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Songs & Hymns  
· OF · THE ·  
Scottish Highlands





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Songs and Hymns of the Highlands.

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T H E



SONGS AND



HYMNS

OF THE

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS,

WITH TRANSLATIONS AND MUSIC,

*AND AN INTRODUCTION.*

BY L. MACBEAN.

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## HIGHLAND SONGS, HYMNS, AND MUSIC.

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GAELIC SONGS are remarkable for their richness in rhyme and other poetical graces, the originality and variety of their metrical forms, their exuberant vocabulary and their sweet and simple melodies. With all this they combine a marked Highland flavour. The listener is at once transported to the bens and glens, brown moorlands, bounding deer and whirring blackcocks, foaming cascades, tree-fringed watercourses, thatched cottages, lonely lakes, and ever in the background the eternal mountains, silent and solemn. Such is the scenery through which move before us the characters which the songs introduce. These characters are few—a fair maiden tending her flock, a stalwart hunter breasting the hill, a venturesome boatman on the treacherous loch, a wild outlaw who delights in deeds of derringdo, a frantic widow wailing over her fatherless child, and perhaps a ghostly shape peering through the gloaming on the margin of the eerie woodland. That is the stage scenery and these the *dramatis personæ* of northern minstrelsy. Its imagery is equally native. A damsel's bosom is white as the mountain cotton, her cheeks red as the berries of the rowan tree, and her hair yellow as the clouds of evening or black as the raven's wing. In fine, there hangs over Highland poesy an unmistakable odour of the mountain air, heavy with the breath of the heather, with an occasional dash of ozone from the western sea. 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 the crowning glory of Gaelic verse is the extraordinary diversity and complexity of the METRES adopted. 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 II., 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, disdaining severity,  
 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. But, after all, the success of Highland songs lies in the EXPRESSIVENESS with which they interpret the feelings of the singers—the passions of love and patriotism, the pathos of grief and the thrill of joy. They delineate with sympathetic art the changing moods of the mountain landscape, and they portray

with all the brilliancy of Celtic fancy the charms of fair humanity. The LOVE SONGS, numerous, full of headlong passion, and set to very attractive melodies, form the largest class, and their fervour and naiveté 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 bleiding,  
 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.

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 lù*, 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. 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 Grannnd. 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 elegiac 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. 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.





*PART I.*

SACRED SONGS OF THE GAEL.

## I N D E X.

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Aideachadh (Buchanan) ... ..	Confession ... ..	8
Am Bas (Rob Donn Mackay) ... ..	Death ... ..	7
Am Meagan (Mrs Cameron, Rannoch) ... ..	The Branch ... ..	26
An Aiseirgh (Buchanan) ... ..	The Resurrection ... ..	3
An Cath (John Morrison) ... ..	The Conflict ... ..	30
An Dachaìdh Bhuan (Grant) ... ..	The Lasting Home ... ..	2
An Fhois Shiorruidh (Grant) ... ..	The Rest Eternal ... ..	29
An Saoghal (Grant) ... ..	The World ... ..	9
An t-aite bh'aig Eoin (Grant) ... ..	Where St John Lay ... ..	6
Aonachd ri Crìosd ... ..	Union with Christ ... ..	25
Aslachadh (Macfarlane) ... ..	Supplication ... ..	17
Coigrich (Grant) ... ..	Strangers ... ..	18
Cuireadh Chrìosd (Dr Macgregor) ... ..	Christ's Invitation ... ..	10
Earbs' a Chrìosduidh (Buchanan) ... ..	The Christian's Confidence ... ..	14
Fulangus Chrìosd (Buchanan) ... ..	The Sufferings of Christ ... ..	11
Gairdeachas ... ..	Joy ... ..	28
Gearan nan Gaidheal (Grant) ... ..	The Cry of the Gael ... ..	16
Gleann na h-Irìoslachd (John MacLean) .. ..	Valley of Humility ... ..	25
Gloir an Uain (Rev. P. Grant) ... ..	The Glory of the Lamb ... ..	4
Gradh m' Fhear-saoraidh (Grant) ... ..	My Saviour's Love ... ..	15
La Bhreitheanais (Grant) ... ..	The Day of Judgment ... ..	27
Laoidh Molaidh (Grant) ... ..	A Hymn of Praise ... ..	5
Leanabh an Aigh (Mrs Macdonald) ... ..	Child in the Manger ... ..	24
Leanabh (Grant) ... ..	A Young Child ... ..	12
Luchd turais na Beatha (MacLean) ... ..	Life's Pilgrims ... ..	1
Miann an Anam (Mrs Cameron, Badenoch) ... ..	The Soul's Desire ... ..	23
Morachd Dhè (Dugald Buchanan) ... ..	The Greatness of God ... ..	13
Na Sleibhtean ... ..	The Mountains ... ..	32
Oran Gaoil (Grant) ... ..	A Song of Love ... ..	19
Smeideadh Oirnn (Macfarlane) ... ..	Beckoning ... ..	31
Urnigh an Fheumnaich ... ..	The Needy's Prayer ... ..	22

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

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



Nach faic thu an sluagh, do chala nam buadh A fhuair tha na stuanhan bene - ach?  
 Life's pilgrims, at rest in the isles of the blest, No storms can molest for ev - er;

FRY F.	{	:d	d	:r	m	m	:-	s,m	r	:d	r	m	:-	:d		l <sub>1</sub>	:d	l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:-	d,m	r	:-	:d	:-	}
	{	:d	d	:t <sub>1</sub>	:d	d	:-	:m,d	t <sub>1</sub>	:d	:t <sub>1</sub>	d	:-	:m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	:l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:-	s <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	:-	:m <sub>1</sub>	:-	}	
	{	:m	s	:s	:s	s	:-	:s,s	s	:m	:s	s	:-	:m	d	:d	:d	d	:-	:d	t <sub>1</sub>	:-	:d	:-	}	
	{	:d	m	:r	:d	d	:-	:d,d	s <sub>1</sub>	:l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	d	:-	:l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	:f <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub>	:-	:m <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:-	:d	:-	}	



Tha sonas is sìth a bhonadh gach crìdh, 'S cha sgarar iad chaoidh bho chci - le.  
 But peacefully there all blessings they share, Sweet fellowship ne'er to sev - er.

{ { { {	:s	l	:d'	:l	s	:-	:s,m	r	:d	:l	s	:-	:d		l <sub>1</sub>	:d	l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub>	:-	:d,m	r	:-	:d	:-	}
	:d	d	:d	:d	d	:-	:m,d	t <sub>1</sub>	:d	:d	d	:-	:s <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub>	:f <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub>	:-	:d	d	:t <sub>1</sub>	:-	:d	:-	}
	:m	f	:l	:f	m	:-	:s	f	:m	:f	s	:-	:s,m	d	:d	:d	d	:-	:m,s	s	:-	:f	m	:-	}
	:d	f	:f	:f	d	:-	:d	s <sub>1</sub>	:l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub>	:-	:m <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	:l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub>	d	:-	:d	s <sub>1</sub>	:-	:d	:-	}	

Tha'n truaighean aig crìch, tha crùn air an cinn,  
 Gu binn tha iad seinn le eibhneas,  
 Toit moladh is cliù dh' Fhear saoraidh an ruin,  
 'Tha g sabhailt' g a dh' ionnsuidh fein iad.

'Nuair theann iad ri falbh bha'n t-slighe dhaibh dorch,  
 'S ma'n cuairt dhaibh bha'n storm a seideadh  
 Gu' robh iomadh ni cur eagal 'nan crìdh  
 Bha'm peacanna lionmhòr eitidh.

Chaidh sgayadh 's na neoil bha cur orra sgleo,  
 Is chunnac iad glòir an Treun-thir;  
 Le creideamh 'na ghradh 's na uniblaich '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. MACLEAN. Slightly different versions of the air appeared in the "Popular Gaelic Melodics," and Professor BROWN'S "Thistle." The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

## 2—AN DACHAIDH BHUAN—THE LASTING NAME.



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

	f	s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :- l <sub>1</sub>	d :- r d	l <sub>1</sub> :- l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :- r	r :- r m	s :- r r	d :- l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :-
KEY:	r <sub>1</sub>	r <sub>1</sub> :- f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :- s <sub>1</sub> s <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub> :- f <sub>1</sub>	r <sub>1</sub> :- s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :- s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :- s <sub>1</sub> f	r <sub>1</sub> :- f <sub>1</sub>	r <sub>1</sub> :-	
B♭:	d	d :- d	d :- t <sub>1</sub> d	d :- d	d :- r	d :- s	r :- d t	d :- d	d :-	
	d	d :- f <sub>1</sub> r <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub> :- r <sub>1</sub> r <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> :- f <sub>1</sub>	d :- t <sub>1</sub>	d :- s	s	l <sub>1</sub> :- f <sub>1</sub>	d :-	



Chi mi daoine a cur an cul rium, 'Sa dol gu dhuth chum an I'achaidh Bhuain.  
where frien's are ev - er frae frien's di - vid - in', Tae gang an' bide in the Lasting Name,

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

Tha scan is og a dol sìos do'n uagh,  
Air lag 's air laidir tha'm bas toirt buaidh,  
Nuair thig an t-am dhaibh an saoghal fhagall,  
Ma's tiun no slan iad, cha tann iad uair.

Ach 's rabhadh mor sud do chach de'n t-sluagh  
'S is mithich dhomhsa gun chur fad nam,  
Tha rabhadh garbh ann bhi deas gu falbh as  
Oir tha'n taigh talnhaidh gu tigh'n a unas.

Ach ma's fìrean thu thuig am fuaime,  
'S do'n d' rinnadh prìseal an Ti thug buaidh,  
Tha 'g iarraidh inneachd an ceum na fìrinn,  
Is t' aghaidh dìreach air Sìon shuas;

'S na h-uile cuis anns am bi ort feum,  
'S e fantuinn dhuth ris, fo sgàil a sgeith,  
Bheir ort gun giùlan thu h-uile cuis duibh,  
Nuair bhitheas do shuil ris na dh' fhuinge e.

Is ged tha chaidream an so air chnairt  
Bheir e an aird iad, is gheibh iad duais;  
Nuair thig am bàs theid iad suas gu Fìrnas,  
'S bi' iad gu brath aig an Dachaidh Bhuain.

Baith yong 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 bou',

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 Name.

From the favourite hymn by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air was noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer, and harmonized by Mr MURRAY, Glasgow.

### 3—AN AISEIRIGH—THE RESURRECTION.

*Solemn expression.*



Air meadh-on oidhche' nuair bhios an saogh'l Air aomadh thoiris ann an suain,  
At midnight, when a slumber deep Has ov-er man and untre passed,

KEY	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \cdot m_1 \\ \cdot m_2 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l}  _1 : - :  _1    _1 :  _1    _1 : - : \cdot t_1   d : - : \cdot t_1    _1 : - :  _1    _1 :  _1    _1 : - : \cdot t_1    _1 : - : \end{array}$
B <sup>n</sup> .	$\left. \begin{array}{l} \cdot d \\ \cdot l_1 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} d : d : - : \cdot d   d : d   d :  _1 : s_1    _1 : - : \cdot t_1   d : - : \cdot d   d : d   d : - : s_1    _1 : - : \end{array}$



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

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \cdot m_1 \\ \cdot m_2 \end{array} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l}  _1 :  _1    _1 :  _1    _1 : - : \cdot t_1   d : - : r   n : f   m : - : r   d : t_1    _1 : - : \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} \cdot s_1 \\ \cdot m_2 \end{array} \right\}$	$\left. \begin{array}{l} d_1 : d_1   d_1 : d_1   d_1 :  _1 : - : r   m : - : t_1   d : t_1   d : - :  _1    _1 : s_1    _1 : - : \end{array} \right\}$

Air neul ro ard nì fhollseach' féin,  
Ard-aingeal treun le trompaid mhòir;  
Is gairnidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,  
Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a' nbhòid.

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

Le h-osaig dhoimniamaich a bheif  
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,  
'S mar dhùin an t-seangain dol 'na ghluais,  
Grad bhràchdaidh 'n uaigh a nìos a' mairbh.

Mosglaidh na fireannich an tùs,  
Is dhuiseag iad gu léir o'n suain,  
An anamaibh turlingidh o' ghloir,  
Ga'n còmhachadh aig beul na h-uaigh'.

Le aoibneas togaidh iad an ceann,  
Ta àm an fuaingidh orra dù;  
Is mar chraoibh-nheas fo ionian blàth  
'Tha dreach an Slànaghear 'nan gnìis.

Ach daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhu  
Gu 'n ùmhlaicheadh iad-féin do Dhia;  
O! faic a nis' iad air an glùn;  
A' deanamh thruaigh ris gach slàbh.

'N sin togaidh aingel glòrùhor suas,  
Ard bhratach Chrìosd da'n suaineas fuil,  
A chruimeachadh na ghluais sa' chòir  
'S da' fhulangas rinn dòigh is bun.

A great archangel on a cloud,  
With sounding trumpet, will be seen,  
Calling mankind, with accents loud,  
To the last Judgment to convene.

Then at that awful trumpet sound  
The hills and seas shall flee away,  
The dead shall startle in the ground,  
The living tremble in dismay.

This solid earth shall rend and rive  
By tempest breath, before him sped;  
And, like an ant-hill all alive,  
The grave shall yield her countless dead.

The righteous dead shall first awake  
From restful sleep, and life resume;  
Their souls shall down from glory break,  
And meet them at the open tomb.

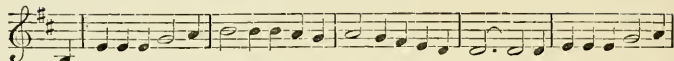
They shall with joy lift up their head,  
For their Deliverer is near;  
Like blossoms fair on fruit trees spread,  
His likeness shall in them appear.

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!

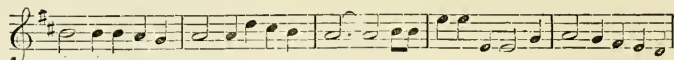
Then shall a glorious angel raise  
Christ's blood-stained banner, waving free,  
To gather those that loved His ways  
And made His sufferings their plea.

Words from ECHANAN'S "Day of Judgment." Translation by L. MACHEAN. The air is of Ossianic origin, and a good version of it was recovered by the late J. F. CAMPBELL of Islay. The harmony is by W. H. MURRAY, Glasgow.

#### 4—GLOIR AN UAIN—THE GLORY OF THE LAMB.



KEY: F; 1; | r : r : r | f : - : s | l : - : l | l : s : f | s : - : f | m : r : d | d : - : - : d | r : r : r | f : - : s |  
 D. (Tha Sìon a' seinn co bhinn's is urrainn, Toirt mille urram do'n Uan, 'S a' seinn air aghaol nach  
 Mark! Sìon loud rings her King's high praises, She sings and raises her voice His power to proclaim who



{ l : - : l | l : s : f | s : - : s | d' : t : l | s : - : - : l | l | r : r : r | r : - : f | s : - : f | m : r : d |  
 caochail tuille; 'S e shaor i buileach o'n truaigh; Halle-luiah gu buan aig slugh nam fathreas 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 : - : - : ||  
 ceairteach' cathair an Rìgh, 'S na' Iesus an t-Uan de 'u' t-slugh air thalamh, So'n fhuair n' 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 beng a chaidh luaidh dhe bhuaidhean taitneach,  
 Measg slugh 's tu's maisich na each,  
 'S tu's maisich na gùrian, 's tu mianan nan cinneach,  
 'S do bhriathran sìleadh le gras;  
 Is tu meangan cluìteach, ur dh'fhas fallain,  
 'S tu lub' gu talamh o ghloir;  
 'S an toradh a ghluilain thu, ma shireas,  
 Gheibh Iudhaich 's einnich dhe coir.

'Se ghaol a bha sìorruidh riarach sinne,  
 Is Dia bhì leinne 's an fheoil;  
 Is cupan a ghaol bhì taomadh thairis,  
 'Se saor dha' r' n-anam ri oil;  
 Tha ainmnichean solais, ghìormhor, fallain,  
 Tigh'n beo o charraig nan al,  
 So 'm fìor-uisge beo chuireas eol 's gach anam  
 A dh'olas glan e mar tha.

Tha t-ainm mar an driùchd, nì's cubhraidh na oladh  
 'S o d'fhianuis thig solus is gras,  
 'S tha briathran do bheil mar cheir na meala  
 Toirt seul d'ar n-anam air slaint'.  
 'S tu leomhann trenbh Iudah, fìur nan gaisgeach,  
 'S tu dhùsga a mach as an uaign;  
 'S bhith' naimhdean do ghloir 'n an stòl d'chosaibh  
 'S do mhorachd 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.

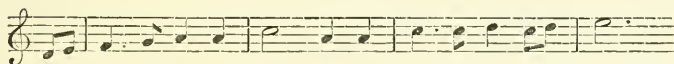
From the hymn bearing this title by P. GRANT. The English, by L. MACBEAN, is not a translation, but imitates the expressions and poetical form of the Gaelic verses.

## 5—LAOIDH MOLAIDH—HYMN OF PRAISE.

D.C.



KEY:  $\text{r}$  |  $\text{f}$  : - .  $\text{m}$  |  $\text{l}$  :  $\text{f}$  |  $\text{m}$  : - |  $\text{r}$  :  $\text{m}$  |  $\text{f}$  : - .  $\text{m}$  |  $\text{r}$  :  $\text{f}$  .  $\text{m}$  |  $\text{r}$  : - | - )  
 C.  $\text{A}$  | Shlànuighear ro ghlòr - mhor, Mo threoir ged bha mi mall,  
 Bu tu fear-stiùraidh m'òb - ge, Gu m' threibeach 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;



$\text{f}$  .  $\text{r}$  .  $\text{m}$  |  $\text{f}$  : - .  $\text{s}$  |  $\text{l}$  :  $\text{l}$  |  $\text{d}'$  : - |  $\text{l}$  :  $\text{l}$  |  $\text{d}'$  : - .  $\text{d}'$  |  $\text{r}'$  :  $\text{d}'$  .  $\text{r}'$  |  $\text{m}'$  : - | - )  
 'S na'n d' fhag thu mi 's en uair sin, Du truaigh dhomh bles is thall,  
 Thou didst not leave me stray - ing When I a - far would go,



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

Oir dh'fhoillsich thu do glòir dhomh  
 'S bha ma's gu leòr 'n ad ghnuis,  
 'S nnair thuirt thu "Mair-sa beo" 's ann  
 Rinn m'anam sòlas ùr;  
 Is grian 's is sgiath do lathaicheadh,  
 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 stiur mo cheum,  
 Thoir neart a reir an la dhomh,  
 Na fàg-sa mi 's na treig;  
 Is nuair ni tinn no bhualadh,  
 'S nach dean an suagh dhomh feum,  
 Dean thus' mo leabaidh suaimhneach,  
 A' chluinntinn huaidh ort fein.

Nuair thionaisleas mo chàirdean,  
 'S an uaigh 'g am charamh stòs,  
 Bidh 'n uaigh 'n a leabaidh thanh dhomh,  
 Gus an la an tìg thu ris;  
 Bi dluth troimh ghleann a' bhàis domh,  
 'S a gbaoil, na fàg-sa mi  
 Gus 'm faic mi ann ad ghloir thu  
 Fad shiurruidheachd mhor gun chrìch.

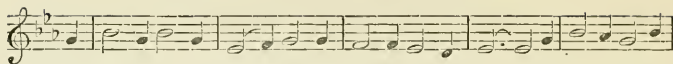
For Thou, Thy glory showing,  
 Mailest me Thy beauty see;  
 Thy love has been bestowing  
 New life and joy on me.  
 Thou grace and glory givest,  
 Thou art a Sun and Shield,  
 Thou only ever livest,  
 Thy words salvation yield.

O Lord, do not forsake me,  
 But guide me as a friend,  
 And strong in heart still make me,  
 For what Thy love may send.  
 When seized by sore diseases,  
 Which no kind hand allays,  
 Make Thou my hed, Lord Jesus,  
 And hear me sing Thy praise.

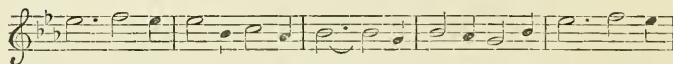
When friends, with grief high swelling,  
 Have laid me 'neath the sod,  
 The grave shall be my dwelling,  
 Until the day of God.  
 Through death's dark vale victorious,  
 Oh, let me lean on Thee,  
 And let me see Thee glorious,  
 Through all eternity.

Words from a sacred song by P. GRANT. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The melody has not been printed before.

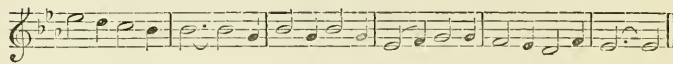
6—AN T-AITE BH' AIG EOIN—WHERE JOHN LAY.



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



{ d' : - : - | r' : - : d' | d' : - : s | l : - : f | s : - : - | - : - : M | s : - : f | M : - : s | d' : - : - | r' : - : d' )  
 fhasach, is Fear a graidh 'na coir, . . Cha'n iarrainn's tuille fa-bhoir no  
 lov-ed, her nev-er-failing stayl 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 b'uidh air uchd u t-Slan'gheir, an t-ait' anns an robh Eoin.  
 which I ev-er pray, . . To lean on Jesu' bo-som, where John at supper lay.

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

Cha b'eagal leam an tra' sin gach namhaid th' air mo  
 thoir,  
 'S gu'm b'e do ghairdean grasmhor mo neart, mo shlaint  
 's mo throair,  
 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' fhaillnicheas mo bhualdhean 's mi dol thoir  
 suas an deo,  
 Cha dean Rìgh nan Uamhas mo sgaradh nat 's thu heo,  
 Nuair bhios mo chridhe failiun 's mi fagail gleann nan  
 deoir,  
 Bu m'ath an leabaigh bhais sud bhì anns an ait' bh'alg  
 Eoin.

'S ma dhuisgeas mi 'n a lomhaigh fo dhion 's an latha  
 mhòr,  
 'Se fein 'u a sgail 's 'n a ghrian d'omh, 's mi nìarichte gu  
 leoir,  
 Chaithinnse an t-siorrud'heachd 's cha'n farrainn tuille  
 glòir,  
 Ach suidhe s'os 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.

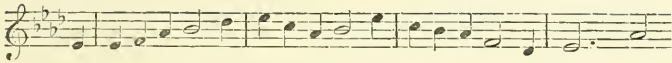
Lyrics by P. GRANT; translation by L. MACLEAN. Tune noted down for this collection from a Gaelic singer.



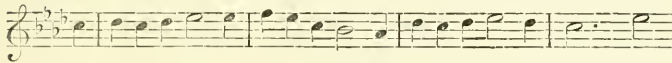
7—AM BÀS—DEATH.

Solemnly.

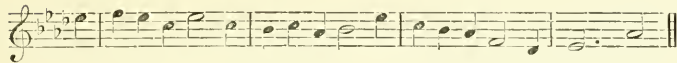
D.C.



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



f : 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 delre - ean, )  
 O messenger drear, No pity or fear Saves peasant or peer before thee;



f : s | l : s : m | s : - : m | r : m : d | r : - : s | m : r : d | l<sub>1</sub> : - : f | s<sub>1</sub> : - : - | d : - : ||  
 (Cha bhacar le prìs Air àis thu a ris 'S tu dh'èasbhuidh an tì ma'n teid thu. ||  
 For gold and for gain Thou hast but disdain, And victims in vain implore thee.

Glacaidh tu chloinn,  
 A mach lù na bhroinn,  
 Mu's faic iad an soills' air eigin;  
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,  
 Dol an coinnimh an oig,  
 Mu'm faodar am posadh eigheachd;  
 Ma's beag no ma's mor  
 Ma's sean no ma's òg,  
 Ma's cleachdadh dhuinn coir no eucoir;  
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,  
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,  
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

A Chumhachd a tha  
 Cur h-ugainn a' bhais,  
 Gun teagamh nach paighear fheich da,  
 Tha misneach is bonn  
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall  
 Air tagradh na gheall do bhèid da.  
 Oir 's Athair do chlam  
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,  
 'S fear-taighe do'n bhanaich fein e;  
 'S e'n 'ruithear a th' ann,  
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,  
 Na thoillean sinn anns a' chreutair.

The babe at its birth,  
 Ere sorrow or mirth  
 It knows upon earth, thou takest;  
 For the maid to be wed,  
 Ere to church she is led,  
 An 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.

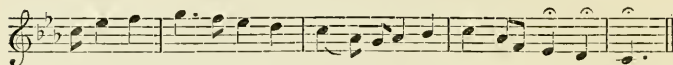
O Power, from whom  
 Our sorrowful doom  
 Of death and the tomb descendeth,  
 How happy is he  
 Whose confident plea  
 On Thy promises free dependeth!  
 Our Father Thou art,  
 The widow's sure part,  
 Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her;  
 All good is bestowed,  
 All favour is shewed  
 By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

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

## 8—AIDEACHADH—CONFESSION.



KEY:  $f$  |  $l$  :  $l$  |  $d$ ' : - .  $t$  |  $l$  :  $l$  |  $s$  : - .  $s$  |  $f$  :  $s$  |  $l$  :  $t$  |  $d$ ' :  $t$  |  $l$  : - . }  
 E2. ( O! Thighearn' is a Dhia na gblòir, An t-Ard-Rìgh mòr os ceann gach sluagh, )  
 O God of glo - ry, great a - dored, Abso all nations mighty King!



(  $s$  .  $l$  |  $d$ ' :  $r$ ' |  $m$ ' : - .  $r$ ' |  $d$ ' :  $t$  |  $l$  :  $f$  .  $m$  |  $f$  :  $s$  |  $l$  :  $f$  .  $r$  |  $d$  :  $t$  |  $l$  : - . ||  
 (Cia dàna | nì air t-ainm ro mhor Le bìlibh | nè-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-ainge 's naomha 'n gblòir,  
 'An làthair do Mhòrachdasa gun smal.

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

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

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

Gach uile mhallachd a ta sgròbbt,  
 A t-fhacal fìor le bagradh teann,  
 O Thighearn thoill mi aig do làmh,  
 Gu'm biodh iad càrnaicht' air mo cheann.

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

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

Dean m' ionnlaid glan, O Dhia na sìth,  
 'S an tobair ìoc-shlàint bhruchd a thaobh,  
 A bheir dh'omh 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.

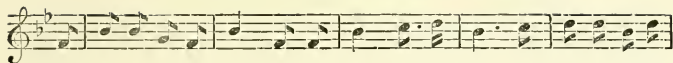
Although the skies grew black with gloom,  
 And all Thy thunders on me fell,  
 And Thou shouldst cast me down to hell,  
 I would admit the righteous doom.

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.

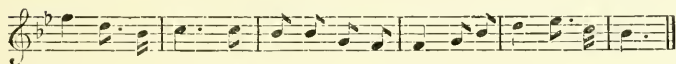
9—ORAN DO'N T-SAOGHAL—THE WORLD.



KEY  $f$ , S<sub>1</sub> | ḍ . ḍ : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | ḍ : s<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | ḍ : ṛ „ṃ | ḍ : - ṛ | ṃ . ṃ : ḍ . ṃ }  
 B 2-1 Is | fhad a rinn thu, | shaoghal, Mo | shlaodadh mu'n' enairt, Mo | chumail o'n Fhear- }  
 O world ! thou long didst chain me, Fast bound to thy wheel, From Jesus to re-



{ | s : ṃ . ṛ | ḍ : ṃ „f | s : - . s | f . f : l . f | s : ṃ . ḍ }  
 { shaoraidh 'S a | ghaol fhu'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 : ṃ „ḍ | ṛ : - . ṛ | ḍ . ḍ : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . ḍ | ṃ : f „ṛ | ḍ : - . }  
 { shaoradh mi | ust, Bhiodh | m' imtinn tighinn | beo Air a' | ghlòir sin tha | shuas. }  
 strains by that love, My heart would be en - joy - ing The peace from above.

Bhiodh m' imtinn 's mo nibiann  
 Air an Dia sin tha beo,  
 An oighreachd a tha siorruidh,  
 'S a ghrian tha gun neoil,  
 An tobair o'n tìg slaint'  
 Agus gairdeachas mor,  
 'S a ghairdean nach failinn  
 'S e Ard-Kìgh na glòir.

Nam faighinn tuille fabhoir  
 Is gràs bheireadb buaidh,  
 Bhiodh m' imtinn a' tamh  
 Anns an aros tha shuas,  
 Ged bhithinn anns an fheòil  
 Bhiodh mo dhochas gu buan  
 Rì aon latha mor  
 Anns nach conhlalach 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 tìgh stoir sin tha shuas  
 Far nach goid na meirlich  
 'S nach enamh e le ruaidh.

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

If love to me were given,  
 And overcoming grace,  
 My thoughts should be in heaven,  
 In God's holy place;  
 And though in flesh remaining,  
 My hopes still should be,  
 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. MACDEAN. The air belongs to this hymn, and was noted down for the present collection.

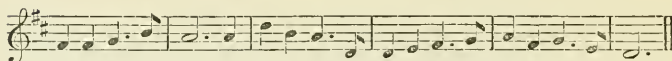
## 10—CUIREADH CHRÍOSD—CHRIST'S INVITATION.



KEY:  $\sharp$  D.  $\{ d : m | s :-d | d : r | m :-f | s : m | f :-r | d :- | - : d | m : f | s :-s \}$   
 D. Tha | daoine taghta | ann le Dia, D'an d'tbug e riamh a | ghradh, Ged | tha iad ciuntach, }  
 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'co | truaillidh olc ri | cach, Tha | tagha Dhia 'n a | uaigneas mor, Nach }  
 sinner's doom, And poor and wretched be. God's choice is still a hidden thing, To



$\{ m : m | f :-l | s :- | - : s | d' : l | s :-d | d : r | m :-f | s : m | f :-r | d :- | - \}$   
 eol do dhùil fo'n | ghrein; Cha | riaghailt d'leasnaís | e do neach, Ach | reachd is soisgen | Dé. }  
 sons of men unknown; The Law and Gospel of our King Must be our rule alone.

Tha cuireadh Chríosd 'n a fhacal fein,  
 'S o bheul a theachdair, caomb,  
 'Nuair ghabhar e 'n a aobhar-earbs'  
 D'ar n-anmaibh falamb faoin;  
 Co daingean is co dearbhl' 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 facl Chríosd;  
 A pheacach, eisd r'a cuireadh reidh  
 'S gabh e le créideamh fíor—  
 "O thigibh h-ugam-sa gach aon  
 'Ta saothrachadh 's fo chlaoidh,  
 A ta fo eallach throm 's fo chuail  
 Is bheir mi suaimhneas duibh.

"Mo chúing-sa ceanglaibh ribh gu teann,  
 Is ionnsaichibh mo dhoigh;  
 Oir ta mi macant' agus mín  
 An cridh' 's an cleachdadh fós;  
 Is eirnisidh bhur n-anama truagh  
 Air suaimhneas is air sreimh;  
 Oir ta mo chúing-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 Chríosd."

# 11—FULANGS CHRÍOD—THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.



KEY: f: r | s . s : - | s : - l | t : - r | r : - r | s : - s | t : - t | t . l : - | - : t | s . s : - | s : - s )  
 C. 'S e fulang - as mo Shlanuigheir A bhith's mo dhian a luaidh, Mor-lirios—lachd an )  
 The sufferings of my Sav - iour I cel - ebrate and sing, The birth and meek be-



{ r' : - r' | r' : - r' | r' : - t | l : - r | m : - | - : t | r' . r' : - | m' : - f' | s' : - t | t : - t )  
 Ard-Rìgh sin 'N a bhreith 'n a bhàs ro chruaidh. 'S e'n t-iongantas bu mhiorbhuilich, 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' : - r' | r' : - d' | t : - l | l : - | - ||  
 innse riamh do'n t-sluagh, An Dia bha ann o shiorruidheachd Bhi fas 'n a Chlochran | truagh ! ||  
 human tongue can name, Th' E - ter - nal and Im - mu - ta - ble A suckling Child became |

'Nnair ghabht' am broinn na h-òighe e;  
 Le còmhnaidh Spioraid Dé,  
 A chunn an Nàdur Daonna sin,  
 A dheanadh aon ris féin;  
 Ghabh e sgàil mu Dhiadhaidheachd  
 'S de'n BHRIATHAR rinn eadh feòil,  
 Is dh' fhoillsich an rùn dìomhair sin,  
 Am pearsa Chrìosd le glòir.

Rugadh 'an stàbùl dèibhidh e,  
 Mar dhilleachdan gun treòir;  
 Gun neach a dheanadh chòirdeas ris,  
 No bheireadh fàrdoch dhè,  
 Gun mhuintir bli 'g a fhuithealadh,  
 No uidheam mar bu chòir;  
 Ach eich is daimh'g a chuartachadh  
 D' an dual gach uile ghlòir.

Dha tuill aig na sìonnachaibh  
 Gu'n falachadh o theinn;  
 Bha nid aig na h-eumlaibhe  
 An geugaibh arl nan crann;  
 Ach e-san a rinn uile iad,  
 'S gach n' 's a' chruinne ché,  
 Bha e féin 'n a fhògarach,  
 Gun chòmhnaidh aig fo'n ghréin.

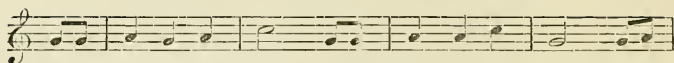
Conceived in pure virginity  
 By God the Spirit's might,  
 He deigned with His divinity  
 Our manhood to unite;  
 He took on corporeity  
 And flesh the WORD was made,  
 The mystery of Deity  
 In Jesus was displayed.

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.

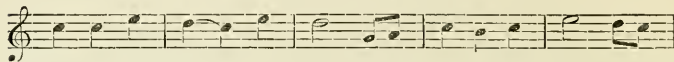
The foxes had their hiding-place  
 Where they could safely rest,  
 The birds their own abiding-place  
 In tall tree-tops possessed;  
 But He, whose liberality,  
 Gave them and all things birth,  
 Was needing hospitality—  
 A fugitive on earth.

Hymn by DOGALD EUCHANAN. The air is that sung in Rannòch, where the hymn was composed. It was contributed to this collection by a native of that district.

## 12—ORAN MU LEANABH OC—A CHILD IN HEAVEN.



KEY: f: S . S | l : s : l | d' : - : s . s | l : l : d' | s : - : s . l )  
 C. Eha mi'm | ehadal gu | blath Ann am | fagadh mo | mhath'r, I'g au )  
 I lay warm at rest On my mother's dear breast, And her



{ d' : d' : m' | r' : d' : m' | r' : - : s . l | d' : t : d' | m' : - : r' . d' }  
 phagadh 's a | lamh fo mo | sheann, Thainig | teachdair a bhàis, Thuit 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' : - : }  
 sibhlainn gu'n | dàil, 'S nach robh | fuireach no | tàmh domh | ann. ||  
 call me on high, And no longer could I a - bide.

Dhùisg mo mhathair le gaor,  
 'S thuit 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 habh.

'Nuair dhuin iad mo shuil  
 Thainig ainglean na cùirt,  
 'S thug iad mìs' leo cho dlùth 's cho luath;  
 Chaidh sinn troimh na glinn dorch'  
 Far nach bu leir dhuibh bhur lorg,  
 Ach thainig sonas nis orm bhitheas buan.

Nam faiceadh m'athair 's mo mhath'r  
 Meud mo sheanas 's an ait' s'  
 Bhiodh iad toilicht gun d'fhag mi'n saogh'l;  
 'S bhiodh gach latha mar bhliadh'n  
 Gus am faigheadh iad triall,  
 Gu co-chomunn ta siorruidh luan.

Tha cuid so as gach ait'  
 Air an tional le gras,  
 As gach treubh agus pairt de'n t-sluagh,  
 Ach 's ann aca tha'n gaol  
 Nach robh 'n leithid measg dhaoin'  
 'Nuair a bha iad 's an t-saoghal thruagh.

'S ann 's an ait' so tha'n ceòl  
 Nach teid mhasgadh le bròn;  
 Tha e fantuinn 'n an oran nuadh,  
 Clu' is onoir is ghloir  
 Do'n tì bha marbh is tha beo,  
 A shaor sinne o'n doruinn bhuan.

She awoke with a start,  
 Crying, "Love of my heart!"  
 What ails thee? Thou art not dead!"  
 And she fondled me so,  
 She would not let me go  
 Till my life, ebbing low, had fled.

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

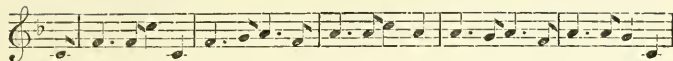
Could my parents conceive  
 What joys I receive,  
 They never would grieve for me;  
 They would long to appear  
 With the holy ones here,  
 Where such fellowship dear can be;

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

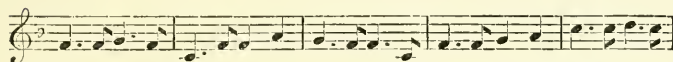
Free from discords of pain,  
 We hear the sweet strain,  
 Which shall ever remain a new song;  
 A new song which we raise  
 To our Saviour always,  
 To whom honour and praise belong.

Lyrics by P. GRANT; translated by L. MACDEAN. Melody written down from a native of Strathpey.

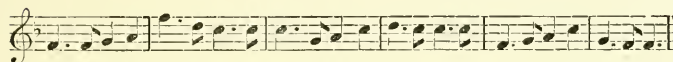
13—MORACHD DHÈ—THE GREATNESS OF GOD.



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



{ | d :-d | r :-d | s<sub>1</sub> :-d | d :m | r :-d | d :-s<sub>1</sub> | d :-d | r :m | s :-s | l :-s<sub>1</sub> |  
 { | 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<sub>1</sub> | s :-r | m :s | l :-s | s :-s | d :-r | m :s | r :-d | d :-s<sub>1</sub> |  
 { | bhell 'san t-èaghlach nì | o'n dà; O's | beag an eachdrafh | chualas diot, 'S cha | mhàr do d'ghnòmh a' ta fo'n ghréin. |  
 history has been lit - the toll; This world is but of yesterday; Few of Thy deeds can we behold.

Ge d' thionndadh 'ghrian gu neo-nì rist,  
 'S gach nì fa chuairt a soluis m'òir;  
 'S co beag bhiodh t' oibre 'g ionndrainn uath,  
 'S bhiodh 'n cuan ag ionndrainn sìleadh 'nheòir.  
 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.

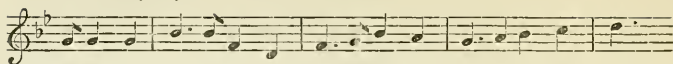
Le'r tuigse thana 's diomhain dninn  
 Ehi sgrùdadh 'chuain a ta gun òrlloch;  
 An litir 's lugha dh' ainm ar Dé,  
 Is tuille 's luchd da 'r reusan l.  
 Oir nì bheil dadum coltach riut,  
 Am measg t'uil' oibre fein gu leir,  
 'S am measg nan daoine nì bheil cainnt  
 A dh' innseas t' ainm ach t'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

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

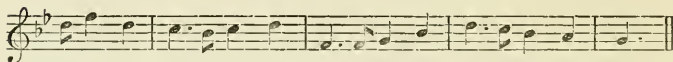
Our shallow minds in vain explore  
 This fathomless and shoreless main;  
 One letter of God 's name is more  
 Than human reason can sustain.  
 Nought is there like Thyself among  
 The works which Thou of old didst frame;  
 Nor is there speech on human tongue,  
 But Thine own Word, can tell Thy name.

# 14—EARBS' A CHRÌOSDUIDH—CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE.

*Slow and with feeling.*



KEY  $f$ ,  $l_1$  |  $l_1$  :  $l_1$  |  $d$  : - .  $d$  |  $s_1$  :  $m$  |  $s_1$  : - .  $l_1$  |  $d$  :  $t_1$  |  $l_1$  : - .  $t_1$  |  $d$  :  $r$  |  $m$  : - . }  
 B<sup>D</sup>. Dhla, dean mo phlaundach ann an Crìosd, 'S mo chrìonach bristidh mach le blath,  
 Lord, if Thou plantest me in Christ, In bloom shall burst my withered tree,



{  $m$  |  $s$  :  $m$  |  $r$  : - .  $d$  |  $r$  :  $m$  |  $s_1$  : - .  $s_1$  |  $l_1$  :  $d$  |  $m$  : - .  $r$  |  $d$  :  $t_1$  |  $l_1$  : - . } ||  
 Is hì'dh gach sùbhaile 's naomha gleus Mar mheas a làb mo gheug gu làr!  
 Weighed down to earth its boughs shall he, With graces as with fruits unpriced!

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh tog gu nèamh,  
 Is thoir dhomh earlas air do ghràdh,  
 A dh' fhògras m' eagal uile uam,  
 'S a shaoras mi o uamhunn bhàis.

'N sin atadh tonnan borb a' chuain,  
 Is beucadh torann chruaidh nan speur;  
 Thigeadh crith-thalmhuinn, gort, is plàigh,  
 Bhios 'roinn a' bhàis gach taobh a théid.

Bi thus' a'd Dhia do m'anam féin,  
 'S bi'dh iad gu léir dhomh 'n càirdeas gràidh;  
 Cha loisg an tein' gun òrdugh uat,  
 Cha sluig an cuan, 's cha sgrios a phlàigh.

Am feadh bhios cumhachd ann ad làimh,  
 Bi'dh mise sàbhailt' o gach olc:  
 'S cha 'n eagal leam gu 'm bi mi 'n dìth  
 Gu slorruidh no gu 'm fàs thu hochd.

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.

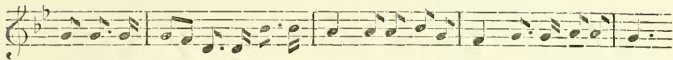
While Thou hast power in Thine arm,  
 From every ill I am secure,  
 And as my God can ne'er be poor,  
 Want cannot cause my soul alarm.

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

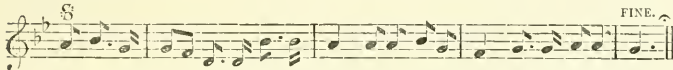
Words from ECHANAN'S "Prayer." The tune is a common Gaelic air adapted. A version of it appears in the *Celtic Lyre*.



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



KEY ( . l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> ., m<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : d . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . )  
 B<sup>7</sup>. ( 'S e gradh m' Fhear saor - aith a bhlios 'n a cheol dhombh, 'S ann air tu choir dhoubh bhí deanamh | ggeul; )  
 My Saviour's love shall be still my sto - ry, It is my mu - sic while here be - low; )



( . t<sub>1</sub> : d ., l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> ., m<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : d . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . )  
 'O'n 's e thug coir dhombh le fhuil a | dhortadh Air saorsa ghloirmhor a chloinne fein.  
 'S nuair theid ní dhachaidh a gleann nan deoir so 'S e sud mo cheol anns an t-saghal chein.  
 He bough't me freedom and life and glo - ry, And by His death sav'd my soul from woe.  
 And when I have from this vale de - part - ed, 'Twill be my so - lace for aye above.

D.S.



( . l<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : m . l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . d | r : r . t<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m : m . r : d . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . )  
 'S e sud an t-oran a bheir dhombh solas Cho fad's is | beo mí 's a chruinne ché;  
 What can console me when heav - y hearted, But this sweet song of His gracious love?

Tha mí an dochas a dhol 'n a chodhail  
 Anus na neoil 'nuair a thig e fein,  
 'S ní'n sealladh mor sin de aghaidh ghloirmhor  
 Na h-níle 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 chí sinn moran 'n a bhreith 's 'n a lhas deth,  
 Is chí sinn pairt deth's 'n a h-uile cenn.

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 bhá iad 'g a fhogradh o thír gu tír.  
 Le meud a ghairdeachas ann ar slainte  
 Chuir e an naire ann an neo-bhrigh;  
 'S le meud a ghraidh dhuinn ghalh e ar nadur  
 A chum ar tearnadh o'n t-slochd is isle.

Anns a cheart nadur's 'n a pheacach Adhamb,  
 'N uair thug e'm bas air a shliochd gu leir,  
 'S ann rinn an Slanuighhear gach ní an aird  
 'S an lagh rinu ardaigh le umhlachd fein, [dheth,  
 'S a chum ar tearnadh o chumhachd báis  
 Leig e bheathla mhán, deananh 'n aird na reit';  
 Is chum a bbraithrean a thoirt gu Farras  
 Dh' fhuing e 'm bas air a chranna-cheus.

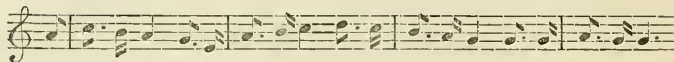
My sweetest hope is at last to meet Him  
 When in the clouds His blest form appears;  
 That sight most glorious, when I shall greet Him,  
 Shall wholly banish my griefs and tears.  
 The love of Jesus, that boundless treasure,  
 Has depths and heights that can ne'er be known;  
 Its strong endurance we ne'er can measure,  
 Though in His sufferings so much was shown;

A Man of sorrows, with none to aid Him,  
 The scoll 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.

Hy. an 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.



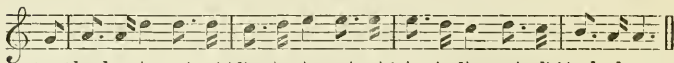
KEY. f. l | d' ., t : l : s ., m | l ., t : d' : r' ., d' | t ., l : s : s ., s | l ., s : s : - . )  
 C. (S an t-seann scanachas bha Gaidheil ainmeil, Measg dhaoine b'ainmig an leithid ann, )  
 In ancient stories the Gael were glorious, And oft vic-tor-ious in fields of fight;



{ l | d' ., t : l : s ., m | l ., t : d' : d' ., d' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : r' : - . )  
 { Le gaisg is cruadal, is creach air uairilh, 'S bha'm fuil co naibhreach toirt buaidh dhaibh ann )  
 Their strength was proudest, their war-shout loudest, And war and plunder was their delight;



{ . d' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : r' : d' ., r' | m' ., r' : d' : l ., l | l ., m : s : - . )  
 { Gun tuigs' gun chiall ac' mu thimchiollsiorr' achd'S chial chual lad diadhadh bh' i d'air ann, )  
 But in their rudeness they knew not goodness, No godly fear in their hearts was found,



{ . s | l ., l : r' : r' ., r' | d' ., r' : m' : m' ., m' | m' ., r' : d' : r' ., d' | t ., l : l : - . )  
 { Ach baist' is posadh is suidh aig orduigh'n, E'e sud an dochas a bha'n an ceann. )  
 Though they were christened, and sat and listened At high communions when they came round.

Bhithheadh eagal mor orra ro' na bocain,  
 'S iad faicinn moran duibh nach bhithheadh ann,  
 Bhithheadh gisreag's orraichean is seachnadh  
 chomhlaichean

Is moran seolaidhean faoin'n an ceann.  
 An sluagh gun churam rachadh's na cuiltean,  
 Mar theid na bruidean a ghabhail tamb,  
 Gun leughadh, gun urnuigh, gun seinn air cliu dha,  
 'S b'e sud an d'chhas bha measg nan Gaidheal !

A Rìgh nan Sluagh ! 's e's fearr 's an uair so,  
 Bhi sealltuinn suas riut a'd ionad tamh ;  
 'S mar eisd an sluagh ruinn, a Rìgh, gabh truas  
 'S ar gearan truagh thigeadh ann do lath' r' ; [dhuinn,  
 O'n tha thu beo, is gur toigh leat trocair,  
 Thoir duinne eolas, 's ann air do ghràs,  
 Ach cia mar labhradh sinn air an doigh sin ?  
 'S ann air do m'brachd a rinn sinn tair.

Ach e'ait' an teid sinn, no co ni feum duinn ?  
 Cha'n'eil fo'n gheirn na ni dhuinn sta,  
 Ach Uan Dé o'n 's e phlaigh an eiric  
 Le meud an cifeachd a bha'n a bhias.  
 Ma gheibh sinn speul air's gun dean sinn feum  
 'S gun dean thu eiseachd ruinn air a sgath, [d'beth,  
 Bidh sinn fo dhion's theid sinn as o phiantaibh,  
 A seinn gu siorruidh air cliu do ghràs.

With minds in error, they thought with terror  
 Of shapes unearthly and dark alarms,  
 But sought salvation in incantation  
 In spells unbolv 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 what'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. Beannach clann nan daoine  
 O Lord! Most adored! Ac-cord blessing to mankind,

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



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.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : r | m, fe | \hat{s} : - : l_1, s_1 | s_1 : - : - | m : - : s | r : - : d | r, m | d : - : - | \\ d : - : r | d : - : s_1 | s_1 : - : d | t_1 : - : f_1 | m_1 : - : - | l_1 : - : s_1 | f_1 : - : m_1 | f_1, s_1 | m_1 : - : - | \\ m : - : t_1 | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : - : d | d : - : - | d : - : d | t_1 : - : t_1 | d : - : - | \\ d : - : s_1 | l_1 : - : t_1 | d : - : l_1 | s_1 : - : d_1 | d : - : - | t_1 | l_1 : - : m_1 | s_1 : - : s_1 | d_1 : - : - | \end{array} \right\}$

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

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

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

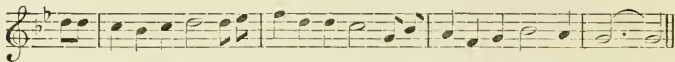
Most High! Hear our cry!  
 Be nigh  
 All before Thy face.  
 Oh, do Thon bless us now;  
 Endow  
 Us with strength and grace.

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

18—COIGRICH—STRANGERS.



KEY: f: | d | t: s: l: | m: - : r: m | s: l: s | m: - : l: d | t: s: l: | f: - : r | m: - : - | - : - )  
 BD. ( O is | mìthich dhuinn gluas'd. agus | sìubhal gu luath, Cha bh'i'n laithean ro bhuan fo'n | ghrein; )  
 Let us ever press on, for our life is soon gone, Oh, swiftly our moments fly;



{ m: m | r: d: r | m: - : m: f | s: m: m | r: - : l: d | t: s: l: | d: - : t: | l: - : - | - : - ||  
 'S coigrich sinn is luchd cuairt, 'g iarraidh'n | duthaich tha shuas, Tha ar | dachaidh'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 chuairt,

Cha'n'eil fois dhuinn no suaimhneas ann,  
 Ach tha'r sùilean riut fein, tha air neamhaibh  
 nan speur,

Their oirnn gu'n ruith sinn an reis gu ceann.

'S ann tha sinn 's an nair s' mar long air a chnau,  
 Measg nan tonn a ta uaibhreach àrd,  
 Ach 's treise'n 'Ti sinn tha shuas na tuitlean  
 dlroch shuaigh,

'S tu chaisgeas am fuaim nuair is àill.

'S tu bheir ardan an gnùis gu tamh ghabhail 's an  
 uir,

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

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

O stùir sin le d' ghràs gus an ruig sinn an t-ait'  
 Anns am bi sinn gu sabbhailt beo,  
 Far nach bi sinn 'g ar luasgadh dol thuige is uaith  
 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.

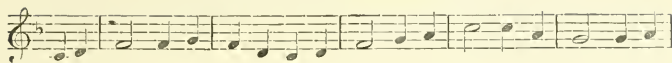
Sore troubled are we, like a ship on the sea,  
 Amid billows that surge and swell;  
 Yet the Lord is more strong than the fierce flood  
 of wrong,  
 And His voice shall their anger quell.

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.

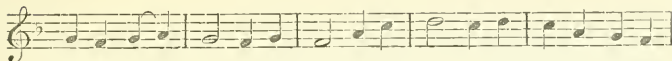
Oh, guide us by grace to that happy place  
 Where we shall in safety be,  
 No longer distressed and tossed without rest,  
 Like a ship on the raging sea.

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

19—ORAN GADIL—A SONG OF LOVE.



KEY F. (S<sub>1</sub>: l<sub>1</sub> | d :- | d : r | d : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d :- | r : m | s :- | s : m | r :- | r : m )  
 Togaibh naoimhibh, luath-ghaire, deanaibh gair - deachas ur! O'n a fhuair sibh bhí'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 )  
 fahbor ri Ard - Rìgh nan dul; 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 :- )  
 trailleadh bu mho, 'Sgund'rinne sglambach le shlatat sibh, thugabhh dhasan an clu.  
 made by His grace, Ye are clothed with salva - tion, Then re - e - cho His praise.

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

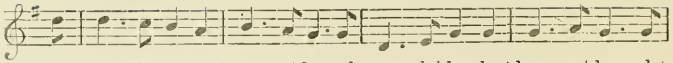
Ach o'n dh' fheuch thu do gbradh dhomh,  
 O, na fag-sa mi chaoidh,  
 Gus am faic mi ad ghloir thu  
 'S cha bhí bron ann no caoidh.  
 Nuair a thig an la mor sin  
 'S saorsa ghloir-mhor do naoimh  
 Bì'dh mi deasach' mo lochran  
 Gu dol an comhail mo Rìgh.

O most gracious Saviour,  
 Be Thou 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.

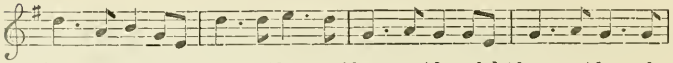
Never, never forsake me,  
 From all ill keep me free,  
 Till with gladness Thou take me  
 All Thy glory to see.  
 Till we see Thee returning  
 Our deliverance to bring,  
 Keep my lamp brightly burning,  
 So to welcome my KING.

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

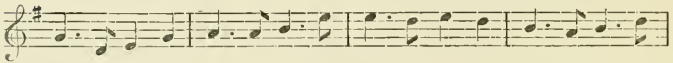
20—A CHRIOCH—THE END.



KEY  $\text{F}\sharp$  | s : -f | m : r | m : -r | d : -d | s<sub>1</sub> : -l<sub>1</sub> | d : d | d : -r | d : -d |  
 G. (Air | charbad teine suidhidh Crìosd, 'S mu'n cuairt da beucaidh 'n tairneanach, A' )  
 On fi - ery chariot Christ shall ride, With thunders rolling round His path, To



{ | s : -r | m : d.l<sub>1</sub> | s : -s | l : -s | d : -r | d : d.l<sub>1</sub> | d : -r | d : -d | }  
 { dol le ghairm gu crìoch nan nèamh, 'S a' reub' nan neul gu doinnionnach. o }  
 bear His voice through hea - ven wide, And rend the clouds with storm and wrath. Out



{ | d : -s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d | r : -r | m : -l | l : -s | l : s | m : -r | m : -s | }  
 { chuibhlìbh charbaid thig a mach, Sruth mor de theine laist' le féirg; Is }  
 from His chariot - wheels shall go The fi - ery torrents of His ire, The



{ | l : -d | d : d | r : -d | d : -r | m : -r | d : l<sub>1</sub>s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : -d | d : - : || }  
 { sgaoilidh '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 Dhìle 'nuas le teas,  
 Ceart mar a leghas teine cèir :  
 Na cnuic 's na sléibhteas lasaidh suas,  
 'S bì'dh teas-ghoil air a chuan gu léir.  
 An cùrtain gorm tha null o'n ghréin,  
 'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chleòc,  
 Crupaidh an lasair e r'a chéil,  
 Mar bhéilleig air na h-èibhlìbh beò.

'S a chum an doinnion atadh suas,  
 O cheithir àirdibh gluaisidh 'ghaoth ;  
 Ga sgiùrs' le neart nan angeal treun,  
 Luathach' an léir-sgrìos o gach taobh.  
 Tha obair nan sè là rinn Dia,  
 Le lasair dhian 'g a chur m'a sgaoil ;  
 Cia mor do shaibhreas Rìgh nam fear,  
 Nach iondrain 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.

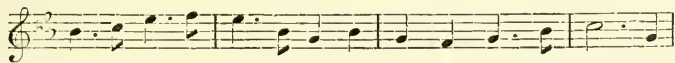
And still the fiery storm to urge  
 The four strong winds togethèr haste,  
 And, with the might of angels, scourge  
 The willing flames to wilder waste.  
 Thus do destroying powers repeal  
 Thy six days' work with one accord,  
 But Thy dominion would not feel  
 The loss of thousand worlds, O Lord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

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

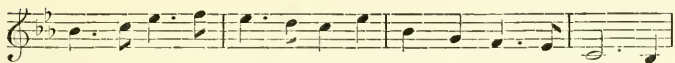
21—GLEANN NA H-IRIOSLACHD—THE VALLEY OF HUMILITY.



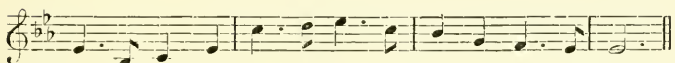
KEY: f: S<sub>1</sub> | d : - . r | m : - . r | d : - . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : m | r : - . d | d : - | - : s<sub>1</sub> )  
 E<sub>7</sub>. ( 'S e | sin an gleann is | fearr a tha 's an | fhasach so gu | leir; Na'  
 Oh, vale most sweet and low - ly found in all this des - ert drear! There



( | s : - . l | d<sup>1</sup> : - . r<sup>1</sup> | d<sup>1</sup> : - . s | m : s | m : r | m : - . s | l : - | - : m )  
 | naoimh b<sup>1</sup>dh ann a' | sraideamachd, is | pairt diu sil - eadh | dheur; B<sup>1</sup>dh )  
 walk the good and ho - ly, there doth fall the fre - quent tear; Their



( | s : - . l | d<sup>1</sup> : - . r<sup>1</sup> | d<sup>1</sup> : - . t | l : d<sup>1</sup> | s : m | r : - . d | l<sub>1</sub> : - | - : s<sub>1</sub> )  
 | bron air son am | peacaidh orr', 's | lad | beachdachadh gu | gear Air )  
 love and grief are blending in these tears as they behold Their



( | d : - . s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : d | l : - . t | d<sup>1</sup> : - . l | s : m | r : - . d | d : - | - : )  
 | gradh do - hnst an | t - Slanraigheir, 's a | ghrainéalachd th'ann' | fein. ||  
 vile - ness and of - fend - ing, and their Saviour's love untold.

An seachas an Ti 's àirde  
 Tha luchd-aiteachaidh a ghlinn,  
 'S a ghuth 's a bhriathran ghloir-mhor  
 Toirt sith is solas cuim.  
 Tha 'n t-uisge 's fearr 's na h ailmhnichean,  
 'S a ghrian fìor chaoimhneil da,  
 Tha fàsghadh 'n àm na stoirm ann,  
 'S gur hoidheach gorm e ghnath.

A Thighearna, deonaich dhomhsa  
 Bhi ri m' bheo a fuireach ann,  
 Cùm m'anan bho fhein-fhìrinnteachd  
 Is leanam Ios' gu teann.  
 Bho ghathan mo luchd-mìoruin  
 Dean mo dhion a dh' oich' is là,  
 Gach freumh de 'n pheacaidh spion asam  
 Is glan mo chridh' 'n ad ghràdh.

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.



Nnair bhios mi airtneulach, Triall m'astair bhronaich thruagh,  
O'er woes and wea - ri - ness, Dark - ness and drear - i - ness,

KEY  
G.

{	m	:-	-	f	:-	m		m	:-	-	r	:-	-	d	:-	-	d	:-	-	d	:-	-	l	s	:-	-	-		
{	d	:-	-	d	:-	d		d	:-	-	t	:-	-	s	:-	-	l	:-	-	s	l	:-	-	f	l	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 ghlòirmhoir, neartaich mi, Fòir orm is deònaich 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	s	:-	-	d	d	:-	-	-

Nuair bhios mi sgith fo chradh,  
Nuair bhios mo dhochas fann,  
Bi-sa mo dhleann àrd  
'S m' fhior ionad-comhnuidh ann.

Nuair bhios mi 'm bruailean stri,  
'N cruaidh amhghar dolasach,  
Lion mi le suaimhneas sìth  
'S nuadh chreideamh solasach.

Nuair bhios mi treigte, truagh,  
'N t-eug fhuar 'g an spinnheadh lom,  
Tiormaich mo dheura suas,  
Tog dhìom mo thursa trom.

Fuadaich na teagamhan  
'S cagail a shàruich mi,  
Glan uam 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.

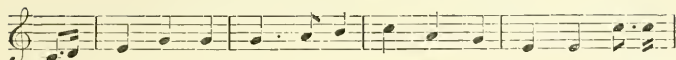
When griefs are numberless,  
When cares are slumberless,  
Grant me tranquillity,  
Faith and humility.

When joys are leaving me,  
And deaths bereaving me,  
My foolish fears allay,  
Wipe all my tears away.

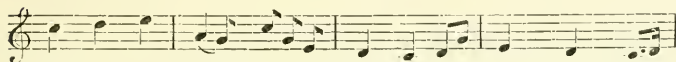
From donbt's obscurity,  
From sin's impurity,  
Oh, set me free by grace,  
So shall I see Thy face.



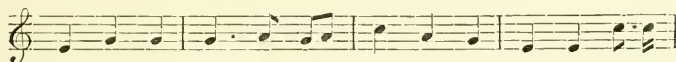
23—MIANN AN ANAM—THE SOUL'S DESIRE.



KEY: f: d, r | m : s : s | s : - l : t | d' : l : s | m : m : d', d' )  
 C. ( Tha m'inutinn-s' an geall a bhi | thall thar uisg' | 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 )  
 Priunsa na sio - chaint b'e mo mhlann dol 'na chomh - ail. 'Se  
 fain dwell for ev - er where the Priuce 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 : r | m : r )  
 h-eil - ean - a cuainteach ni e'n cuairteach - adh dhachaidh.  
 far isles of o - cean His lost ones He leadeth.

Is e àilteachd thar chàch  
 Thug mo ghradh-sa co mòr dha,  
 'S nuair bhith's e as m'fhianuis,  
 B'ìdh mi cianail, ro-bhrònach.  
 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 phaigneas m' nil' fhiachan  
 'S ni mo dhìon o gach dòruinn;  
 Tha gach latha mar bhliadhna  
 Gus an crìochnaich ni m' astar  
 Gus an bi mi 'na fhianuis  
 Troimh shiorruidheachd cur beachd air.

All His graces are peerless,  
 And my love they awaken;  
 But my spirit is cheerless,  
 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.

24—LEANABH AN AIGH—CHILD IN THE MANGER.

KEY  
E♭. { d : m : s | d' : - : - | r' : - : - | t : l : s | l : - : - | s : - : - | d : r : m | s : - : - }

Leanabh an à - - - igh! Leanabh bh'aig | Màì - 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 }

bull, Rìgh nan dùl! | Thaing do'n fhàs - - - ach, Dh'fhuiling 'nar }  
ger, Lord of all! Child who inher - - - its All our trans - - - }

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

n-ait - e | Son' iad an air - - - eamh Eitheas dha dluth! |  
gres - sions, All our demer - - - its On Him fall! |

Ged a bhithas leanaban  
Aig rìghrean na talmhainn,  
'N greadhnachas garbh  
'Us anabarr muirn,  
'S gearr gus am falbh iad  
'S fasaidh iad annhuinn,  
An ailleachd 's an dealbh  
A searg' 'san uir.

Cha b' ionann 's an t-Uan  
A thainig g'ar fuasgladh,  
Iriosal stuama,  
Chluais e'n tus;  
E naomh gun truailleachd,  
Ornithhear an t-sluaigh,  
Dh'i' 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 thoit dha;  
Is sona an aireamh  
Bhithas dha dluth.

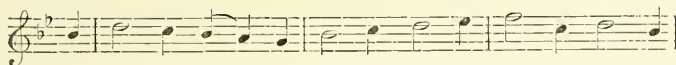
Monarchs have tender  
Delicate children,  
Nourished in splendour,  
Proud and gay;  
Death soon shall banish  
Honour and beauty,  
Pleasure shall vanish,  
Forms decay.

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.

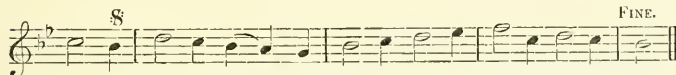
Prophets foretold Him—  
Infant of wonder;  
Angels behold Him  
On His throne;  
Worthy our Saviour  
Of all their praises,  
Happy for ever  
Are His own.

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

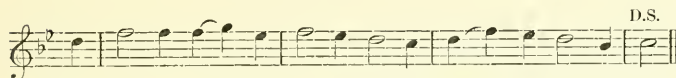
25—AONACHD RI CRIOSD—UNION WITH CHRIST.



KEY *f*:*d* | *m* :- :*r* | *d* :*t*:*l*:*l* | *d* :- :*r* | *m* :- :*f* | *s* :- :*r* | *m* :- :*d* )  
*B.7.* { *B*'e | *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



{ *r* :- :*d* | *m* :- :*r* | *d* :*t*:*l*:*l* | *d* :- :*r* | *m* :- :*f* | *s* :- :*r* | *m* :- :*r* | *d* :- :  
 { *C*riod! *Air* | *chor's* *gu'm* *bi* | *thu* *reir* a *ghne* | *'S* *gu* *meal* *thu* e *gu* *flor*. ||  
 one, His na - ture and His power divine Made thine while a - ges run.  
 Is leat a *nhais'* *ts* u - ram ard, Is leat *gun* *chaid* a *ghloir*.  
 His glor - y bright and beau - ty rare, And joy that ne'er shall dim.



{ *m* | *s* :- :*s* | *s* :*l*:*f* | *s* :- :*f* | *m* :- :*r* | *m* :*s*:*f* | *m* :- :*d* | *r* :- :  
 { *Air* | *dhuit* *bhi* pos - da | *ri* Mac *Dhe*, 's leat *feiu* a *shuibhreas* | *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 uile thog e uait  
 Le dhioladh bunadhach fìor.  
 Gach teasairginn, gach dìon is gaol  
 Bheir daoim' d' an ceile graidh,  
 Bheir Criosd sin duit-s' is tuille fos  
 Rì d' bhèo le cridhe blath.

Nuair sheasas tu le aoibhneas ard  
 An la'ir a Bhreitheimh choir,  
 'N sin thig do bhinn a mach gu caoin,  
 O d' charaid gaoil, d' fhear-posed'.  
 Nuair chì thu ardachadh d' fhir-posed',  
 D'a ghloir is leat-sa roinn,  
 Co-ghloir, co-shonas is co-naill,  
 'S thu fuaight ris mar cho-oirghr'?

Cha bhi na h-aingle 's binne clin  
 Co dluth ri Criosd riut fein;  
 Is ceile thus', is oiglaich iads'  
 Gu d' riarachadh gu leir.  
 Cha'n fhaic thu chaidh am measg nan sluagh  
 Bhios shuas an sud gu h-ard  
 Aon nasal mar do charaid gaoil  
 Ta aonaicht riut tre ghras.

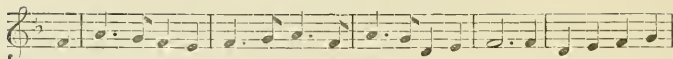
Thou hast brought Him but pain and loss,  
 For on the cross He paid  
 The hopeless debt that thou hast owed;  
 Thy load on Him was laid.  
 With all the sympathy and love  
 A man may give his bride,  
 Thy Lord shall make, while ages roll,  
 Thy soul be satisfied.

And when before God's throne thou art,  
 Shall not thy heart rejoice  
 Thy gracious sentence there to bear  
 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-beir.

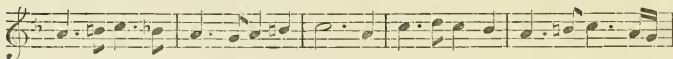
Thou, nearer than the angel band,  
 On His right hand shalt be;  
 Thou art His bride in queenly state,  
 And they but wait on thee.  
 Oh, never shalt thou see among  
 That glorious throng above  
 One half so fair or good as He  
 Who gave to thee His love.

From hymn by Dr. MACGREGOR; imitated in English by L. M.

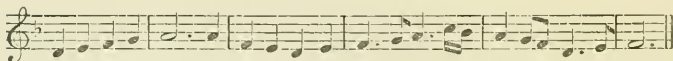
26—AM MEANGAN—THE BRANCH.



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



{  $m$  :  $-fe$  |  $s$  :  $-f$  |  $m$  :  $-r$  |  $m$  :  $fe$  |  $s$  :  $-$  |  $-m$  |  $s$  :  $-l$  |  $s$  :  $f$  |  $m$  :  $-fe$  |  $s$  :  $-m$  }  
 taghta luachmhor, 's airidh e air eliu, Am Meangan usal | 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 dhrìochd, A gheugan dosrach sin - te suas, 's iad | tarraing uaithe | sìgh. |  
 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, cùbhradh, taitneach,  
 urar, og,  
 Aluinn, eiatach, 's e ro sgiamhach, miannaicht air gach dòigh,  
 Gnn fheachd no fàraidh, ruaidh no erionadh, gun ghaoid, no glamh, no go.

Crann ro-phriseil, miann na fridhe, 's e gu dìreach fas,  
 E air sìneadh mach a gheugan 's iad gu leir fo bhìlath,  
 Nach mothaich tart mu am an teas, nach searg 's nach crìon gu brath.  
 Air nisge seimh tha e 'na thamh, 's cha tiormaich mhèud an trasg.

Tha amhainn fìor-ghlan raith n'a chrìochaibh dh'fhìor-uisg shoilleir, beo,  
 C'ur sibhachas an crìdh' gach aon a gheibh dì taon'ri ol,  
 Tha slaint' is brach 'na dhuilleach cubhraidh do'n anam brùit' fo leon,  
 Beatha is òc-shlaint dhaibh fo'n iarguinna, s gheibh dream gun luthis uaithe treoir.

Meangan eluichteach 's e air lubadh le ur-nheas chum an Iar,  
 Toirt toradh trom gach am 'sa bhliadh'n, 's gu sìorruidh a toirt fais,  
 Tha e brioghor 's mor a mhìlseachd anns gach linn is àl,  
 'S gach eun tha glan ann measg na coil' 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.

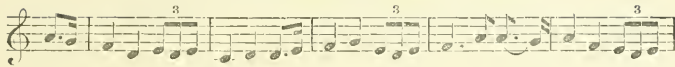
A princely stem, the forest's gem, it ever fairly grows,  
 Its branches broad beneath a load of blossoms far it throws;  
 When suns are hot it withers not, no drought or thirst it knows,  
 But beareth fruit, for at its root the living water flows.

That river clear, that floweth near with current pure and bright,  
 Alone imparts to him-an 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. Translation by L. M.

27—LA BHREITHEANAIS—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.



KEY:  $f: 1..s | f : r : m r m | d : r : r. m | f : s : m r m | f : -l : l..s | l : f : m r m$   
 G. (o | anam, gu curam Nis | d'uisg a - gus | sunainich Nair thug | Leonhan through)  
 Rouse, O soul, from thy languor! When thou seest ap - pear - ing Judah's Li - on in



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



$d' : r' : t l t | d' : -r' : d'..r' | m' : r' : t l t | d' : l : d'..t | l : f : l s f | m : -r$   
 Iamb a bhi | buadhach Nair a chi thu 'na | ghloir e 'S ainle | gloir-mhor mu'u | cuairt da?  
 proud arm be rearing, When His power thou be - hold - est, Whom the heavens are re - ver - ing?

Cluinn an trompaid 'ga seileadh,  
 '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-uaignean,  
 'S bhruchd 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 fuaim tha'nms na speuraibh,  
 Chrith gach creutair air thalamh;  
 'N cuan 's na tonnan a beucaich,  
 'S bonn nan sleibhtean air carach,  
 'S cridhe dhaoine 'g an treigsinn,  
 Ach e' ait' an teid iad 'g am falach?

Ach, anam, ma fhuir thu  
 Fuil an Uain gu do shaoaradh,  
 Na biodh do chridhe 'gad fhailinn  
 Chluinntinn caranb 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 tuiltean a chual thu  
 Thig air an t-sluagh nach tug gaol da.

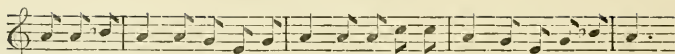
Hark! the trumpet-sound blending  
 With the flame's wild explosion;  
 See! the dead are ascending,  
 Yielding lowly devotion!  
 Graves unnumbered restore them,  
 All earth's dust is in motion,  
 And the dark depths outpour them  
 From the caves of the ocean!

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 man's hearts back recoiling,  
 Every hope is forsaking.

But if Christ's blood avail thee,  
 O my soul, for abolution,  
 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. Translation by L. M.

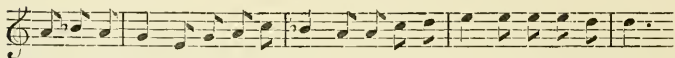
28—GAIRDEACHAS—JOY.



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 | eo - las Air neach cho | gloirmhor ri aon Mhac | Dhe !

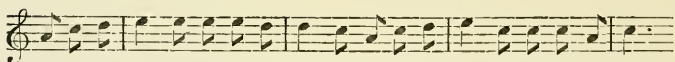
Oh, sweetest joy without stint or measure, The love of Je - sus to earth come down !



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

Cha nithean feolmhor ri'm beil an | doch - as Ach eru na | glair aon an rioghachd | nelmh. }

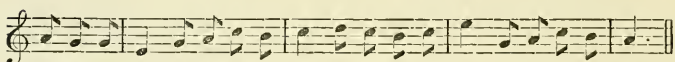
Oh, poor to us were earth's richest treasure, Who hope to wear an immortal crown.



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

Bu bhochd an storas leo gleann nan | deoir so, 'S na bheil de | dh'oir agus a chruinne - che ;

A poor posses - sion were all cre - 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 bhi thall air | Jordan, A seinn an | erain 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 gàird'cheas,  
Anns gach sarach thig oirbh fo'n ghrein ?  
Togaibh Hosanna do'n Ti a bhàsaich,  
Tha chliu air ardach' os cionn nan neamh ;  
'S nuair a chuimhnichas sibh air fhabhor  
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 sìth ris an 'Ti 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 threunn,  
Is amhluidh shaoras e fos a shluagh uath'  
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, Strathspay.

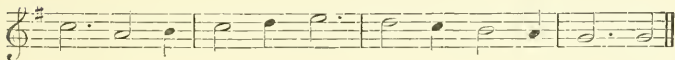
29—AN FHOIS SHIORRUIDH—THE REST ETERNAL.



KEY:  $f: I_1$  |  $d: - : r | m: - : - | d: - : r | m: - : d | f: - : - | r: - : r | d: - : r | m: - : -$  }  
 G. { Nach | so - na suaimh - | neach an slugh a | dh' fhag sinn, Theich | as gach truaigh }  
 The hap - py dead whom the Lord hath tak - en, Have rest for ev -



{  $m: - : f | m: - : d | r: - : - | r: - : I_1 | d: - : r | m: - : - | d: - : r | m: - : d$  }  
 '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 -



{  $f: - : - | r: - : m | f: - : s | l: - : - | s: - : f | m: - : r | d: - : - | d: - : -$  }  
 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, fuil 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 ghrèin so'  
 Dh' fhosgail an suil ann an dè-thaich neanbaidh'  
 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 mì-rianail làidir,  
 'S o smuaintean diomhain bhà riamh 'gan sarach.

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

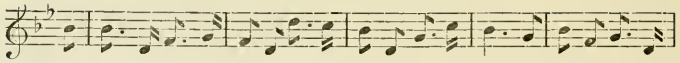
For when He gave them a hope so glorious,  
 They placed their souls in His gracious keeping;  
 Through Jesus' blood over death victorious,  
 Their flesh in grave is but softly sleeping.

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.

30—AN CATH—THE CONFLICT.



KEY  $\text{f, d}$  |  $\text{d } \text{.,m}_1$  :  $\text{s}_1 \text{.,l}_1$  |  $\text{s}_1 \text{.,m}_1$  :  $\text{m } \text{.,r}$  |  $\text{d } \text{.,m}_1$  :  $\text{l}_1 \text{.,r}$  |  $\text{d } : \text{-l}_1$  |  $\text{d } \text{.,s}_1$  :  $\text{l}_1 \text{.,m}_1$  }

B<sup>D</sup>. { Is | iomadh | comhrag, | streup is stri | Do'n | chreidmheach | fhior tha'n | dual; | Tha | naimhdeas | ifrionn- }

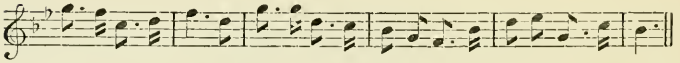
Through many a | sorrow, strife and storm, | Must Christian pilgrims pass; | For powers of | ill in



{  $\text{s}_1 \text{.,m}$  :  $\text{m } \text{.,r}$  |  $\text{d } \text{.,m}$  :  $\text{s } \text{.,l}$  |  $\text{d } : \text{-d}$  |  $\text{r } \text{.,m}$  :  $\text{s } \text{.,l}$  |  $\text{s } \text{.,m}$  :  $\text{d } \text{.,t}_1$  }

all | 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



{  $\text{l } \text{.,s}$  :  $\text{r } \text{.,m}$  |  $\text{s } : \text{-m}$  |  $\text{l } \text{.,l}$  :  $\text{m } \text{.,r}$  |  $\text{d } \text{.,l}_1$  :  $\text{s}_1 \text{.,d}$  |  $\text{m } \text{.,f}$  :  $\text{l}_1 \text{.,r}$  |  $\text{d } : \text{-}$  }

lot | a | chrì' | gu | lerasaidh, | Ach | bhèir e | buaidh 'san | ruaig 'ga | crìch, | Fo | bhrtach | caoin | au | Uain. }

bosom | often | bleeds, | But they shall | conquer | in | the | end, | Who | march | where | Jesus | leads.

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

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

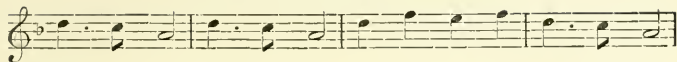
What weary conflicts fierce and long,  
What sudden strokes of pain,  
What trouble and distress and wrong  
Must Christian hearts sustain!  
But when in God's own armour clad,  
Though foes their path assail,  
His mighty strength shall make them glad,  
And they shall still prevail.

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.

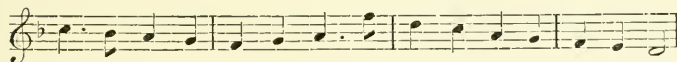
Gaelic words from the hymn by JOHN MORRISON (Ian Moirison a bha anns na Hearadh).



31—SMEIDEADH OIRNN—BECKONING.



KEY F. { l : -s | m : - | l : -s | m : - | l : d' | t : d' | l : -s | m : - }  
 Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn! Ole '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 fuil 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 ;  
 Sùgraidh '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 cliù a' smeideadh oirnn ;  
 Cum sinn unghail, saor o uail,  
 A chum 's nach fas ar cridhe cruaidh.

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;  
 Tuigse 's eolas smeideadh oirnn ;  
 Teagaisg sinn, a chum 's nach claon  
 Ar n-inntinn dh' ionnsuidh bleachdan faoin.

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

Smeideadh oirnn, smeideadh oirnn ;  
 Iosa, 'n Slanuighear, smeideadh oirnn ;  
 Treoraich sinn gu crìch 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.

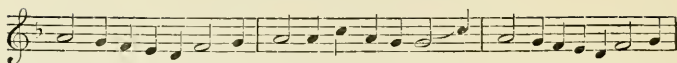
Beckoning, beckoning,  
 Wealth and fame are beckoning ;  
 May our youthful hearts abide  
 Untouched by discontent or pride.

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.

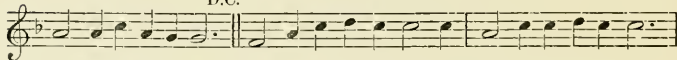
Beckoning, beckoning,  
 See our Saviour beckoning ;  
 Lead us, Lord, till life be past,  
 That we may live with Him at last.

## 32.—NA SLEIBHTEAN—THE MOUNTAINS.

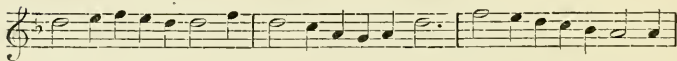


KEY F. { m : - : r | d : t : l | d : - : r | m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : s | m : - : r | d : t : l | d : - : r }  
 'S tosdach ciuin tha na sleibh-tean, Samhach seimheil am feith, Neamh is talamh, 'n an t-amh'air }  
 Sith, mar dhoimhne na fairge, Comhdach carraig is torr— Sith, mar aigeam neo-chriochnach  
 Calm and still are the mountains, Peace hath here her a - bode, Heav'n and earth are repos - ing  
 Sì - lence—solemn, un - broken, Deep and vast as the sea, As the measureless o - cean

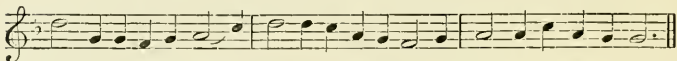
D.C.



{ m : - : m | s : m : r | r : - : - | d : - : m | s : l : s | s : - : s | m : - : s | s : l : s | s : - : - }  
 Sàbaid shoinneanta Dhè. } Dhia, a chruthaich na sleibh-tean, Tha do-ìersinneach dlùth,  
 Cuan na storruidheachd 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 }  
 Their do m'anam bhi sìochail, Their do m'spiorad bhi cìuin. Oh, an sìth tha'n ad làthair, }  
 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 mulaid o'n chridh'— De'nalach dhomhsa 'n a lanachd | 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 seasmach na sleibh-tean,  
 Treun neo-chaochlaideach riamh;  
 Fhuair iad neart am bun-àite  
 'S mòrachd àlail o Dhia.  
 O! is maiseach na sleibh-tean,  
 'G eiridh suas gu na neimh;  
 Bhean do mheoir riù is fhuair iad  
 Bhuats' an àinneachd 's an sgeimh.  
 Neart, is maise, is sìochaint,  
 Lionadh srath agus beinn,  
 Aiteal ghlan o do ghloir-sa,  
 Dril o d' cirdhearcais fein.  
 Theid na sleibh-tean so thairis.  
 Ach 's huan-mhaireannach Dia,  
 'S nochdaidh esan nuadh 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 vanish'd  
 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 II.*

THE SONGS OF THE GAEL.

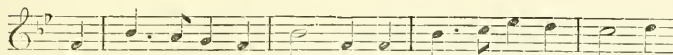
## I N D E X.

Am Buaireadh ... ..	The Temptation ... ..	21
Am Foirneadh ... ..	The Mother's Exhortation ... ..	26
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# SONGS OF THE GAEL.

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

KEY B♭.—Beating twice to the measure.



; s<sub>1</sub> d : - . t<sub>1</sub> l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | 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, Heere, my bonnie maiden,



; f | m : s | m : s | s<sub>1</sub> : - | 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 ghnaith tigh'n na m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal  
 Gu bheil mo mhiaun '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 seallbhachadh do mhanrain  
 Is àille do ghnuis.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanaid, mhàlda,  
 Na h-òigh is caomha nadur,  
 I suaire, ceanail, baigheil,  
 Lan grais agus nuirn.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,  
 Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,  
 Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,  
 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.

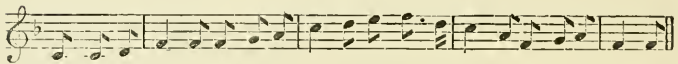
Favorite Gaelic Song. Translation by LACHLAN MACLEAN.

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

KEY F.—*With expression.*



( f . s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . s : s . m | d : d . d : r . m | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . )  
 { 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 |



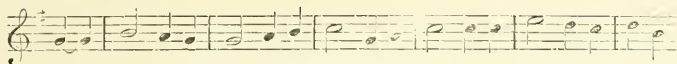
( f . s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . t : d' . l | s : m . d : r . m | d d . ||  
 { Nach fhuigh mi | a' t' ann am fhearann duthchais, Ged phaighinn | crann airson tìnd na broige. }  
 For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me. ||

<p>Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhuisg o m' shuain mi,                      'Se tighinn a nua sorm o bhruaich nam mor-bheann,                      An ciobair Gallda 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,                      E glaothaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.</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 hawling.</p>
<p>Moch maduinn Cheitein, an am dhomb eirigh,                      Cha cheol air gheugan, no geum air mointich,                      Ach sgreadail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla,                      Le coin 'g an eigheach, cur feidh air fogar.</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>An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,                      'San fhearannaigh 's an robh Fionna chombnuidh,                      Cha-n fhuic mi 'n aite ach na caoraich bhana,                      Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-uile comhail.</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>Na glinne chiatach 's am faighteadh fiadhach,                      'M biodh coin air iallan aig gillean oga,                      Cha-n fhuic thu 'n diugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,                      'S gur duibhe mheurana na sgiath na rocais.</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>'Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fuadach,                      Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no oran;                      Nach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,                      'S na balaich shuarach n'an aitean-comhnuidh?</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>

Author—the late Dr. MACLACHLAN. Translation by L. M.

### 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 guirme blath,  
 Is luath' fas, agus dreach a's buaine,  
 Bhruichdas dhilleach air an'ail na frois  
 'S an raon bhí seargta m'an cuairt di.

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

Chinnuidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,  
 Is oighean a seinn 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 gheng so,  
 Gus an sguir na sruthan a ríth,  
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois  
 Gach filidh, is dàn, 's aobhar-sgeile,  
 Cha'n fheoraich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?'  
 No 'Cia i combnuidh Rìgh 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.

Eviroma 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. Translation by L. M.

## 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 | mhlogach 'S e do | ghaol 'thug fo | chis mi . 'S maththig | lamhainnean }  
 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 }  
 { sioda Air do | mhla-bhosaibh | ba - na, A | bhana - 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, | Cailin deas | donn a chruidh, | Cuachag an fhiasach. |  
 Fairy maid, dai - rymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid, Maid of the dairy.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleaz,  
 A' leigeil mairt ann an còillidh.  
 Dh' fialadh eudaith gach doire,  
 Dh' èisdeachd coireal do mhànrain.

Ged a b' fhonnmhor an fludheall,  
 'S a teudan an righeadh,  
 'S e 'bheireadh damns' air a' chridhe,  
 Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

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

'S taitreach siubhal a cnailein  
 'G a chrathadh m' a chuasan,  
 A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,  
 An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fasaich.

Gu 'm bu nìòthar mo bheadrach,  
 'Teachd do'n bhuaillidh nu 'n eadhthrath,  
 Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,  
 'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A bhannarach dhonn a' chruidh,  
 Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh  
 Cailin 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.

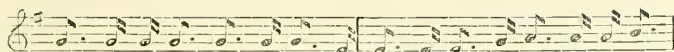
The maid of this ditty  
 Is charming and pretty,  
 She 's wise and she 's witty,  
 She 's winning and wary.

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



## 5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

KEY G.



| d ., d : d , d . - | d ., d : d ., l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., d | r ., r : r , m . - )  
 Mhorag chfatach a chuill 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<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> , d . - : r | m ., r : d ||  
 Agus o Mhor - ag, ho - ro 'sna horo gheallaidh, Agus o Mhor - ag. ||  
 Then hero, Mor - ag, ho - ro, the lovely lady, Then hero, Mor - ag.

S'na dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn  
 Gu na luath a thig thu thairis.

'S cuimhneich, thoir leat bannal ghrugach  
 A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingean.

O cha leiginn thu do'n bhualaidh  
 Obair thruaillidh sin nan cailean.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanaig  
 Aig an beil an cuaillein barr-fhionn.

'S gaganach, hachlagach, cuachach  
 Ciabhag na gruagaich glaine,

Do chùil peucaich sios 'na dhualaibh  
 Dhalladh e uaislean le lainnir,

Sios 'na fheoirneinan mu'd ghuailnean,  
 Leadan cuaicheineach na h-àinnir.

'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag  
 Eadar Mor-thìr agus Arrainn.

'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal  
 Nach obaith le m' ghradh-sa tarruing,

A rachadh le sgiathan 's le clàidhean  
 Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,

Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh  
 Thoir do chòrach mach a dh'aindeoin.

A rìgh, hu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad  
 Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.

H-uile cloth a luaidh iad riann dhuibh  
 Dir' fhuag iad e gu ciatach daingean.

Teann, tigh, daingean, fighte, luaidhte  
 Daitte 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 hand of maids for spreading  
 And for dressing cloth of scarlet.

Thou shalt not go to the stealing,  
 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. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Morag represents Prince Charlie.

## 6—CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAIDH—RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*

f: S<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | ḍ : ḍ : ṃ . r | ḍ : l<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | ḍ : ḍ : l<sub>1</sub> | ḷ . ṣ : - : ḍ . ḷ | ḷ : l<sub>1</sub> : ḍ )  
 S mi nam' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaoilte gun fhu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn!  
 Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

### CHORUS.

f̣ | ṛ : ḍ : ṃ . r | ḍ : l<sub>1</sub> : ḍ | ṛ . r : - : ṛ . ṃ | ḷ : - : ḍ : ṛ . ḍ | l<sub>1</sub> : - : ṛ . ṃ )  
 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

f̣ | ṛ : l<sub>1</sub> : ḍ | ḷ : - : ḍ . ṣ | ḷ : l<sub>1</sub> : ḍ | ṛ : - : ṛ . ṃ | ḷ : - : ḍ : ṛ . ḍ | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ||  
 ò ho bha ò, Hi - il ò ho bha ò Hi - il ò ro o-bha ell - le. ||  
 ò ho - va ò, Hee - il ò ho - va ò, Hee - il ò - ro o - va ai - le. ||

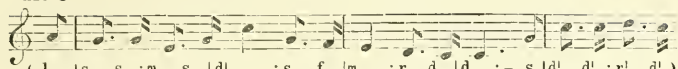
Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,  
 O Dhihaoine mo dhunach :  
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,  
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.  
 O'n a chailleadh am bàta,  
 Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh :  
 'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,  
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu.  
 'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,  
 Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu ;  
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bhò'n uiridh  
 'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
 'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bhò'n uiridh :  
 Gun sìod' air do chnasaig,  
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne.  
 Gun sìod' air do chnasaig,  
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne :  
 Tha do chlàidheamh 'na dhùbnadh,  
 Fo dhùrùchdadh nan uinneag.  
 Tha do chlàidheamh 'na dhùbnadh,  
 Fo dhùrùchdadh nan uinneag ;  
 Do chuid chon air an fallaibh,  
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.  
 Do chuid chon air an fallaibh,  
 'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh ;  
 Do flurth nam beann àrda,  
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn.  
 Do flurth nam beann àrda,  
 No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn ;  
 'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,  
 Gun fhaoilte, 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. Translated by L. MACBEAN

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

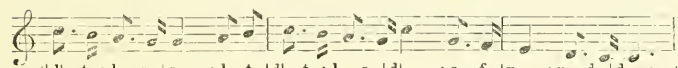
KEY C.



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 òg? Do | chairdean a cur |  
 Dost thou not see my au - guish, My dear lit - tle May? In dungeon dark I



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



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

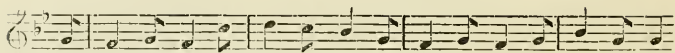
Di-domhnaich anns a gheann duinn,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og,  
 Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut,  
 Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhòr;  
 Nuair dh' fheagail mi mo shùilean  
 'S a sheall mi air mo chualadh  
 Bha mar a'ich an eich chualadh  
 Tigh'n dlu air mo lorg.  
 Is mise bh' air mo bhuaireadh,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og,  
 Nuair thain' an sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn,  
 Mo ribhinn glan or;  
 Is truagh nach ann 'san uair sin  
 A thuit mo lamh o m' ghuailinn,  
 Mu'n d'amais mi do bhualadh,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og.  
 Gur boidheche 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 chinu ag eiridh,  
 B'e sud do dhreach is t-eugais  
 Mo Mhali bheag og.  
 Ged bhèirte mi bho'n blas so,  
 Mo Mhali bheag og,  
 Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,  
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo toin;  
 B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhaigil,  
 'S gu'm faicinn t'adann ghradhach,  
 Gun chuimhn' bhi air an am sin  
 'S an d' fhaig 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.

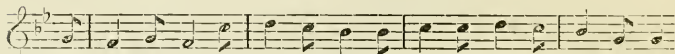
Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady. Translation by L. MACLEAN. The air is very popular in the Highlands, but is claimed by the Irish.

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

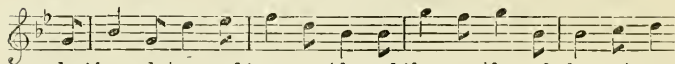
KEY B♭.



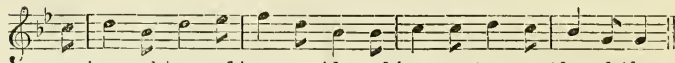
f l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - )  
 O thou that mov - est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,



f l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - )  
 Whence is thy glo - ry gleam - ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last - ing light?



f l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | l : - : s | l : - : d | d : - : r | m : - : )  
 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 : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - )  
 The pal - lid moon for - sakea the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea.

Tha thus' ad astar dol a mhàin,  
 Is o dha' dana bhi' ad chòir,  
 Feuch, tuitidh darag o'n chruaich aird,  
 Is tuitidh càrn fo aois is scòrr,  
 Is traighidh agus lionaidh 'n cuan,  
 Is caollear shìnas an rè 'san spèur,  
 Tha thus' ad aon a chaoidh fo bhuaidh  
 An aoilneas bhuan do shòluis fein!  
 Nuair dhubhas dorch 'n an domhain stoirm,  
 Le torrann bòrb is dealan beur  
 Seallaidh tu'nad àill' o'n toirm,  
 'S fannh gairt' 'n bruillean mòr nan spèur.  
 Ach dhomhas tha do shòlus faoin  
 'S nach fhuic mo shùil a chaoidh do ghnuis,  
 A sgaolleadh eil a's or'hu' eilbh  
 Air aghaidh nial 's a mhadaim ùr,  
 A sgaolleadh eil a's or'hu' eilbh  
 Air aghaidh bhàt nan nial 's an ear  
 No nuair a chitheas tu 's an iar  
 Aig do dhoersaibh eiar air lear.  
 Ma dh' fhuicte gu bhèid thu 's mi fein  
 'An an gu treun 's gum fheum 'an am,  
 Ar bliadhnaibh tearmadh sìos o'n spèur  
 La chèile siubhal chum an ceann.  
 Blòdh aoilneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,  
 A thruath 'ad òige neartmhor ta!  
 O'r 's dorch' mi-thatneach tha an aois  
 Mar shòlus faoin an rè gun chùil,  
 Bho neoil a sealltuinn air an raon,  
 'S an hath-cheò faoin air thaobh nan càrn,  
 An osag fhuar o thuat' air rath,  
 Fear siubhail dol fo bheud 'se mall.

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;  
 Thon only shalt victorious go,  
 For ever joying in thy light!  
 When heaven with gathering clouds is black,  
 When thunders roar and lightnings fly,  
 Thon 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 basting to their end.  
 Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!  
 Rejoice, O chief, in youthful night!  
 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.

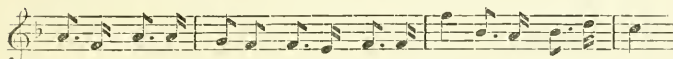
Translation by L. MACFARLAN. One or two lines altered which were imperfect in original.

## 9—AN SGIOLBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

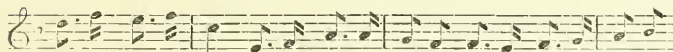
KEY F.



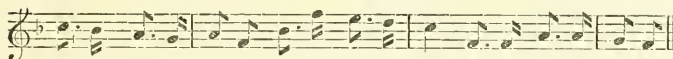
f : d' „t<sub>1</sub> : d' „d | d' : s „l : s „f | m .d : r „m : f „l | s  
 (Ballast 'chur 's na | cruinn, Cha chuir imte | taic dhuinn, Stiùir a chur ri | 'druim,  
 Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast



f : m „d : m „m | r .d : d „t<sub>1</sub> : d' „d | d' : f „m : f „l | s  
 (Cha chuir sgoinn'n a | -h-astar; Stiùir 'chur os a | cinn, Cha dean iùl do 'n | luing  
 Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?



f : l „d' : t „d' | s : t<sub>1</sub> „d : m „m | r .d : d „t<sub>1</sub> : d' „r | m .f  
 ('S pumpgun' cheann's an | taoinn Cha chuir sginn a | mach dhith. Nach e' cenm bhios | glagach,  
 Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,



f : 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 gleus 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 cùis,  
 D' a thrìd 'chail an cùis,  
 Dh' easbhaidh dhùd us faicill,  
 'S riamh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh  
 'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',  
 'S nach do sheilbhich stòr  
 Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh.  
 Ged robh sinn 's an luing,  
 Pailt an luim 's an aefhuinn,  
 'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt,  
 Fenn gach buill us beairte;  
 Ciod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn  
 Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn  
 Air gach ball 'bhios inn't,  
 Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh?  
 Feumar còrd 's an acair',  
 'S 'cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaste,  
 'S ris gach sruth us gaoith,  
 'N combaid cruinn 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. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

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

KEY E♭.

*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 - rainn mi ann.  
 I'll gang to the val - ley a cour - tin' nae mair,  
 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 anaas - mhòr a ghrobadh,  
 A sheall - tuinn na h-òigh - e tha thall - ad a chomhnuidh,  
 On my shoon I put h-òigh - e of el - e - gant patcha,  
 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 - mhòr ri smeor - ach air chrann,  
 Cha chreid - inn ri m' bhco gu'r e ghor - aich a bh'ann.  
 And went sing - ing snatches of that bean - ti - ful song;  
 Nor thought it was fol - ly that sent me a - long.

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

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stieg i na madaidh,  
 'Eha 'mathair sa h-athair a lalldh'ri le sraing,  
 Thuit ceo air mo leirsinn 's mi' ann gam threigsinn,  
 An rathad cha b'leir dhonnh 'us leum mi' san stalag.

'Smi fodha gu m' shluic an eabar an duna'n,  
 Mo bhreig m'am ghluimtean 'san cu oir an geall,  
 Bu mhoss m'n corr team 'hi faich na h-òisich,  
 'Aig uinneag a seonair ri spors air mo cha'l.

Mar phaisg air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhag mi an churraidh,  
 Mo chaiscirt 'san runnaich, 's mo dhruimh-sa ghleann,  
 'Smi 'n so as mo leine ag altran mo chreuchdan,  
 'San ionad nach feir dhonnh an breid a chur teann.

'Toirt boidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eighcach gu duineil,  
 God gheibhinn an crubne 'sa h-uile ni dh'ann,  
 Nach feid mise tuille a cheilidh ne 'shniridh,  
 '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 overflavin',  
 She stopp'd me by throwin' about 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 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 annoyin' was to see her ongoin'  
 Lookin' oot and enjoyin' my terrible plight.

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

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

Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH." Translator—L. MACBEAN.

# 11—GAILLEACH 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 . s . i : 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 | sbiubhat 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 . s . i : d . m | r . d : d | d . d : d . s | m . m : m }  
 { Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, 'S acfhuinneach i | sbiubhat chàrn. | Cailleach Beinn-a'-Ehric, ho-ró, }  
 Great and hoary - headed hag Walks the moorland fast and free. Hag of Ben a Ehric, horo,

{ m . r : m . m | s . m : m . r | m . d : d . s | m . m : m | r . s . i : d . m | r . d : d }  
 { Ehric ho - ró, Ehric ho - ró, Cailleach Beinn-a'-Ehric, ho-ró, Cailleach mhór an tshuarain àird }  
 Ehric ho-ro, Ehric ho-ro, Hag of Ben a Ehric, horo, Spectre mountain hag is she.

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

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
 Diugh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn,  
 'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
 Chum thu mi gu'n bheinn, gun sealg.

Bha thu fein '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 sliagan dubh an traigh.

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

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

Cha'n iognadh mi bhí fiuch, fuar,  
 Fiuch fuar, fiuch fuar,  
 Cha'n iognadh mi bhí fiuch fuar,  
 If-nile h-uair a muigh gu brath.

'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Seachad an sliabh 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-Ehric, &c.

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

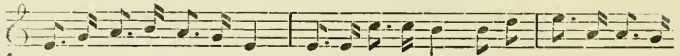
No wonder I am cold and wet,  
 Cold and wet, cold and wet,  
 No wonder I am cold and wet,  
 When out for ever I must be.

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. Translation by L. M.

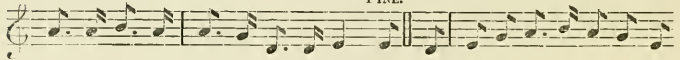
## 12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C.—With spirit.



*Scisd.* f m „s : l „t | l „s : m | m „m : d' „d' | t : t „r' | m' „l : l „s )  
*Chò.* ( Fàill ill ó ro, fàill ill ó | Fàill ill ó ro, eil - e, Hi | ri - thil uithil )  
 Fal il ó ro, fal il ó Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - hil uhil

FINE.



{ l „l : t „l | l „s : r „r | m : m . || r | m „s : l „t | l „s : m . )  
 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.



{ r | m „m : d' „d' | t : t „d' | r' „d' : t „l | l „s : l „d' | t „l „s : l | s.m. - | m . )  
 'S a | mbadainn is mi 'g eiridh, Tha | gaothan 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.  
 Fàill ill, etc.

'Si gaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn  
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh  
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am bàta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhì treubhach.

Gun tigeadh oirnn am bàta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhì treubhach  
 Uachdaran na tìr' oirre—  
 Mo dhùth ma dh' eireas beud da!

Uachdaran na tìr' oirre—  
 Mo dhùth ma dh' eireas beud da!  
 Uachdaran na dùthch' innte—  
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis.

Uachdaran na dùthch' innte  
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis  
 Hì ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,  
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte!

Hì ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,  
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte  
 Far am bì na fìdhleirean,  
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh.

Far am bì na fìdhleirean  
 'S na pìoban ann 'gan gleusadh  
 Ach 's mise tha trom airtneulach  
 'Sa mhàdainn 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 òro, fal il ò, &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 bonnie 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.

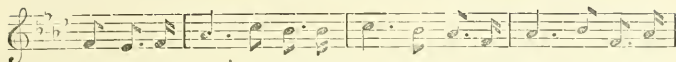
Where songs arise and harmonies,  
 With harps and pibroch ringing,  
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,  
 No heart have I for singing.

Popular West Highland song Englished by L. MACLEAN.



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

KEY A $\flat$ .



( f . l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> , l<sub>1</sub> | d : - . m : r , r | m : - . r : d , l<sub>1</sub> | d : - . r : l<sub>1</sub> , d )  
 (Naeh eruaidh an guth so th'aig an t-sluagh, Bho'n deach thu luath 's a dh'earb iad )  
 Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and pleasur-



( s<sub>1</sub> : - . l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> , l<sub>1</sub> | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . d : r , m | s : - . l<sub>1</sub> : m , s | r : - . )  
 (riut; Tha ghaoir cho cu - mant aig daoibh 'uaist', Aig mnaibh aig tuath, 's aig searbhau - tan ;  
 try; One common grief, without re-lief, Has seiz'd on chief and peasantry;



( . m : l . l | s : - . f : m , s | r : - . l<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : - . r : d . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - . )  
 (Cha'n eil bho'n Tòrr guruig an stòir, Aon duine [bèò, bho'ndh'fhalbh thu [bhainn, )  
 In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There 's none at all speaks cheerfully;



( f . l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> , l<sub>1</sub> | d : - . m : r , m | r : - . m : s , d | s : - . f : m , r | r : - . )  
 (A's urrainn còmhradh mu' na bhòrd, Ach tuirseach, brò - nach, marbhran nach.  
 Since that sad day he went a-way, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n ann mu'n callan codach théin,  
 Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho càsnhorach,  
 Ach aon 'thoir bhuap' gun aon fhear-fuath.  
 'S an robh gach buaidh cho fasmhorach.  
 A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chéill,  
 Anns nach bu léir dhuinn failligeadh;  
 Mach bho'n éug bhí 'cur 'an eòill  
 Nach' eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

'S dìomhor eirdhe thuit a mhòr  
 Mu'n cuairt air là do thiodhlaeaidh,  
 'Eha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn  
 'Ehi suidhicht' an inntinn shiorlheartaich  
 Bha ioma ceud dhe d'fhine fhein  
 A' deanamh féum mar lomaigh dhìot;  
 Ach dhearbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir,  
 Nach 'eil fo'n ghreìn ach dìomhanas.

Co an duine thug ort barr  
 An breith, 'an pairt, 's an ionusachadh?  
 No go an t-aon a sheuas d'ait?  
 Dh'e'n thair an eiradh ga d'iondraichina?  
 Gach beag 'us mòr gach sean 'us òg,  
 Le gal, 'us debr' ga'n ceannachadh.  
 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.

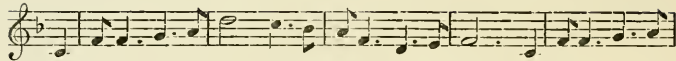
Oh, many a man was filled with gloom  
 That round thy tomb stood silently;  
 Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void—  
 By death destroyed so violently.  
 By clansmen prized and idolised,  
 His worth disguised humanity,  
 But this fell blow, alas! will show  
 There's nought below but vanity.

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 falling him,  
 Oh, never more shall we deplore  
 One man so sore bewailing him!

Music and words by ROB (DOWN) MACKAY. Translation by L. MACDEAN.

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

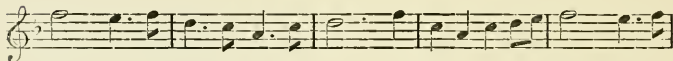
KEY F.



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

G<sub>u</sub>ma slan a l<sub>ch</sub>i mi a chailin di-leas donn! Deana chuallein

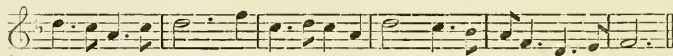
Oh! happy may I see thee, my faithful brown-hair'd maid! My sweet light-hearted



{ | 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; 'S i' 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: - | l<sub>1</sub>: -t. | d: - | - }

bhithas m'inntinn trom, 'S tu' thog-adh suas mo chrìdh' nuair a bh' dh' tu bhruidhinn 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-shunndach mo chadal domh,  
'S do chaidreamh fada nam;  
Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;  
As d'aogais tha mi trnagh;  
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn  
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,  
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;  
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,  
Fo 'n aodann tha leam cinin;  
Aidicheam le eibhneas  
Gun d' thug mi fein duit rum;  
'S gur bhaidhna leam gach la  
O'n nair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi nat,  
Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,  
Gu 'n do chuir mi eul riut,  
'S gun dhiult mi dhuib mo phog.  
Na cuireadh sid ort enram,  
A ruin, na creid an sgleo;  
Tha d'anail leam ni's cubhraidh,  
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 brow  
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.

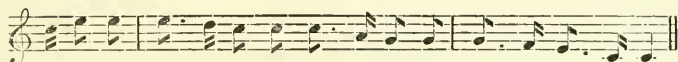
What though they tell thee that I had  
Begun my choice to rue,  
That I forsook my maiden  
And from her kiss withdrew!  
Let not the story grieve thee;  
My love, it is not true:  
Thy fragrant breath is sweeter  
To me than morning dew.

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

KEY C.



f: 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,



f, 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 deach' an gath-seirg  
 Air crios seilg an luidealaich;  
 Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,  
 Gur mairg an rachadh bruidheadh dhi.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,  
 'S claidheamh-mor an tarruinn 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 falcaig 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.*

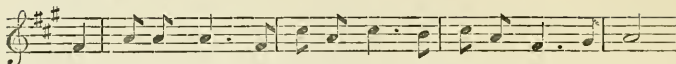
As fencer bold he used to swing  
 His sword, but made so small a stir,  
 The poorest soldier of the king  
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.  
*At you! &c.*

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.*

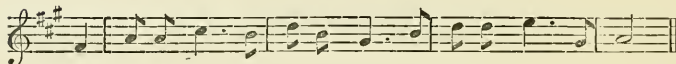
Brave at his side the sword must be  
 That he must clank and rattle with;  
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea  
 But he will boldly hattle with.  
*At you! &c.*

16—BROSNACHADH-CATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*



f. l, | d . d : d : - . l, | m . d : m : - . r | m . d : l, : - . t, | d : - )  
 A | mbacan ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumnach dàn air magh, )  
 O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for battle prance,



f. l, | d . d : m : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | d : - ||  
 { 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,  
 Gnn bhàrc sheel bhàn  
 Bhi snàmh mu dhùbh Innis-tòrc.

Mar thairneanach bhaoghal  
 Do bhuille, laoich,  
 Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann,  
 Mar charrraig chrùinn  
 Do chridh' gun roinn,  
 Mar lasan òich' do lann.

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

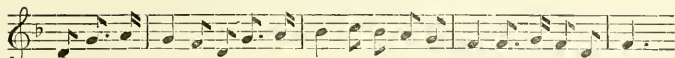
O arm of might!  
 Brave heart in fight!  
 With swords and lances keen,  
 O'er foes prevail,  
 Let no white sail  
 Round Innistore be seen.

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.

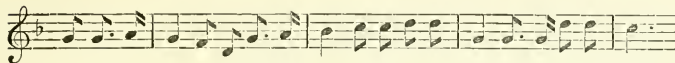
Thy target raise,  
 And let it blaze  
 Like death-star's baleful light,  
 O chief renowned,  
 Whose chargers bound,  
 Cut down our foes in fight!

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.



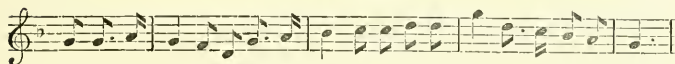
KEY.  $\flat$  | : r : m | r : d . l . : r : m | f : s . f : m . r | d : d . r : d . l . | d : - . )  
 F. ('Se Coire- | cheathaich nan aighean | sìubhlach, An Coire | rùmach is ùrar | fonn, )  
 My Misty Cor - rie, by deer fre - quent - ed, My lovely valley, my verdant dell,



{ r : r : m | r : d . l . : r : m | f : s . s : l . l | r : r . r : l . l | s : - . )  
 { Gu Iurach | miad-fheurach, mìl-gheal, | sùghar, Gach lus an fùar | bu chùbhraidh | 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 . l . | d : - . )  
 { Gu molach, | dùb - ghorm, torrach, | luisreagach, Corrach, | plùranach, dha-ghlan, | grunn, )  
 All thickly growing, and brightly blow - ing, Upon its shag - gy and dark green lawn,



{ r : r : m | r : d . l . : r : m | f : s . s : l . l | r' : l . s : f . m | r : - ||  
 { Caoin, ballach, | dìtheanach, canach, | misleanach; Gleann a | mhìlltich 's an Ìonmhòr | mang. ||  
 Moss, canach, daisies adorn its maz - es, Thro' which skips lightly the graceful fawn.

Tha mala ghuamach de'n bhìolair uaine,  
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'ann an fhonn;  
 Is doire shealbhag aig bun nan garbh-chlach,  
 'S an grinneal gainmhich gu meabh-gheal  
 pronn;  
 'Na ghlugan plumbach air ghoil gun aon-teas,  
 Ach coileach bhùrn tigh'n an grunn' eas lòm,  
 Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,  
 A ruith 'na spàta 's 'na lùba steall.

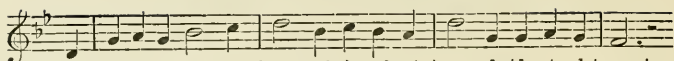
'S a mhaduinn chùin-ghil, an am dhomh dàsgadh,  
 Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam;  
 A chearc le sgìcean a gabhail tàchain,  
 'S an coileach chùrteil a dùrdail cròm;  
 An dreatan sùrdail 's a ribheid chùil aig'  
 A cur nan srùid dheth gu lùghor binn;  
 An druid 's an brù-dhearg le mórán hìnich,  
 Ri ceileir sunnach 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-croodling 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.

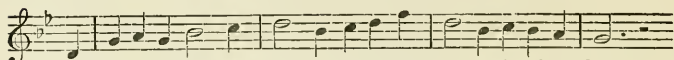
From the song by DUNCAN BAN M'INTYRE. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

## 18—MAIRI BHAN OG—FAIR YOUNG MARY.



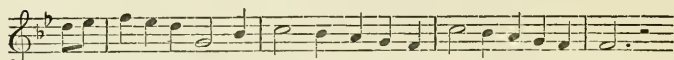
KEY B. { : m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | m : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }

A Mhairi bhan òg, 's tu'n òigh th'air m' aire Rì'm bheo bhl' far am bith'n'n fhac'n;  
Oh, rapture to be, my fair young Mary, With thee, my beauti - ful bride;



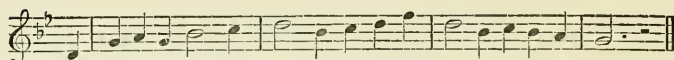
{ : m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }

O'n fhair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhaith leam, Le pos - adh ceangailt' o'n clèir;  
In love true and strong that ne'er shall vary, A hond the clergy have tied;



{ : m<sub>1</sub> f | s : f : m | l<sub>1</sub> : - : d | r : - : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | r : - : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }

Le cumhantair teann, 's le banntaibh daingean, Le snaom a dh'fhanas 's nach treig,  
This cov - e - nant sure, ap - proved by heaven, Secure shall ever a - bide,



{ : m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : r | m : - : d | r : m : s | m : - : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : - | : }

'Se t'fhaotainn air laimh le gradh gach caraid Rinn slàn - 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, seacail, foinnidh,  
Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor:  
Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain  
A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin  
Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach,  
'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

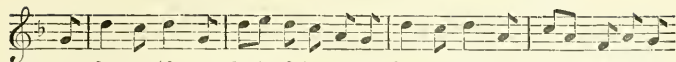
Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain,  
Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cnairt,  
'S bha miann mo shùl do dh' fhuirran barraicht  
An dlùthas nam meanganan suas;  
Geug fo bhliùth o bàrr gu talamh,  
A lub mi farasda suas,  
Bu dùilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh  
'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuaïn.

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.

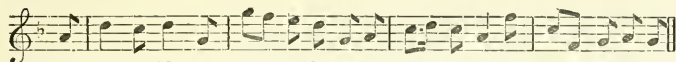
Where woodlands are green with trees well  
A scene of beauty to view, [nourished,  
I found, with delight, one stem that flourished,  
Of bright and beautiful hue:  
That bough from above, desiring greatly,  
With love unto me I drew;  
None else could have moved that tree so stately,  
'Twas only for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

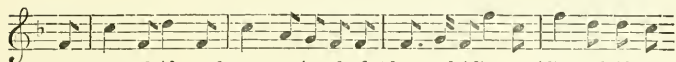
19—CHA TILL E TUILLE—LAMENT FOR MAC CRIMMON.



KEY: F. | r | l : - : s | l : - : r | l : t : l | s : m : r | l : - : s | l : - : m | s : m : d | m : r | }  
 (Dh'iaid) ceo nan stuc nu leu - dano Chuillean, Is sheinn 'bhcaon-shith a tormán mullaíd,  
 O'er Coolin's face the night is creeping, The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;



{ m | l : - : s | l : - : r | r' : d' : t | l : r : m | s : - : l : s | m : - : d' | s : d' : r | m : r | }  
 {Gorm shuilleán ciùin 's an Dùin a sìleadh, O'n t'hrìall thu uainn's nach till thu tuille!  
 Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping, Since thou art gone and o'er re - turnest.



{ d | s : - : d | l : - : d | s : - : m | r : d' : d | d' : - : r : d | d' : - : s | d' : - : l | l : s | }  
 SEISD—{Cha till, cha till, cha till Mac Crìomhainn, A'o cogadh no sìth cha till e tuille,  
 CHORUS—No more, no more, no more returning, In peace nor in war is he returning;



{ s | s : - : l : t | d' : - : s | l : - : l | s : m : d | f : - : m : f | s : - : m | r : - : m | r : d | }  
 {Le airgid no oi 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 gèagan dubhach,  
 A caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhaireg fa dheòidh lan bròia is mullaíd,  
 Tha'm bàta fo sheòl, ach dhiult i sìubhal;  
 Tha gàirich nan tona le fuaim neo-shubhach,  
 Ag radh guu d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl 's an Dun mu fheasgar,  
 'S mac-talla nam mur le mhìru 'ga fireagairt,  
 Gach fleasgach is dìgh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,  
 O'n thrìall thu uainn's nach till thu tuille.

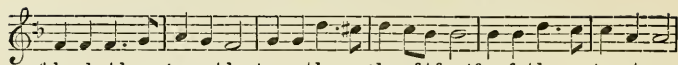
The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,  
 The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;  
 Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,  
 Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

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.

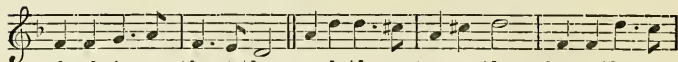
We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,  
 Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;  
 Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,  
 For him, for him there's no returning.

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*.

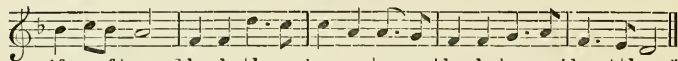
## 20—OISEAN IS MALMHINE—OSSIAN AND MALVINA.



KEY:  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : d \mid d : -r \mid m : r \mid d : - \mid r : r \mid l : -se \mid l : s.f \mid f : - \mid f : f \mid l : -s \mid s : m \mid m : - \end{array} \right\}$   
*F.*  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 'Se guth cùin mo rùin a th'ann, 'S ainmiche thu gu m'aisling fein; | Fosglaihb sibhs' bhur' talla thall, | \\ 'Tis my lover's tones that call, In my dreams they seldom rise; | O - pen wide your azure hall, | \end{array} \right\}$



$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d : d \mid r : -m \mid d : -t, | l, : - \mid m : l \mid l : -se \mid m : se \mid l : - \mid d : d \mid l : -s \end{array} \right\}$   
 Shinnse Thoscair, nan ard speur. 'Se do chomhnuidh-s' m'anam fein, A shil Oisein,  
 Race of Tos - car in the skies. Thou dost dwell within my soul, Son of Ossian,



$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f : s.f \mid m : - \mid d : d \mid l : -s \mid s : m \mid m : -r \mid d : d \mid r : -m \mid d : -t, | l, : - \end{array} \right\}$   
 's treine laimh, Eiridh m' osnadh moch gun fheum, Mo dheoir mar shileadh speuran àrd.  
 might - y chief; Like heaven's rain my tears down roll, Every morn renews my grief.

Bu chraan aillidh mi, threim 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 mi fo shamhchair thall,  
 Bhuail iad clarsaiche mall nan teud.

### OISEAN:

Caoin am fonn 'na mo chluais fein,  
 Nigbean Lotha, nan sruth fiar,  
 'N cual thu guth nach 'eil beo 'a bheinn  
 An aisling, ann do chodal ciar?  
 Nuair thuit clos air do shuilibh mall  
 Air bruchan Mòrsbruth nan toirm beur',  
 Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan càrn,  
 An latha cùin, 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 bhàin;  
 Caitheadh cumha tursaich gun bhrigh  
 Gann an là' 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;  
 Virgins saw my silent grief,  
 Struck the harp of softest sound.

### OSSIAN:

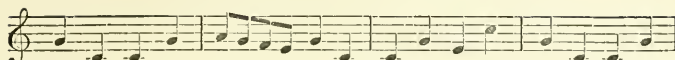
Sweet the music in my ears,  
 Maid from Lotha's winding streams,  
 Has the voice of other years  
 Sounded fondly in thy dreams?  
 When, descending from the chase,  
 Thou by Moru's banks didst lie,  
 Clasped in slumber's soft embrace,  
 'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

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.

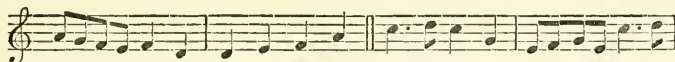
Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MACBEAN. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. FRASER'S collection.



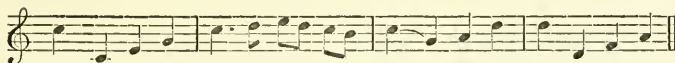
21—AM BUAIREADH—THE TEMPTATION.



KEY C. { s : d | d : s | l . s : f . m | s : d | d : s | m : d | s : d | d : s }  
 { Thug ní mionnan | mór', (S còir an | cumail daingeán), | 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' }  
 { bheò | Mar bu | chòir do mhanach. | Falaich uam do | ghnùis, | ciurrar }  
 now Live a | life mon - as - tic. | Then oh, hide thy | face, | Turn a-



{ d' : d | m : s | d' : - . r' | m' . r' : d' . f | d' : s | l : r' | r' : r | f : l }  
 { mi le dealan, | Ead - ar gath do | shùil 'S Iubag - | an na latnir. }  
 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  
 T'Madh a chum meallaidh;  
 Dhuraiginn—ach, á!  
 Cum iad as mo shealladh.

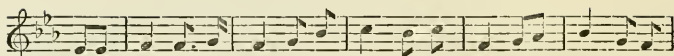
Fuirich, fuirich thall,  
 Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail;  
 Iomairt ann am cheann  
 Bheir fo gheall mi baileach.  
 Cuiridh tu le d' bhoidhch',  
 Mionnan mor as m' aire;  
 Mur a fan thu foil  
 Gòisnichidh tu manach.

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.

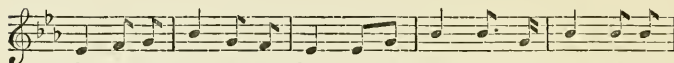
Keep thy breath away,  
 Its fragrance round me stealing  
 Sends my thoughts astray,  
 And sets my brain a reeling.  
 I am so beset  
 With thy witching beauty,  
 That I may forget  
 Vows and sacred duty.

Song by "Eagar;" translation by L. M.

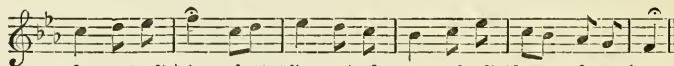
22—EALAIH GHAOIL—A MELODY OF LOVE.



KEY E.D. f: ḍ . ḍ | r : r . ṃ | r : ṃ . s | l : s . l | r : ṃ . f | s : ṃ . r }  
 SEISD—Air fall - ir - in, ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fall - ir - in, }  
 CHORUS—Air fal - yir - in, eel - yir - in, ool - yir - in, O, Air fal - yir - in, }



{ d : r . ṃ | s : ṃ . r | d : ḍ . ṃ | s : s . ṃ | s : s . s }  
 ill - ir - in, uill - ir - in, O, Air fall - 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 . ṃ | 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-snamh,  
 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 lubas  
 Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,  
 Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa  
 Gu siubhlach a sniomh;  
 Tha gruaidh mar an ros  
 Nuair a's boidheche bhios fhiamh  
 Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein  
 Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean  
 A comhdach nam bruach,  
 Bi'dh gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill'  
 A ceol leis a chuaich;  
 'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn  
 A leumnaich 's a ruaig,  
 Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sgaileach,  
 A manran ri m' luaidh.

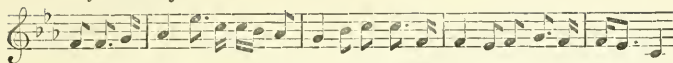
Not the swan on the lake,  
 Or the foam on the shore,  
 Can compare with the charms  
 Of the maid I adore;  
 Not so white is the new milk  
 That flows o'er the spail,  
 Or the snow that is shower'd  
 From the brow of the vale.

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 I'll rove,  
 And feast unrestrained  
 On the smiles of my love.

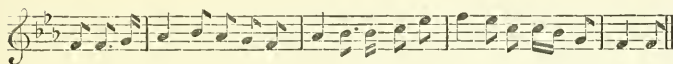
The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MACKENZIE of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by EWAN MACLACHLAN.

## 23—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

*Slowly and tenderly.*

KEY E<sup>b</sup>. { (r) : 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,  
*Seisèd.*—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 . 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 mairreach? '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 slàn duit's gach a' an teid thu!  
 O, my boatman, na ho - ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sailest!)

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

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

Gheall mo leannan domh ghn dhe 'n t-siòda,  
 Gheall e sìod agus breacan riomhach;  
 Faun' dir anns am faicinn lomhaigh;  
 Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e di-chuimhu'.

Ged a thuit iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,  
 Cha do lughadaich sìod mo ghaol ort;  
 B'ìdh tu 'm aisling anna an òidhe,  
 Is anna a mbaduinna b'ìdh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi bìcheadh;  
 Cha ghaol bìadhma, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;  
 Ach gaol a thòisich nuair bha mi 'm phàisde,  
 'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an clòidh am bàs mi.

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

B'ìdh mi tuille gu thràsach, deurach,  
 Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a reubadh;  
 Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,  
 Is each uile an déigh a treigsinn.

Broken-hearted I droop and languish,  
 And frequent tears show my hosom'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.

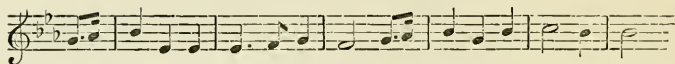
I may not hide it—my heart's devotion  
 Is not a season's brief emotion;  
 Thy love in childhood began to seize me,  
 And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

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.

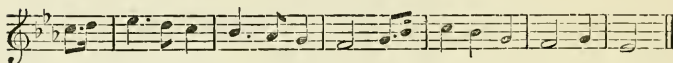
My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,  
 Like wounded swan when her strength is failing,  
 Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,  
 By all her comrades at last forsaken.

Authors unknown; translation by L. MACBEAN. This plaintive melody is a great favourite.

24—AN GAOL TAIRIS—THE FAITHFUL LOVE.



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



{ *f*: *l*., *t* | *d*' : - : *t* : *l* | *s* : - : *f* : *m* | *r* : - : *m*., *s* | *l* : *s* : *m* | *r* : - : *m* | *d* : - : ||  
 A seabhachadh aobhneis 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 beud  
 Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh fòir,  
 Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid  
 Gach duibhre gu leus thra-nòin.

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

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

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

Is caidreamaid dochas gun géill  
 Na shuibhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;  
 Co-phairticheams' again do chleibh  
 'U's 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;" translation by L. M. The air is known as "Cha'n innis mi dh' aon tha fo'n ghrèin."

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

KEY B. ♭

KEY B. ♭ { m : - : r | m : - : - | m : - : r | d : - : - : | r : - : r | m : - : - : | r : - : d | l : - : - : }

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

FINE.

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

Och nan och! | leag iad thu, | 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh ;  
Leag an t-each barr - fhionn thu, | 'M beal - ach a ghar - aidh.  
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 | l | l : - : - : }

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 nuallach bha 'm fabhar.  
'S i maighdeann ro dhubbach,  
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,  
O'n taca so 'n-uiridh,  
O'n la chuireadh am fainn' orm.

'S mis' tha gu tursach,  
'S tric snidh air mo shuillean,  
'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhuirain,  
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 bán 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,  
Sally 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 hath 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."

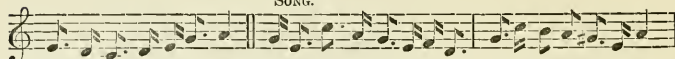
## 26—AM FOIRNEADH—THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.

### 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 tanh? Iseabail gu bheil thu'gorach }  
 Bella, will you not be quiet? Bella, why in such a whirl? If you do not marry Donald,

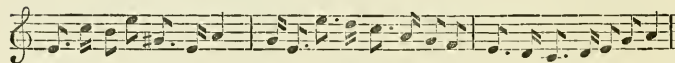
### SONG.



$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \text{ , } r : d \text{ , } r | m \text{ , } s \text{ . - } : l | s \text{ , } m \text{ . - } : d \text{ ' , } l | s \text{ , } m : f \text{ , } r \text{ ' - } | s \text{ , } d \text{ ' : } t \text{ . } l | s \text{ e , } m : l \text{ ' } \end{array} \right\}$   
 Mur a pos thu Donull (Ban. 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 iom'gain ort a h-alach, Bi' 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,



$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \text{ , } d \text{ ' : } t \text{ . } m \text{ ' } | s \text{ e , } m : l | s \text{ , } m \text{ . - } : m \text{ ' , } r \text{ ' } | d \text{ ' , } l : s \text{ . } f | m \text{ , } r : d \text{ , } r | m \text{ , } s : l \end{array} \right\}$   
 'S pailteas bainne aig do bhà, 'Seach bh'i'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 airc, 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 dhàil.

Iseabail, mur gabh thu 'n tairsteo  
 Bi' mi feargach rint gu bràth,  
 Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull  
 Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an la.  
 Greas, gabh combhairle, 's cuir umad,  
 Bidh an duine so gun dàil,  
 Nach biodh aileag ann do mhùineal  
 Nuair a chuireas e ort fàilt.

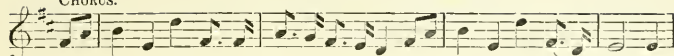
You'll get jewelry and dresses,  
 And you'll never want for cash;  
 Better that than mere caresses  
 From wee John of Dalachash.  
 What's the good of being saucy?  
 Stop your fussing through the house;  
 Take the wealth that offers, lassie,  
 And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

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; translation by L. M. Old Gaelic Air.

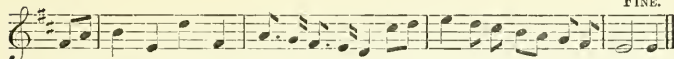
## 27—O THEID SINN—AWAY, AWAY.

CHORUS.



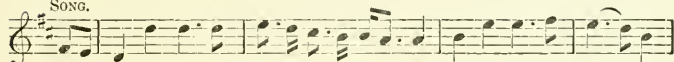
KEY D. { f : m . s | l : r | d' : m . m | s . f : m . r | d : m . s | l : r | d' : m . d | r : - | r }  
 O theid sinn, theid sinn le suigear agus aoidh, O theid sinn, theid sinn debn ach }  
 A - way, a - way with a merry, merry lay, With song and heart - y chor - us,

FINE.



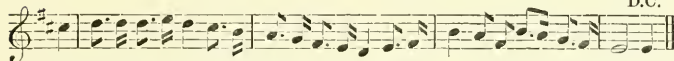
{ f : m . s | l : r | d' : m | s . f : m . r | d : t . d' | r' : d' . t | l . s : f . m | r : - | r }  
 O theid sinn, theid sinn thairis air an t-Sruidh, Gu muinntir ar daimh us ar n-eòl - as }  
 We'll cross the Forth, and rivers of the north, A - way to the land that bore us.

SONG.



{ f : m . r | d : d' | d' : - . d' | r' . d' : t . l | l . s . - : s | l : r' | r' : - . m' | r' : - . d' | l }  
 Ged bha sinn bliadh - nan fa - da fa - da bhath, Am 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.



{ f : t | d' . d' : d' . r' | d' : t . l | s . f : m . r | d : r . m | l : s . m | l . s : f . m | r : - | 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 bataibean aotrom seoladh;

'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's  
 an t-samhraidh,

'Us chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.  
 O theid sinn, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait 's an d'rugadh sinn  
 'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;

'Us chi sinn na coiltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn  
 'S am bitheadh sinn a cluintinn an smeorach.

O theid sinn, &c.

Again we'll view the places that we knew—

The bay with boats in motion,

The mountains all sublime with their snow in  
 summer time,

And rivers rolling down to the ocean.

Away, &c.

We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen,

And wander through the wild wood,

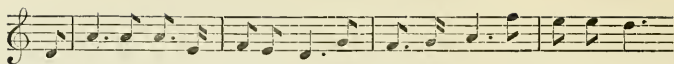
Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the  
 live-long day,

Where we used to play in childhood.

Away, &c.

Gaelic words by the late JOHN MUNRO, Glasgow; translation by L. M.

28—LINN AN AIGH—THE HAPPY AGE.



KEY f. T | 1 : - . l : l ., m | f . m : r : - . s | f ., s : l : - . f' | m' . m' : r' : - . }  
 C. (An uair bha Gàilig | aig na h-còin Bha'm bainne air an lòn mar dhrìùchd )  
 When all the birds in Gaelic sang Milk lay like dew up - on the lea ;



{ . 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-uile ni cho saor 's am bùrn.  
 The heath - er in - to honey sprang, And everything was good and free.

Cha robh daoine a' paidheadh màil ;  
 Orra cha robh càin no clà -  
 Iasgach, sealgach agus coill  
 Gun fhoighneachd aca 'us gun phrls.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri ;  
 Cha robh cònsachadh no streup ann ;  
 H-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 hed an sìth ;  
 Feum 's am bith cha robh air mòd,  
 'Us lagh na còrach air a' chridh'.

Dh' òr no dh' airgid cha robh miagh ;  
 Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làmh ;  
 Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh,  
 Ni '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 'e a chuain,  
 An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-èòin.

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 stint.

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.

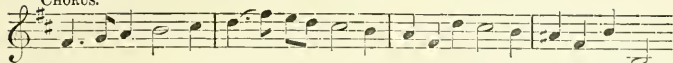
For gold or silver no one cared,  
 Yet want and woe were never near ;  
 All had enough, and richly fared,  
 And none desired his neighbour's gear.

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.

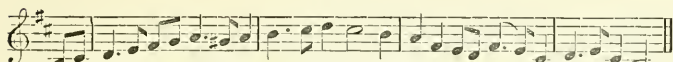


## 29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

CHORUS.

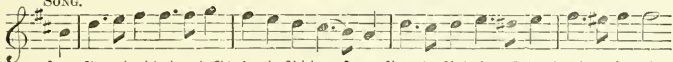


KEY D. ( m : - f : s | l : - : t | d' : - m' : r' d' | t : - : l | s : m : d' | t : - : l | se : m : l | l , : - )  
 Cnir, a chion di - lis, | di - lis, di - lis, | Cnir, a chion di - lis, | tharam do lamh ;  
 Sweetest and dear - est, fair - est, dear - est, | Take me, my dar - ling, now in thine arms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



( f , l , t , | d' : - r : m f | s : - fe : s | l : - t : d' | t : - : l | s : m : r d | m : - r : t , | d : - r : t , | l , : - ||  
 Do | ghorm shuil thairis a | mhealladh namuill-tean, | B' amaidheach mi 'nuair | thug mi dhuil gradh-  
 Thy red lips are smiling, thy blue eyes beguil - ing ; | Would that I ne'er had gazed on thy charms.

SONG.



( f , l | d' : - r' : m' | m' : - m' : f' | m' : r' : d' | t : - : l : s | d' : - t : d' | r' : - de' : r' | m' : - re' : m' : - )  
 Rinn | deisead do phearsa nach | fhacsa a thnairmeas, | 'G'iomachd fo'n ehnach-chul tha | camagach tìà,  
 Thy beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing | Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,



( f , 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 , | l , : - ||  
 Rinn | dealradh do mhaise 'ns | lasadh do ghruidhean | Mise ghrad-bhualadh | thairis gu òr.  
 Thy lips red and luscious, and | blushes bright glowing, | Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana, fo mhala gun  
ghruaimean,

'S daingean a bhual iad mise le d' ghràdh.

Do ròs-bhilean tana, seinh, farasda suairce,

Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo lamh.

Their fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is  
cruaidhe ;

Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs ;

Na biodhams'a'm thràill dhuilte gu bràth o an uairso ;

Ach tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tìas.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an  
uaigheas,

'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là ;

Ach slunuir a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairce,

Gabh-sa dhìom truas 'us bìthidh mi slàn.

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.

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.

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

A favourite Gaelic song. Translation by L. M. The chorus seems to have belonged to another song.

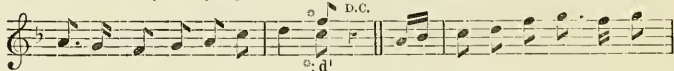
30—A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE—THE LASS BY LOCH EITVE.



KEY F. (d'.l | s : m : r. d | d :- : r : m. f | s :- : l : s | s : m : d )

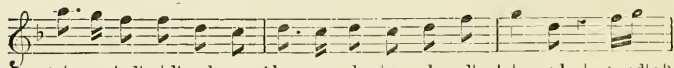
SEISD—( Cha'n eil mi mar b'abh - aist la seachdain no Sàhaid, 'S cha )  
 Dh'fhàs clanal air m'aig - ne bho'n thug mi 'chiald aire Do'n

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.

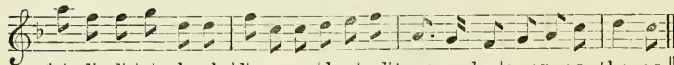


( m :- r : d | r : m : s | l :- : s : | m. f | s : l : d' | r' :- : d' : r' )  
 dùisg - ear a pràm gu deagh ghleus mi; Eha | am ann 'us shaoil mi nach )  
 chailinn tha tamh mu Loch Eite.  
 noth - ing can wake me to glad - ness; I once had the no - tion, that for  
 filled me with love and with sad - ness.

\* First time end with F (doh!); second time end with C (soh).



( m' :- : r' : d' | d' : l : s | l :- : s : l | s : l : d' | r' :- : l | : : d'.r' )  
 beanadh an gaol rium 'S nach maathaicheadh idir mo chridh' ris; Ach  
 love's strange e - mo - tion My heart was too careless and list - less; I've



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

Aig coimhnh na h-òigridh 's ann chuir mi 'n ceud eòlas

Air an òg-chailinn choimhionta, chiataich;  
 'U s cha tig e an gradaig a mhùchas an t-sradag  
 A rinn ise fhadadh 'n am chliabh-sa.

Cha dùth dhomh bhi luaidh air na feartan thug buaidh orna,

'S a mhosgail lho shuaimhneas gu bròn mi—  
 A gnùis fhoimnidh, fhilathail, a shùilcan caoin, tairis,  
 'S a bin-bhenl o 'm blasda thig còmhradh.

Is finealta, uasal a beus 'us a ghasad;

Is ceanalta, suaire a nàdur;  
 'N a pearsa cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgoinneil—  
 Cha 'n iognadh ged 's toigh lean a' ghràidheag.

'S e cuspair mo smaointean a latha 's a dh' oidhche  
 A dh' fhoillseachadh seòl air bhi rèidh rith',

'Chionn mur faigh mi a buannachd ri 'm bheò bidh mi truaigh dheth,

Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suaimhneas gun èibhneas.

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

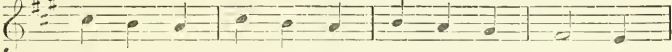
### 31—CRONAN—A LULLABY.

KEY A. 

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

{ Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach, }


{ Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O, }



{ m : r : d | m : r : d | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - : s<sub>1</sub> }

{ Cag - ar - an, fogh - aint - each, fear de mo dhaoi - ne }


{ Hush - a - by, dar - ling will yet be a he - - ro; }



{ s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | d : r : m | r : d : r | m : - : s }

{ Goid - idh e gobh - air dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich, }

{ None will be big - ger, or brav - er, or stroug - er: }



{ f : m : r | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | r : - : d }

{ Goid - idh e cap - ull 'ns mart o na raoin - tean. }

{ Lull - a - by, lit - tle one, cry - ing no long - er. }

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,  
Cagaran odhair, na cluinneam do chaoine;  
Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich,  
Goididh e sithionn o fhreach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean,  
Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrlaich;  
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 ma'n cuairt da;  
Cluinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan,  
'S bìthidh fiamh-ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhrnadar!

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.

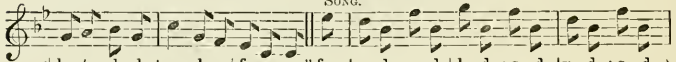


KEY B♭. { s<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | d : m . r | d : s<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d : s<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> . d<sub>1</sub> . d<sub>1</sub> . d | r . m : f . m | r : l<sub>1</sub> . d<sub>1</sub> }  
 Cuiribh fonn air an dàn so an lean - ain ar n - aithrichean , 'Us togaibh leam an t - seisd so , gu  
 Now a bold and sonor - ous good chor - us from Highlanders : Ring out your hearty cheers , Mountain

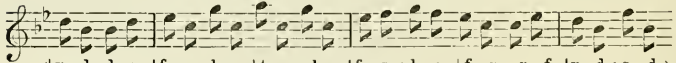


{ r : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub> . r<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d : m . r | d : s<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d : s<sub>1</sub> . f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> . d<sub>1</sub> . d<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> : f<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> }  
 h - entrom 's gu cairtreamach ; Tha clanna nan Gaidheal tha tann meas nam mor - bheanna , Le durachd ag cur  
 eers and brave Islanders ; All join this refrain , for the reign , long and glor - i - ous , The royal rule of

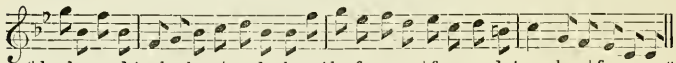
SONG.



{ l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : d . l<sub>1</sub> | r : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub> . r<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> . } f | m . d : s . d | l . d : s . d | m . d : s . d }  
 faill air a' Bhàn - rìgh 'n Victoria . Tha Sasum doirteadh mach a h - òir á stòrasaibh gu  
 blessings full , the good Queen Victoria's . The Saxon land , with lavish hand , has shown her liber -



{ m . d : d . m | f . r : l . r | t . r : l . r | f . s : l . s | f . r : r . f | m . d : s . d }  
 ùghantach ; An Eirinn thein a' deanamh streip a mi - thlachd gheur a thiomachadh ; Na Cumirich agus  
 al - i - ty ; Ev'n Erin's Isle resumes her smile of sweetest , rarest qual - i - ty ; On Lowland dales and



{ l . d : s . d | s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m . d : d . s | l . f : s . m | f . r : m . de | r : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | f<sub>1</sub> . r<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> . }  
 Goill na h - All' cur aird air mar is urrainn dailh , A choisreagadh gu h - nasal falaidh , bliadhna na h - ìhìll !  
 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 àm ar fineachan ;  
 Is eutrom , falaunh , fàs , gun òr ,  
 Ar pòcanan 's ar n - ionmhasan ;  
 Cha'n e ar nòs lhi spaidheil , spòrsail ,  
 Eruidheach , bòsdail , mìodalach ,  
 'Us tairgidh sinn , mar sin , do'n Bhàrrigh 'n  
 Là - ghradh ar eridheachan .  
 Gun lìon i mòran làithean fhathast  
 Cathair àrd nam Breatannach ;  
 Gu'm fas a chàrdan lìomhor , Ìn ;  
 Gu'm faigh a màmhaid beagachadh ;  
 Gu'm meal i sonas , gràdh an t - òighe ;  
 'Us glòir 'n a làthibh deireamach ;  
 'S na leanas iadsan thig 'n a dèigh  
 'N a cennaibh cha 'n eagal duinn .  
 Am meas nam linn a b' airde glòir ,  
 Le'n daoine mòra , foghainteach ;  
 Am meas nam fine choisinn cliù  
 Fo rìghrìbh cùiseil , comasach -  
 A dh'aindheoin beachd nan eachdraichean -  
 Gu deunhinn , 's iad mo roghainn - sa  
 Ar cinneadh fein , an linn a tha  
 'S ar Bàrrigh 'n Victoria .

But we the Gaels , in lonely vales  
 Beyond the frowning Grampians ,  
 Though clansmen 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 increasing 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 queenly or womanly .

Gaelic song written for this collection by Mr M. MACFARLANE. English by L. M. Air—"Cabar-feidh."

## NOTES.

UNPUBLISHED AIRS.—Of the sixty-four melodies contained in this collection, the following twenty-five are now (so far as known to the compiler) published for the first time:—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 I., and Nos. 3, 8, 16, and 31 of Part II.

MACKINTOSH LAMENT.—The following note has been kindly supplied by a leading authority on Highland antiquities (and a Mackintosh to boot), Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. :—There was no Chief of the Mackintoshes named either Hugh or Evan, and no incident such as is related is known in any authentic Mackintosh tradition. A History of the Mackintoshes, written in Latin in 1676, by Lachlan Mackintosh of Kinrara, uncle of the then Chief, refers to the Lament as follows:—“It was this William (second of that name and 13th Laird of Mackintosh), that, in his expedition to Rannoch and Appin, took the bard Macintyre, of whom the Macintyres of Badenoch are descended, under his protection. This Macintyre was a notable Rhymer. It was he that composed that excellent Erse epitaph called *Cumha Mhic an Toisich*, in joint commemoration of Ferquhar vic Conchie and William vic Lachlan Badenoch, Laird of Mackintosh.” Ferquhar, 4th of that name and 12th of Mackintosh, died at Inverness, 10th October, 1514, a year after his release from his very lengthened imprisonment as a state prisoner in the Castle of Dunbar. William, 13th Laird, was murdered at Inverness by some lawless members of the clan on the 20th, or, according to the Manuscript of Croy, on the 22nd May, 1515.

THE SACRED SONGS.—The present is, so far as the compiler knows, the first collection of Highland Sacred Melodies printed. The most popular have been chosen, and in most cases the airs have been noted down from native singers. These hymns are seldom, if ever, used in worship, even privately, in the Highlands, but they are heard not infrequently at friendly gatherings and in the family circle. Even the selection in this book will probably recall to many a Highlander memories of youth and home—

These were the mystic melodies I heard when I was young,  
On which my childish heart arose when by my mother sung;  
And when through other scenes I move, sad-hearted and unknown,  
They soothe my jaded spirit as I croon them all alone.















