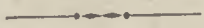


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# THE OLD, OLD STORY.



## AN SEANN, SEANN SGEUL, ANN AN DA EARRAINN.

AIR EADARTHEANGACHADH GU GAELIC, LE

G. CLEIREACH, LL.D.,  
MINISTEIR CHILLE-MHAILLIBH.

~~~~~  
AN DARA CLO-BHUALADH.  
~~~~~

GLASGO:

CLOBHUAILTE LE GILEASBUIG MAC-NA-CEARDADH,  
62 SRAID FARRAGHAIDHEAL.

1883.

# AN SEANN, SEANN SGEUL.

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A' CHEUD EARRANN.

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## AN SGEUL AIR 'FHARRAID.

Inn's dhomh an Sgeul, an Seann, Seann Sgeul

Mu nithean nèamhaidh, àrd'—

Mu Iosa, 'us a mhòrdhalachd—

Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh.

'Us dean an Sgeul réidh, soilleir dhomh,

Mar dh' iarradh leanabh òg ;

Oir tha mi mall 's an inntinn,

T'rid truail' eachd, 'us cion treoir.

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## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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### PART I.—THE STORY WANTED.

Tell me the old, old Story,  
Of unseen things above ;—  
Of Jesus and His Glory,  
Of Jesus and His Love.

Tell me the Story simply,  
As to a little child ;  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless, and defiled.

Le socair shèimh dean 'aithris dhomh,  
 'S gu n- tog mi seadh, 'us brìgh  
 An Sgeùil a tha cho iongantach  
 Mu'n t-saorsa 'tha tré Chrìosd.

Fòs aithris dhomh gu minic e,  
 'S mo chuimhne air bheag stà—  
 Tha òg-dhealt maoth na maduinne  
 A' tiormachadh gach là.

Seadh, innis air mhodh drùigheach e,  
 Gu ciuin agus gu fòil ;  
 Oir 's mise féin am peacach sin  
 Air am bheil Ios' 'an tòir.

An Sgeul so luaidh a ghnàth dhomh,  
 Ma 's àill leat gu m- bi sìth  
 'An àm na trioblaid, 'us na teinn  
 A' gàbhail tàimh 'am chrìdh'.

Tell me the Story slowly,  
 That I may take it in—  
 That wonderful Redemption,  
 God's Remedy for sin !

Tell me the Story often,  
 For I forget so soon !  
 The "early dew" of morning  
 Has passed away at noon !

Tell me the Story softly,  
 With earnest tones and grave ;  
 Remember, I'm the sinner  
 Whom Jesus came to save.

Tell me the Story always  
 If you would really be,  
 In any time of trouble,  
 A comforter to me.

'S an aon Seann Sgeul dean aithris dhomh,  
 An uair tha aobhar fiamh,  
 Gu bheil an saoghal carach so  
 'G am mhealladh le a mhiann.

Seadh, 's 'n uair bhios Glòir an t-saoghail ud  
 A' dealradh orm o 'n àird,  
 An seann, Seann Sgeul bi 'g innseadh dhomh,  
 "Tha Ios' 'g ad dheanamh slàn."

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AN DARA EARRANN.

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AN SGEUL AIR 'INNSEADH.

Tha thu 'farraid dhiom an Sgeoil  
 Mu nithean nèamhaidh, àrd'—  
 Mu Iosa, 'us a mhòrdhalachd,  
 Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh.

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Tell me the same old Story,  
 When you have cause to fear,  
 That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear.

Yes, and when that World's Glory  
 Shall dawn upon my soul,  
 Tell me the old, old Story,  
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

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PART II.—THE STORY TOLD.

You ask me for "the Story  
 Of unseen things above ;  
 Of Jesus and His Glory,  
 Of Jesus and His Love."

Tha thu 'g iarraidh 'n Sgeòil 'tha aosd',  
 Cha dean ni eile stà :

'S cha n- ìoghnadh leams' do dhéigh air,  
 'S e 'n Sgeul 'tha ùr a ghnàth.

Is tric bu mhiannach leamsa

Gu-n innst' e dhomh gach tràth ;

Cha n- fhàsainn sgèith a dh' éisdeachd ris  
 Ri fad-mo ré, 's mo là.

Ach ciamar 's urrainn dhomhsa

An Sgeul a chur 'an céill,

Mar thàinig Criosd g' ar tèarnadh

O pheacadh 'us o phéin ?

Eisd, 's ni mi mar dh' fhaodas mi :

'Dhé cuidich sinn le d' ghràs,

'Us thoir do 'n t-Seann, Sheann Sgeula so

Mòr éifeachd chum ar slàint'.

You want "the old, old Story,"

And nothing else will do !

Indeed I cannot wonder,

It always seems so new !

I often wish that some one

Would tell it me each day ;

I never should get tired

Of what they had to say.

But I am wasting moments !

Oh ! how shall I begin

To tell "the old, old Story,"

How Jesus saves from sin ?

Listen, and I will tell you ;

God help both you and me,

And make "the old, old Story"

His Message unto thee !

O chian chuir Dia 's a' ghàradh ud,  
'Eha maiseach, agus àill',

Càraid shona, ionraic

Làn shaor o pheacadh, 's cràdh.

Mo chreach! cha d' fhan iad dilleas ;

An t-aon ni 'dhùt an àithn'

Mhiannaich, ghlac, 'us bhlais iad dh'e,

'S gu grad thàin' orr' am Bùs.

Gidheadh, 'n a iochd 's 'n a thròcaireachd,

Chuir Dia fadheoidh 'an céill,

Gu m- feudt' an duine 'shàbhatadh

O'n Bhàs 'thug e air féin.

O shìol na mnà gu-n éireadh Laoch

'Bhiodh neartmhor, gaisgeil, naomh,

A sgriosadb oibre Shàtain,

'S a thèarnadh clann nan daoine'.

Once, in a pleasant garden,  
God placed a happy pair ;  
And all within was peaceful,  
And all around was fair.

But oh ! they disobeyed Him !  
The one thing he denied  
They longed for, took, and tasted ;  
They ate it, and — they died !

Yet, in His love and pity,  
At once the Lord declared  
How man, though lost and ruined,  
Might after all be spared !

For one of Eve's descendants,  
Not sinful, like the rest,  
Should spoil the work of Satan,  
And man be saved and blest !



Araon 'n a Mhac do dh' Adhamh,  
 'S 'n a Mhac do'n Ti a's àird',  
 Gu n- coisneadh saorsa bhuaidhinnhor  
 O Pheacadh, Truaighe, 's Bàs.

Chaidh ceudan bliadhna thairis orr',  
 'Thuit Adhamh, 's Eubh 's an uaigh,  
 'Us linn air linn 'n an deaghaidh-san  
 Air nach 'eil feum 'bhi 'luaidh.  
 Fadheoidh an uair bha Buachaillean  
 A mach ri fair' an treud,  
 Fhuair iad fàth ioghnaidh, 's geilt 's an oidheil'  
 Le dealradh soills 's an spear;  
 B' e aingeal naomh o nèamh nam buadh  
 A chuireadh nuas o'n àird',  
 A dh'innseadh dhoibh an Sgeòil 'tha fìor  
 Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh.

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He should be son of Adam,  
 But Son of God as well,  
 And bring a full Salvation  
 From sin, and death, and hell.

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Hundreds of years were over ;  
 Adam and Eve had died,  
 The following generation,  
 And many more beside.  
 At last, some shepherds watching  
 Beside their flocks, at night,  
 Were startled in the darkness  
 By strange and heavenly Light.  
 One of the holy Angels  
 Had come from Heaven above,  
 To tell the true, true Story,  
 Of Jesus and His Love.

Thug e dhoibh Sgeul mhòr-aoibhneis—

Sgeul ait na Slaint' 's na Sìth—

'N diugh rugadh Crìosd, 'ur Slànuighear,  
'Am Betle'm, baile 'n Rìgh.'

'S ghrad thùirling aingle 'n lìonmhoireachd

A thog an Sgeul, 's a luaidh,

'Do Dhia biodh cliù 'us glòir an àird,  
Sìth, 's deadh-ghean do gach sluagh.'

'S an robh e Fìor an Sgeula sin ?

Do'n bhlaile glreas iad sìos,

Fhuair iad anns a' phrasaich e,

'Us dh'aithnich gu'm b' e Crìosd.

Thàin' es' a ghealladh fad o chian

Le Dia nan gràs 's na glòir,'

A thèarnadh pheacach caillte ;

Seadh, thàinig e fadhedidh.

He came to bring "glad tidings :"

"You need not, must not, fear ;  
For Christ, your new-born Saviour,  
Lies in the village near !"

And many other angels

Took up the Story then ;  
"To God on High be Glory,  
Good-will, and Peace, to men."

And was it true—that Story ?

They went at once to see,  
And found Him in a manger,  
And knew that it was He.

He whom the Father promised,

So many ages past,  
Had come to save poor sinners ;  
Yes, He had come at last.

Le tlachd, 'us annsachd chaidh e 'n dàil

Obair na slàinte mhòir,

Ged b' aithne dha o shìorruidheachd

Cia lìon a pian, 's a bròn.

Bha 'bheatha naomh, làn-fhoirfe,

Bha gràdh 'n a uile smaoint,

(Mar dhearbh gach gnìomh a rinn e)

Do Dhia 's do dhaoin' faraon.

'N a chor bha e ro iriosal,

Fear-oibre 's e 'bha ann ;

'Us deuchainnean an duine bho chd

'S làn aithne dha 's gach àm.

Trì bliadhn' roi' 'chrìch rinn mìorbhuilean,

Làn cumhachd agus gràidh,

'Us thréigeadh ùin' mu n- innsinn duit

Cia lìon a rinn e slàn.

He was "content to do it,"  
To seek and save the lost,  
Although He knew beforehand—  
Knew all that it would cost.

He lived a life most holy ;  
His every thought was Love,  
And every action showed it,  
To man, and God above.

His path in life was lowly ;  
He was a "Working-Man :"  
Who knows the poor man's trials  
So well as Jesus can ?

His last three years were lovely !  
He could no more be hid ;  
And time and strength would fail me  
To tell the good He did.

Airgiod no òr cha d' thug e dhoibh ;  
 Bha e gun nì, gun stòr ;  
 Ach cumhachd beatha 's bàis bha aig',  
 'S na mairbh thug esan beò.

Bha e co sheirceil, chaoimhneil  
 'S gu m- b'e a thlachd 's a spéis  
 'Bhi 'tabhairt saors' o thruaighe  
 O mhoch gu luidhe gréin'.

Bha aige pailteas ùine  
 Air son gach tinn, 'us bochd ;  
 'S cia b 'e co saothreach, chlaoidhte  
 Mi-fhoighid riamh cha d' nochd.

Gach sgeula bròin ghnàth dh' éisd e  
 Le aire chàirdeil, chaoimh ;  
 'S gach uallach trioblaid, peacaidh, 's cràidh  
 Thog dhiubh gu farasd', sèimh.

He gave away no money,  
 For He had none to give ;  
 But He had power of healing,  
 And made dead people live.

He did kind things so kindly !  
 It seemed His heart's delight  
 To make poor people happy,  
 From morning until night !

He always seemed at leisure  
 For every one who came :  
 However tired or busy,  
 They found Him "just the same."

He heard each tale of sorrow  
 With an attentive ear,  
 And took away each burden  
 Of suffering, sin, or fear.

E féin ‘ ’n a dhuine dhoilghiosan,’  
 ‘N uair ‘leighis e an leòn,  
 Bha e mar bhràthair tairisneach  
 ‘D am b’ aithne cràdh, ‘us bròn.  
 So Mac an duine, Iosa Criosd,  
 Caraid nam peacach truagh ;  
 Ach feuch ! Tha ‘n Sgeul ‘fàs tiamhaidh,  
 O ! ‘s cianail ‘bhi ‘g a luaidh.

An t-Iosa beannaicht’ caomhail so,  
 Gun smal, gun lochd ‘bhi ann,  
 Ghlacadh le làmhan aingidh e,  
 ‘Us cheusadh e ri crann.  
 Seall, seall a suas ma ‘s urrainn duit,  
 Air Criosd ‘n a bhàs, ‘s na phéin ;  
 O bhonn a’ Chroinn feuch ! coimhead air,  
 ‘ O coimhead air Uan Dhé.’

---

He was “ a Man of Sorrows ! ”  
 And when He gave relief,  
 He gave it like a Brother,  
 “ Acquainted with ” the “ grief.”  
 Such was “ The Man Christ Jesus ! ”  
 The Friend of sinful man ! . . .  
 But hush ! the tale grows sadder :  
 I’ll tell it—if I can !

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This gentle, holy Jesus,  
 Without a spot or stain,  
 By wicked hands was taken,  
 And crucified, and slain !  
 Look ! look !—if you can bear it—  
 Look at your dying Lord !  
 Stand near the Cross and watch Him :  
 “ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

Le tàirgnean chaidh a reubadh ;  
 Gun choimeas bha a chràdh ;  
 'S tha daoine borba, cruaidh-chridheach  
 Ri luathghàir 'n a gheur-spàirn.

Le gàire fanoid deir iad ris,  
 'O 'n chrann thig 'nis a nuas,  
 Saor thu féin o fhulangas,  
 Ma 's tu Ceann-feadhn' nam buadh.'

C' arson a dh' éisd e 'n sgeig, 's an tàir ?  
 Nach b'è an Dia 'bha treun,  
 Do 'm b' fhurasd' sgrios 'thoirt air gach nàmh  
 Le àithne o a bheul ?

An sgrios gu buileach b' fhurasd' dha ;  
 Ach innseam dhuit cia 'm fàth  
 Nach b' àill leis deanamh riu mar so,  
 Ach géilleachdainn do 'n bhàs.

His Hands and Feet are pierced,  
 He cannot hide His face ;  
 And cruel men "stand staring,"  
 In crowds, about the place.

They laugh at Him and mock Him !  
 They tell Him to "come down,"  
 And leave that Cross of suffering,  
 And change it for a Crown.

Why did He bear their mockings ?  
 Was He "the Mighty God ?"  
 And could He have destroyed them  
 With one Almighty word ?

Yes, Jesus could have done it ;  
 But let me tell you why  
 He would not use His power.  
 But chose to stay and die.

Mar *Urras* oirnne chaidh e 'm boinn,  
 Sheas air arson, 's 'n ar n-àit';  
 'S dhìol e gu léir ar fiachan tròm',  
 Air crann na ceusd', 's na nàir'.

Air son ar peacaidh dh' fhuilling e ;  
 Seadh, strìochd do 'n bhàs fadheoidh ;  
 'S ni h-e ar cionta-ne a mhàin, .  
 Ach ciont' nan uile shlògh.

'S a nis tha 'n obair crìochnaichte ;  
 Do'n pheacach tha làn shaors';  
 A chionn air Criosd, am Fìreanach,  
 Gu n- d' leagadh peacadh dhaoin'.  
 O! 'n t-saorsa 'tha ro iongantach !  
 An t-saorsa 'tha o Dhia !  
 Tha dorus Nèimh dhuit fosgailte ;  
 Do bheatha steach, ma's miann !

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He had become our "Surety ;"  
 And what we could not pay,  
 He paid instead, and for us,  
 On that one dreadful day ?  
 For our sins He suffered ;  
 For our sins He died ;  
 And "not for ours only,"  
 But "all the world's" beside!

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And now, the work is "finished !"  
 The sinner's debt is paid !  
 Because on "Christ the Righteous"  
 The sin of all was laid.  
 O wonderful Redemption !  
 God's Remedy for sin !  
 The Door of Heaven is open,  
 And you may enter in !

Oir dh' fhuasgail Dia ar n-*Urras-ne*,

Gu crìoch na h-oibre 'luaidh :

'S tha aiseirigh ar 'Tighearn' Ios'

Ag inns' gu n- tug e buaidh.

Fòs chaidh e suas gu buadhmhor, àrd,

'Us shuidh air Cathair glèid',

Gu bhi 'n a Phrionns 's 'n a Shlànuighfhear,

'S a ghabhail oirmne còir.

'S thug e d' a shluagh mu-n 'dhealaich iad

Caomh-ghealladh ait na sìth,

An Co-Fhurtair 'bhi maille riu

Ré 'm beatha gus a' chrìoch.

Tha 'n Spiorad Naomh ro ghràs-mhor so

'Nis làimh ruinn gach aon uair,

Ullamh an *diugh* a sheòladh dhuinn

Na slighe bhed, 'us nuaidh.

For God released our "Surety,"

To show the work was done ;

And Jesus' Resurrection

Declared the victory won !

And now he has ascended,

And sits upon the Throne,

"To be a Prince and Saviour,"

And claim us for His own.

But when He left His people,

He promised them to send

"The Comforter," to teach them,

And guide them, to the end.

And that same Holy Spirit

Is with us to this day,

And ready now to teach us

The "New and Living Way."



'S e so an Seann, Seann Sgeula :  
 An e do shlàint' s do mhiann,  
 An t-saorsa so 'tha iongantach,  
 An t-saorsa 'tha o Dhia ?

'N ad *chridhe* 'n e a's creideamh dhuit ?  
 An *creid* gur *fior* an Sgeul,  
 Saors' 'an tairgs' gach easontaich,  
 'S mar so 'ad thairgse féin ?

'N sin glac an t-shlàinte shòlasach ;  
 Cha doichioll Criosd dhuit còir ;  
*Creid*, 'us tha thu 'gabhail ri,  
*Creid*, 'us tha thu beò.

'S ma thug an Sgeula soilleir so  
 A nis do d' anam sìth,  
 O ! inns' an Seann, Seann Sgeula  
 Do 'n mhòran 'tha 'g a dhìth.

This is "the old, old Story ;"  
 Say, Do you take it in—  
 This wonderful Redemption,  
 God's Remedy for sin ?

Do you at heart believe it ?  
 Do you believe it's true,  
 And meant for every sinner,  
 And, therefore, meant for you ?

Then take this "Great Salvation ;"  
 For Jesus loves to give !  
 Believe ! and you receive it !  
 Believe ! and you shall live !

And if this simple message  
 Has now brought peace to you,  
 Make known "the old, old story,"  
 For others need it too.

Nochd do na h-uile dhaoine

Gu n- d' fhuair thu Saors' o Chrìosd ;  
Eigh ris gach aon de d' bhràithrean,  
" Air d' shonsa bhàsaieh Crìosd'."

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'S gèarr gus am faic ar sùilean e,  
'S 'n ar daehaidh ùir gu h-àrd  
An Seann, Seann Sgeul sior-sheinnidh sinn  
' Mu Iosa, 'us a ghràdh '

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Let everybody see it,  
That Christ has made you free ;  
And if it sets them longing,  
Say, " Jesus died for thee !"

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Soon, soon, our eyes shall see him !  
And, in our Home above,  
We'll sing " the old, old story  
Of Jesus and His Love !





