòsd orm ;
 Cho math sa'tha mo chridh ;
 Tha agam argiod 's òr,
 Is ciod tuillich ta gam dhi !

F. T.

Tha mi nis ga'd leubhadh,
 Cho mhath's gad bhithinn ad'chridh,
 'S'tu mac is seinne aig Demas,
 An't' oighre dlighach fìor ;

Caraid do Ghehasi;
 S'do Iesabel bhan—righ;
 S'mar atharuich thu do cheamaibh
 Gu'n teagamh theid thu dhì.

F. T.

Cha'n iarradh tu do shòlas
 Ach morchuis agus meas,
 Se anamiann na feola;
 'Sa' bheil do dhoigh gun cheist;
 Na faigheadh tu air't-òrdugh,
 Gach ni bhidh ann ad bheachd;
 Gu tilgeadh tu Iehobha;
 O oifigibh s'o neart.

D. S.

Cha neil mi deanadh bhreug dhuit,
 Be'm aighear is mo shith;
 Gu faighinnse dhomh fein;
 Gach uile urram ann sa'n tìr,
 Sin shuighinn agus dh-fheuchinn,
 Ri oibreachadh gu sior,
 A chum gu deaninn rèit,
 Eadar m' anam agus Crìosd.

F. T.

Ceadaich dhomh nis' inns dbuit,
 Le briathrean mìne reidh;
 An teisdeanas tha sgriobht' ort,
 Le facal firinn Dhé;

Nach ann do mhuintir Chrìosd thu ;
 Thaobh ginealach na gnè ;
 Ma's mac thu gur mac diolain
 Cha'n oighre thu air rioghachd nèamh.

D. S.

Am bheil thu nis cho dàna,
 S' gu càin thu mi le'd bheul ;
 S' mi coimhead là na sàbaid ;
 A ghnà cho mhath ruit féin
 Tha meas orm sa'n àite,
 S' cha nàir leam chuir a ceill,
 S' mar deanair mise thearnadh,
 Cha mhor a theid do nèamh.

F. T.

'S'mor a tha do'd sheòrsa,
 An còmhnuidh ann nar measg,
 Ceart amhull mar na'h-oighean ;
 Bha gorach ann na beachd ;
 Ged lean iad cuid do'n doigh,
 Bh'aig na h-oighean a bha ceart,
 Do'n olle cha robh leor ac ;
 'S an lochrain chaidh iad as.

F. T.

Ach beannachd leat an tra so,
 Tha'n tam dhomh a bhi triall,
 S'gad fhagail mar a bha thu :
 Gun atharachadh 'o' d mhiann,
 Cha dean aon earaill stà dhuit
 A mach bho chumhachd Dhia,
 Bheir air gach uile namhaid,
 Gu'n'crionaich iad romh fhiamh.

AN TIOMNADH NUADH.

Air fonn Sally Munro.

'S tric a chuir e cràdh orm,
 Ma chàradh an 't-sluaigh.
 Mar thacair ann sa ghàradh,
 Do dh' Adhamh an droch bhuaidh,
 An lagh a thug dha an't-àrd rìgh,
 Gud dh' fhailnich e uaith;
 Nuair chreid e nathair Satan,
 Am bàs fhuair air buaidh.

Cha robh 'san am seol tearnaidh,
 O bhagraidhean Dhia,
 Mar Comheadadh iad aitheantan,
 Is smuain, a guth, sa gnìomh,
 Cha n'eil's cha bhi gu bràth,
 Aon bhios comasach so dhean;
 Bh'on thuit ar'n athair Adhamh,
 Bhon chumhnant rinn ris Dia.

Sin thainig fear na firinn,
 Re'n can mi'n Tiomnadh nuadh,
 A sheoladh dhuinn ma Chrìosda,
 A cheannaich sith da shluagh,
 A bheatha thoirt mar iobairt,
 Le lan thoil thug e suas,
 Don bhàs cha'd rinn e striochadh,
 Ach thug air tuillich's buaidh.

Cha neil's cha robh's cha, bhi,
 Ni cho sòlasach do'n't-sluagh,
 Ris an fhear so thin a dh-innse,
 Mar chrìochnaich Crìosd a chuairt,



Mar shagairt faidhe 's rìgh,
 Sheas air son a chuid do'n't sluagh,
 An ni tha cruaidh sa Bhiobull ;
 Gu minich 'n Tiomnadh Nuadh.

Arts an am a Bhiobull

Bha teagaisgan ro chruaidh ;
 Gach aithne beadair iocadh ;
 An gnìomh sa'n guth, sa'n smuain,
 Sin thainig teachdair sith,
 S'naigheachd priseil leis a nuas ;
 Mar aithnich sibh an Tì' so ;
 'Se's ainm dha'n Tiomnadh Nuadh.

Seolaidh e an doigh ;
 Ann sa'n coir dhuine gluasd,
 S'fior eagal romh Iehobha ;
 Bhi oirn ann's gach uair,
 An ni bha roimh deonach leinn,
 Fhogairt fad bhuaibh ;
 Is guidhe air son trocair,
 Is conadh 'n Tiomnadh Nuaidh.

Ma chreideas sibh le firinn,
 An Iosa Criosd gach uair,
 S'gu toir sibh fuath gu siorruidh,
 Don nì thug bàs don t'sluagh ;
 Sin gheibh sibh sealbh gu cinn-teach,
 San rioghachd tha'n Sion shuas,
 Is chi sibh sin, gur firinn
 A tha sa'n Tiomnadh Nuadh.

Tha moran bhios a tàr
 Air na tha mi gra gach uair ;
 S'ga'm thilgeil as an lamhan.
 S nach aill leo ormsa luaidh

San bhios mi aig na paisdean,
 Mar ni gun stà gun luach,
 'S ann their iad riut le tàr,
 Cha neil ann ach Tiomnadh Nuadh.

'S ann agam ghobh sibh bridh,
 Gach ni dhinnsadh dhuibh mun uan,
 Is seolaidh mi gu fìor sibh ;
 A chum gu faigh sibh buaidh ;
 S'mi claidheamh glan na firinn,
 Is sgaras uilt a's smuais ;
 S' their ministirean gu cinnteach ;
 So oifig 'n Tiomnadh Nuaidh.

Luchd misg, is mion, is striopachas ;
 Mioruin, agus fuath ;
 Luchd bristadh sàbaid Chriosda ;
 Ga'n diteadh tha'm gach uair,
 'S an theid an-anamaibh priseal.
 A sios a dhiunnsuidh truaidh ;
 Mar geill iad do gach ni ;
 Mar tha sgriobht sa'n Tiomnadh Nuadh.

Ged' shabhadh iad mi'm mhiraibh,
 Na'm chuir am prisan cruaidh,
 Cha gheill mi poing do'n rìgh
 Ach mar dhuine boc do'n't 'sluagh ;
 Gur e ni tha dhi orm ;
 Anamaibh mar dhuais ;
 S' cha nair^{leam} bhi ga innseadh,
 Gur mi an Tiomnadh Nuadh.

Is iogantach r'a leubhadh ;
 Mo ghliocas is mo bhuaidh,
 Gu toir mi sgeul mu neamh dhuibh,
 Ma Ifirinn's ma 'n uaigh,

Gach ministear's gach cleireach ;
 Gu seol mi dhoibh ni nuadh,
 'San dhomhsa ni iad geileadh ;
 Bhon's mi an Tiomnadh Nuadh.

Bha'n eaglais na h'eiginn,
 Mar bithinn leatha gach uair ;
 A seoladh dhi mar dh-fheumas, i
 Smal a chumal uaith ;
 Na trioblaid is na deuchinuinn,
 Conadh ghobh i uam
 'Se eaglais gun fheum i
 As eagmheas Tiomnadh-Nuadh.

Cha n-fhàg mi sibh's cha treig sibh,
 'San fhasach so air chuairt ;
 Ach seolaidh mi gu neamh sibh,
 S'gu faic sibh gnuis an uain,
 Gu seinn sibh chlù gach rè dha,
 Le Haleluia bhuan ;
 A chunnaig air mor fheam ;
 S'chur ar'n uinsidh'n Tiomnadh Nuadh.

AN T-AINGIDH AIR ATH-BHRETH.

Air fonn " Hoch hon mar tha mi." &c.

A'mhuinntir ghradhach na deanaibh tàr orm,
 Ach eisidh'n dàn tha mi cuir an ceill,
 'San bha mi'm thrail deanadh toil an nàmbaid,
 Man d'fhuair mi gràsan a phill mo cheum,
 S'mi'm chulidh bhuird aig gach aon san duthaich,
 S'mi cogadh durachdach'n aghaidh Dhe,

Bha barachd cùrum gu mor'sna bruideann,
'Na tha mi'n dùil a bha amnam feun.

'San bha mi graineil re fad mo laithean,
Thug mi san fhàsich mun 'deach'm ath-bhreth,
gun'd rinn mi tair air a chuid a b'fhearr,
Agus thug mi gradh do na chuid bu meas,
Se sin ri ghrà thug mi fuath do shlainnte
'S'gheall mi do shatan gu bithinn leis
S'na faighinn bas ann san doigh mar bha mi
Gur mor a b'fhearr dhomh mi bhi gun bhreth.

Bha'n inntinn cheudna agam a bh'aig Herod,
Mar sgrios 'sa'reub e gach leanaibh mic,
Bha'n tir Iudea; se dùl gu deanadh e;
Leanaibh Dhé ghearradh as nam measg,
Cha dean mi breug dhuibh; bu bheag mo speis
Do luchd comuinn Dhé, tha na muinntir ghlic;
Bha mi sa'n eacoir, ged nach do gheill mi;
Cha b'fhearr mi seud na neach bhiodh air mhisg.

D'fhan'mi sàmhach gun bheag r'a ghra agam,
F'aicinn'm fhailinnean fein cho tric;
Tha mòran craidh orm bhi ga'n àireamh;
A leuthad sàbaid a rinn mi bhrìst;
S'gach comhairle ghràs-mhor fhuair mi om chairdibh,
'S ann rinn mi tair or nach robh iad glic,
Ceart mar bha Haman mo Mhordicai;
Bha fuath aig dha san mar sinn bha mis.

Tha crith is oillt orm, bhi ga fhoillseachadh,
Meud na foill'a rinn mi san feoil;
Na beite foineachd dhiom smid man't soisgeul,
San rachadh moill orm mar neach an ceò;
Cha be'm Biobull a bhi ga leubhadh:
Bu bheag mo speis e bhi ann am dhòrn;

Ach bhi air chéilidh a'g'innseadh sgeulachd,
Ma ni gun fheum bhiodh a' deanadh spòrs.

Ach cliù gu siorruidh do Rìgh na firinn,
A rinn rium sith sa' thug mi om bheachd
Sa rinn mo dhionadh, o sheachran-inntinn,
S'air carraig dhileas chuir e mo chas,
Bidh mi gu bràth a toirt cliù do'n ard Rìgh,
Thug dhomh an gràs rinn mo dhion on olc;
S'o' cumhachd Shatain rinn e mo thearnadh;
Nuair bha mi'm thrail dha a reir a theol.

O's iomadh sathadh fhuair mi'o nàmhuid,
Bhon rinn mi fhagail se stri ri'm lot;
Se strì ri'm bhuaireadh air iomadh uairibh,
Se gealltinn duais dhomh do nithibh math;
A dh-anein innleachdain tha mi dhi air;
Ged rinn e stri rum le uile neart;
Tha soisgeul fìor agam chum mo dhionadh,
S'mo sheoladh dìreach gu rioghachd na feart.

Tha naigheachd priseil agam ra innseadh,
Na'm bidh e'm'innleachd thoirt dhuibh air fad,
Gur mor a miorbhuill an Tighearn Iosa,
Thoirt neach cho diblidh rum fein fainear,
Sa' mhorachd illseachd gu bròn is dimeas,
A thoirt lan chinnt dhomh gur mi a mhac;
Thug e da rioghachd mi thug oran binn dhomh
Chum sinn gach linn gun fas tinn na lag.

MUN PHEACADH.

Tha moran bron orm mu staid an't-saoghal,
An sluagh teachd beo mar gu bann air plaosgaibh
Se'm peacadh brònach is mathair aobhair,
Ged shaoileas moran gur ni romh fhaoin e.

Cha n-eill e faoin's fhad o sinn a 'd'fhàs
 'Stric a chaochlaicheas e air nadur,
 Bheir e thaobh sinn gu obair Shatain,
 Is se cean-feadhna gach uile phlàigh e.

Se thug mi-bheusan chum na tire,
 Sa thug air breugan a bhi cho lionmhor,
 S'mar dean iad eisdeachd ri briathrean Chriosd,
 Gun teid iad eug mar a chaidh'n crann fige.

O's iomadh cradh a chuir e nar'n aoradh,
 Chur e plaigh ann nach faigh sinn saor 'si,
 Se bagradh bais air na h-uile dhaoine :
 An fhad sa dh'àiticheas iad an saoghal ;

'Se chuir Adhamh 'e gàradh Eden,
 'Sa thug air Cain gud mharbh e Abel,
 'Sa thug air Laban gud mheall e Iacob,
 An aite Rachel thug e dha Leah.

'Se thug air Pharoh Rìgh na Eiphit,
 Clann Israel sharach le iomadh deuchinn,
 Ged thainig plaighean air, cha do gheill e
 Gus deach a bhatheadh le chuid 's le eudail.

'Se sgrios Admah is Seboam,
 Se s'grios Sodom is Gomorah,
 Mar chaidh an airc dheanadh suas le Noah,
 Cha do dh'fhàg e gun sgrios ach ochdnar.

Bha Simon Magus, bha Ahab's Iudas,
 Is moran bharr orr na cairdean dlù dha,
 Cha ghabh e aicheadh ged bheir thu cul ris,
 S'cha dean e't fhagal gus toir e'n uir thu.

'Se thug air Pòl a bhi sgrios na firiann,
 'S'e ann a dochas nach robh ann diteadh,
 'Se thug an t'ordugh ma clachadh Stephain.
 O's iomadh bron thug e stigh an tir so.

Faic Corah Datan is Abiram ;
 An talamh sgain agus shluig e sìos iad,
 Is moran bharr ora dh'fhaodainn inns dhuibh,
 Da'n'd rinn e traillean sa chuir e dhi iad.

'Se thug orn fuath thoirt do'n Tighearn Iosa
 Thug cridhe cruaidh dhuinn chum dha nach strìoch sinn
 Rinn e air fuadach o'shlighe na firinn,
 Och ! och ! mo thruaigh nach cruaidh an ni e.

Leis an Rìgh tha e stigh na pheileis ;
 Is leis an iochdran tha giarruidh deirce ;
 Cha neil innleachd tha fo na speuran ;
 A bheir air strìochdeadh o'sgrios 's o' reubainn.

S e'm Peacadh grainail thug plaigh don 't 'saoghal
 Sinn air ar cradh leis 's nach faigh sinn saor 's 'e,
 Cha dean dhuin stà ach fuil a fhir-shaoridh,
 Ni 'n galar bas mhor so dhuinn na shaorsa.

Tha soisgeul fìor leigail ris gu leir dhuinn,
 Mar thug Criosda a mach an eiric ;
 A chum air dìon 's air toirt uile on ler-sgrios,
 S' air toirt don rioghachd far a bi e fein leinn.

INNTINN AN AINGIDH AGUS AN FHIRAINN.

Ann an toiseach an òrain,
 Bidh mi toiseachd ma'n aingidh ;
 Ged bhios e milis na chomhradh ;
 'Sa ghobh thu doigheil na chainnt e,
 Lean ga leabaidh 's ga bhòrd e ;
 S' ghobh thu dhoighean gun taing dha,
 Ghobh thu sinn e bhi feolmhor ;
 'Sa chridhe'n comhnuidh lan gamhlais.

'Se bhi measail sa'n eacoir,
 Bu mhiann leis fein fad a laithean,
 'S'e bhi na fhirainn ma 'n eug e,
 Cha n'fhearr e seud na Balaam ;
 Bidh e measara beusach ;
 S' fo chleoc an eacoir an tàmh aig,
 Bidh e bòsdal rò-eibhinn ;
 E bhi cho treun air taobh Shatain.

Ghobh thu tric ann sa' bhreig e,
 S' ri mionan 's beisdealachd canainn ;
 'S gann thig smid as a bheulsan,
 Ach bhi toird beum do'n Tì 's àirde
 Ma thig trioblaid na deuchinn ;
 Ni e geilleadh is cràbhadh ;
 S' ceart cho luath's'ghobh e rè s' iad,
 Cha bhi e seud ach mar bhà e ;

Thig an latha ann sa'n iaruir,
 Le a riadh air an tàlant,
 'S' ann sa' feum e na fiachan,
 A bha aig Dia air a phàigheadh :
 'S'ma bhios feorlinn gun iocadh
 Mo thruaigh gu siorruidh a chàradh
 Cha'n fhaigh e fabhor bho Chriosda,
 Ach sparair sios e do'n àmhuin.

'Se so an loch's nach eil iochdar,
 Bidh gul is giosgan is cràdh ann ;
 S' cha teid stad air an diabhol ;
 Ach bhi ga phiannadh gu brath ann,
 Cha t-ig bàs air gu siorruidh ;
 Se facal Dhia tha ga ghra ruinn,
 S'cna fhaigh e dad tha e giarraidh,
 O 'struagh dha riamh gun deach àrach.

Nis phill mo dhàn chum an fhirainn,
 S' gun deanainn inns ni bu ghnà leis,
 E bhi na sheirbheisach dileas,
 Se bhi cuir sios air rioghachd Shatain
 'Se bhi craobhsgaoladh a Bhiobuil,
 A measg na'n Innshanach, b'fharr leis ;
 Na gad bhiodh urram an rìgh aig ;
 S' gun srad na intinn do ghrasan.

Cha neil e beadaidh na miobhall ;
 S'cha dean e mìr do chùl-caineadh ;
 An teaga bhreugach cha'n fhiach leis ;
 'Se beul na firinn is fearr leis,
 Tha e creidsinn an Chrìosda ;
 Nach tig crìoch air na faillinn,
 'S' gad threigeadh mathair a cìochran,
 Nach treig air fhìor shluagh a ghradhsan.

Bidh a socrachadh inntinn,
 Air facal firinn na slainte ;
 Is bheir e oidhirp a mhinnach,
 Cha n fhàs e sgith fad an là dheth ;
 Sin ghobh e cumhachd o' Chrìosda ;
 Bheir buaidh air inn lachduinn Shàtain,
 'S'ma bheir thu n'aire dha dileas ;
 San chi thu iomhaidh na'n gràs air.

'Nuair thig am bas 's teachdair sith e,
 Ga ghairm bhon tìr so dh'uchd Abram,
 S' cha bhi peighinn gun iochdadh ;
 Do na cìosean dh'fhag Adhamh air ;
 Bidh e moladh gu sìorruidh,
 An Tì rinn fhìchan a phaigheadh,
 S' bidh e sona le Iosa ;
 'S cha tig crìoch air a làithean.



