

Carmina Gadelica

Hymns and Incantations

*With Illustrative Notes on Words, Rites, and Customs,
Dying and Obsolete : Orally Collected in the Highlands
and Islands of Scotland*

By Alexander Carmichael

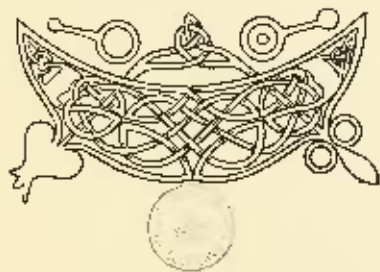


Edinburgh : Oliver and Boyd





CARMINA GADELICA
ORTHA NAN GAIDHEAL





J. C. Carrichael

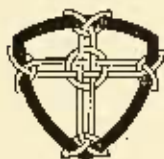
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Volume III



Oliver and Boyd

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TO
E. C. C. W.

EDITOR'S NOTE

IN the fifth volume I hope to explain fully how I have dealt with the material and to what extent I am responsible for the final form of the work. Every circumstance makes this desirable—the unprepared state of most of the original manuscripts, the nature of the material, and the Collector's unequalled knowledge and power of interpretation. But lest the opportunity should be withheld, I say now without reserve that I have made as little change as possible. To the Gaelic text no word has been added, and, save that a few broken lines or stanzas have been omitted, no word has been taken away. I have in general normalised the spelling, but I have not tampered with any spelling or form where to do so would have implied a change in pronunciation, inflexion, or the like. A few words appear in alternative spellings, representing the same pronunciation; the reader need not be disturbed by this. He will understand, moreover, that deviations from ordinary spelling and grammar reflect the language of the reciters, a language much governed by its appeal to their delicate ear, and consequently in some degree fluid. The originals show scarcely any accents or marks of length; I have added these, confining them mostly to stressed vowels historically long. Some vowels not so marked may none the less be long; these doubtful cases I hope to note later. In translating I have tried to follow, as best I could, my grandfather's usage in the first two volumes; but certain departures have been necessary and have been deliberately made, and I have not strained after mere verbal consistency.

The Rev. Dr Kenneth MacLeod, my grandfather's and my mother's friend and my own, has given me valuable help in this volume. None now living can match his understanding of the language of these poems and of their whole import, and his power to help in interpreting them has been increased by his close friendship with the Collector. Mr William Matheson has given me not less useful information and advice. The many new ornamental initial letters, headpieces and tailpieces are the beautiful work and generous gift of Mr Robert Burns. The publishers have helped and encouraged me much by their constant and practical interest in every aspect of the work.

J. C. W.

EDINBURGH

St Michael's Day, 1940

CONTENTS

No.		Page
BREITH AGUS BAISTEADH BIRTH AND BAPTISM		
217	Baisteadh Breith <i>Braon beag sa Athar</i>	7
218	Baisteadh Freith <i>An ainm Athar</i>	11
219	Ór an Tonnaídh <i>Tonna beag do chríoch</i>	13
220	Baisteadh Bean-Ghlúin <i>An ainm Dhé</i>	17
221	Braon Beag Burn <i>Braon beag burn</i>	21
 URNAIGHEAN MAIDNE MORNING PRAYERS		
222	Urnaigh Cur Umainn <i>Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé</i>	25
223	Achan Éirigh <i>A Rígh na gile 's na gréine</i>	29
224	Urnaigh <i>Táinig dháit deamán</i>	29
225	Toirt Taing <i>Taing dháit, a Dhé</i>	31
226	Urnaigh Éirigh <i>Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé</i>	33

Ann.			PAGE
227	Altachadh Éirigh Athair naoinne na Éirinn	Petition at Rising Thou holy Father of verity	35
228	Urnaigh Mhadainn Creidim, a Dhia an uile dhis	Morning Prayer I believe, O God of all gods	41
229	Uam na Córach Mu cheum an diugh le Dia	The Path of Right My walk this day with God	49
230	Smaointean Toll Dhé dhianam	Thoughts God's will would I do	51
231	Comhnadh Dhé Dia d'la mo choinn	God's Aid God to enfold me	53
232	Altachadh Thú na bí !	Supplication O Being of life !	55
233	Eólas Conaidh Súil Dhé endar tu	Charm against Venom Be the eye of God	57
234	Urnaigh Gúidhearc an diugh	Prayer Pray I this day	59
235	An Trí An ainm Aitir	The Three In name of Father	63

ÓRACHAN D'IONA

PRAYERS FOR PROTECTION

236	Achan Dhé naoi uile na fírinn	Petition O holy God of truth	65
237	Altachadh O Athair na fírinn	Prayer O Father of truth	69
238	Urnaigh A Dhé, éis ri m'urnaigh	Prayer O God, hearken to my prayer	71

LIN.			PAGE
230	Óra na hAnshocair Crois na croitibe cruada	Prayer of Distress May the cross of the crucifixion tree	73
240	Ios an Cuarcaiche Ios ! An-ghéin Mhíe Dhé	Jesus the Encompasser Jesus ! Only-begotten Son	77
241	Achan Iosa Caoisín an achan ó m' bheul	Prayer to Jesus I say the prayer from my mouth	79
242	Léigh m'Ánaima A Léigh m'áinim	'Thou, my Soul's Healer Thou, my soul's Healer	83
243	Fuidheadh An Spírad Naomh a bliainnadh orm	Fragment May the Holy Spirit distil on me	87
244	Spírad Naomh A Spírad Naomh	Holy Spirit O Holy Spirit	89
245	An Teòr An Teòr tha os mo chéim	The Three The Three Who are over me	93
246	Seun SAMhalaidh Seun a chéir Brigid	Charm of Protection The charm placed of Brigit	95
247	Achan Tha m' ng achan ri Dia	Prayer I am appealing to God	99
248	Cáirú Cáirú Dhé agus a léim dhé	Encompassing The compassing of God	103
249	Gáin Cáirú Dhé bliuim ómad	Encompassing The compassing of God be on thee	105
250	Gáin Cáirú san Oidhéal naonóba	Encompassment The holy Apostles' guarding	107
251	Óra Díona A Mícheál na míl	Prayer of Protection Thou Michael of valiance	109

AN NOLLAIG MHÓR

THE NATIVITY

- 252 Duan Nollaig
Nochd an oidhche fhaís
Christmas Carol
This night is the long night 111
- 253 An Óigh
Chomúsaíonn an Óigh is' teacht
The Virgin
The Virgin was beheld approaching 115
- 254 Leanaíbh an Aigh
Leanaíbh an aigh
The Child of Glory
The Child of glory 117

ACHAN NAN NAOMH

SUPPLICATION OF THE
SAINTS

- 255 Achan Mhoire Mhàthar
A Mhoire Mhaighdean
Prayer to Mary Mother
O Mary Maiden 119
- 256 Moladh Moire
Gabhann an urnaigh
Praise of Mary
I say the prayer 127
- 257 Moladh Moire
Bláib-fúisg na mara
Praise of Mary
Flower-garland of the ocean 135
- 258 Cuirim Fianais
Cuirim fianais gu Moire
I Send Witness
I send witness to Mary 137
- 259 Micheál Míl
A Micheál Mhíl
Michael Militant
O Michael Militant 145
- 260 Micheal nan Aingeal
A Mhícheál nan aingeal
Michael of the Angels
O Michael of the angels 149
- 261 Aingeal Coimhídeachd
Aingil choimhídeach mo lámhe
dúiciú
Angel Guardian
O Angel guardian of my right
hand 151
- 262 Guidhe
Guidhim is seham
Prayer
I pray and supplicate 153
- 263 Banas Bríghde
Bríghde na n-éist
Womanhood of Brigit
Brigit of the mantles 155

264	Beannachadh Brìghde Gach latha agus gach oidhche	Blessing of Brigit Each day and each night	161
265	Rann Tobair Cain na Màthar Maire	Rune of the Well The shelter of Mary Mother	169

GUIDHEACHAN TURAIS

JOURNEY PRAYERS

266	Acharan B' na do r'è cèidh rannan	Petition Be Thou a smooth way before me	171
267	An Guidhe Tha mi guidhe agus ag a' chein	The Prayer I am praying and appealing	173
268	An Comhaidh Gun dìonadh Brìghde mi	The Aiding May Brigit shield me	175
269	Acharan Dhè, fuasgail Èiu	Prayer Relieve Thou, O God	177
270	Guidhe Turais Dhè, beannaich dhomh an latha	The Journey Prayer God, bless to me this day	179
271	An Beannachadh Turais Beannaich dhomh, a Dhè	The Journey Blessing Bless to me, O God	181
272	Soisgeul Chrìosd Gun beannachadh Dhè do chruis	The Gospel of Christ May God bless thy cross	183
273	Soisgeul Dhè nan Dùl Soisgeul Dhè nan dùl	The Gospel of the God of Life The Gospel of the God of life	191
274	Soisgeul Chrìosd Cuiridh comraich Chrìosd umaid	The Gospel of Christ I set the keeping of Christ about thee	193
275	Comhaidh nan Deòr Dìg Dhùil leat	The Pilgrims' Aiding God be with thee	195
276	Sìna Sàbhalaich Gabhaidh tu ri Dhè	Charm for Protection Thou shalt take to God	197

BEANNACHDAN

277 Beannachdan

ÓRACHÁN BÚADHA

278 Óra Buađh
Beadh a choir Bríghde279 Sian Bhuadha
An sian a chair Bríghde280 Óra Aodann Níghinn
Tha fáil Dhé air th'agáidh281 Buađh
Buađh rósa dbuá

DÚRACHDAN

282 Dúrachd
Fest síúch dhuít283 Guidhe
Gach latha sibhach dhuít284 Dúrachd
Néart abhainn dbuá285 Guidhe
Fest síla dhuít286 Dúrachd
Áthas síla dhuít287 Guidhe
Guidhin aogal saon dhuít

BLESSINGS

Blessings 201

INVOCATION OF THE GRACES

Invocation of the Graces 213
The grace placed by BrigitCharms of Grace: 217
The charm placed by BrigitCharms for the Face of a Maiden 227
The beauty of God is in thy faceGrace: 229
Grace of love be thine

GOOD WISHES

Good Wish 231
Power of raven be thinePrayer 235
Each day be glad to theeGood Wish 237
Thine be the might of riverPrayer 237
Power of eye be thineGood Wish 239
The good of eye be thinePrayer 239
I pray for thee a joyous life

288	Dùrachd Glicas beibie dhuit	Good Wish Wisdom of serpent be thine	240 241
289	Guidhe Gach latha son dhuit	Prayer Be each day glad for thee	241
290	Guidhe Gràdh na Màire Màthar dhuit	Prayer The love of the Mary Mother be thine	243
291	Dùrachd Gàirdean Mhuire Mhàthar dhuit	Good Wish The arm of Mary Mother be thine	245
292	Beannachd Màthar Beannachd Dhé dhut	The Mother's Parting Blessing The benison of God be to thee	247
293	An Dùil Deòra Tonnlaidh mise a' faodann	The Pilgrim's Hope I will bathe my face	251
294	Beannachd Màthar Far an tair thu bair do chinn	The Mother's Blessing Where thou shalt bring the crown of thy head	253
295	Am Beannachd Màthar Aub' Dhé dha 'a'ghaidh	The Mother's Blessing The joy of God be in thy face	255
URNAIGH ROIMH ÉISDEACHD		PRAYER BEFORE CONFESSION	
296	Urnaigh roimh Éisdeachd Iosa, thoir d'bhonn iustiuais	Prayer before Confession Jesu, give me forgiveness	257
CROIS CHRÌOSDA		THE CROSS OF CHRIST	
297	Crois Chrìosda Cris Chrìosda eadar mi	The Cross of Christ Be the cross of Christ	269

No.	SÍTH	PEACE	PAGE
298	Síth Síth Dhé dhaoibh, síth dhaoibh	Peace The peace of God, the peace of men	265
299	Síth Síth eadar nábharaibh	Peace Peace between neighbours	267
300	Síth Síth na sona	Peace The peace of joy	269
GUTH NA TORAINN		THE VOICE OF THUNDER	
301	Guth na Torainn A Dhé na n-éala	The Voice of Thunder O God of the elements	271
302	Torainn Guth an Dhé mhóir	Thunder The voice of the great God	273
GEALACH ÚR		NEW MOON	
303	Áilleagan Fionn na Féil Fáilt out féin, a ghealach úr	Beautiful Fair One of Grace Hail to thee, thou new moon	275
304	Gealachánáil na Gealach Glóir dhuit féin go bráth	Moon Worship Glory to thee for ever	279
305	Gealach Úr Té mo róin a' ghealach úr	New Moon She of my love is the new moon	281
306	A' Ghealach Úr Fáilt dhú, a ghealach úr	The New Moon Hail to thee, thou new moon	285
307	Gealach Úr Ri faicín domh na gealach úr	New Moon When I see the new moon	287
308	A' Ghealach Úr Ri faicín domh na gealach úr	The New Moon When I see the new moon	289

IRE.		PAGE.
309	Gealach Úr Tá mé tógáil duit mo lámh	New Moon I am lifting to thee my hands 291
310	Gealach Úr Síod agaibh a' ghealach ar	New Moon There, see, the new moon 293
311	Gealach Úr Síod, síod, a' ghealach ar !	New Moon There, there, the new moon ! 297
312	A' Ghealach Úr Té mo ríon a' ghealach ar	The New Moon She of my love is the new moon 299
313	Ríogfhinnn na hOidhche Fáilte dhúir féin	Queen of the Night Hail unto thee 301
314	Áilleogán marn Buidh Fáilte dhúir, a ghealach ar	Jewel of Virtues Hail to thee, thou new moon 303
315	Gealach Úr Guma geal do sholas dhomh	New Moon May thy light be fair to me ? 305

A' GHRIAN

THE SUN

316	Ghrian Seil Dhé mhóir	Sun The eye of the great God 307
317	A' Ghrian Fáilte ort féin, a ghrian	The Sun Hail to thee, thou sun 311

BUIDHEACHAS BITHIDH

THANKS FOR FOOD

318	An Garbhan Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé	The Meal Give us, O God 313
319	Beannaichadh Bithidh Bithiun, a Dhé	Grace before Food Be with me, O God 315
320	Buidheachas Bithidh Táinig dhuit, a Dhé	Thanks after Food Thanks be to Thee, O God 317

DÍON OÍDHICHE		NIGHT SHIELDING	
321	Eolas Eagail Oídhche Día romham, Día dheugham	Charm for Fear by Night God before me, God behind me	319
322	Gomaraig nan Deór Tha mí cur m'anama	The Pilgrims' Saleguarding I am placing my soul	321
323	Díon Dé A Fhigheannas agas a Dhia	Shielding of God Thou Lord and God	323
324	Smúradh an Tula Smúradh mí an tula	Smoozing the Hearth I will smooze the hearth	325
325	Smáladh an Teine Smálam a nochd mo theine	Smoozing the Fire I smooze this night my fire	325
326	Smáladh an Teine Smálam a nochd an teine	Smoozing the Fire I smooze the fire this night	327
327	Urnaigh Oídhche 'Nac ainm, Ios	Night Prayer In Thy name, O Jesu	329
328	Laignim síos a Nochd Laignim síos a nochd le Dia	I Lie down this Night I lie down this night with God	333
329	Acham Chadail Laignim síos a nochd	Sleep Invocation I lie down this night	335
330	Gabhail mo Thámh Nac tigeadh thugam eucóir	Going to Rest May no wrong come unto me	337
331	Beannachadh Táirne Dhó, beannach dhocht	Rest Benediction Bless to me, O God	339
332	Fois A Fhóim foist	Repose Thou Being of myself	341
333	Clos Chadail Dhó na dhó, na dhó dhocht	Repose of Sleep O God of life, darken not to me	343

CONTENTS

xix

314	Dh�� Mh��ir	Thou Great God	315
	Dh�� mh��ir, thoir dhionnsa	Thou great God, grant me	
335	Urnaigh	Prayer	347
	Mo Dhia agus mo Thriath	My God and my Lord	
336	Urnaigh	Prayer	349
	At��ir, beannaich mi	Father, bless me	
337	Cuirneachadh Teaghlaich	Encompassing of Family	351
	Beannaich, a Dh��, dh'au teine	Bless, O God, the fire	
338	Beannachadh T��imh	Rest Blessing	357
	Beannaich, a Dh��, an ndr��ch	Bless Thou, O God, the dwelling	
339	An Teaghlach	The Homestead	359
	A Dh��, beannaich mo bharraigh	O God, bless my homestead	
340	Beannachadh Taigh	Blessing of the House	361
	Beannaich dhu	May God give blessing	
341	Beannachadh Taigh	Blessing of a House	367
	Crois Chr��id	Be Christ's cross	

B  S

DEATH

342	Latha a' Bh��is	The Day of Death	369
	Tha fearr d��imh Dh�� mo d��il	The black wrath of the God of life	
343	B��s Sona	Happy Death	371
	A Dh�� mh��ir na s��bhte	Thou great God of salvation	
344	Urnaigh Bh��is	Death Prayer	375
	Dh��, thoir s��abh d��a do ghliocas	O God, give me of Thy wisdom	
345	B��s Ola	Death of Unction	377
	B��s ola agus aithreachais	Death with unction and with penitence	
346	Tha M�� Dol Da-chuidh Leat	I am Going Home with Thee	379
	Tha n�� dol da-chuidh leat	I am going home with thee	

no.			no.
347	An Tuiream Báis Thú dol dachsiúib a nocht	The Death Dýge Thou goest home this night	383
348	Bás Sona Thoir dhúinn, a Dhé	Joyous Death Give us, O God	387
349	Bás Sona Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé	Joyous Death Give Thou to me, O God	389
350	Bás Sona Bás ola	Joyous Death Death with ail	393
351	Acháine Guidhin Peadail, guidhin Pól	Supplication I pray Peter, I pray Paul	395



ELIZABETH CATHERINE CARMICHAEL.

By the Rev. Dr DONALD LAMONT

ELLA CARMICHAEL was my friend for more than thirty years, my first sight of her being in the Quadrangle of Edinburgh University, when she came to attend Professor Mackinnon's Celtic class, and my last when I went to see her a few days before her death; and in all these years she was one of the half-dozen friends that I liked best in the world. She was one of those people with whom it is easy to keep one's friendship in good repair, even though one does not see them often. There were fairly long periods of time within these thirty years when I had but few opportunities of meeting her, but that did not matter—the door of her heart and home always remained unfastened, and one could enter without formality or apology and take up the threads of intimate talk where they had been dropped years before.

She seemed to me to have changed less between young womanhood and middle life than any other woman I have known, so that one's first impression of her never had to be revised even in small details. This applies even to her physical appearance, as well as to her mind and character. In the middle 'nineties Ella Carmichael was a very beautiful young woman, singularly gracious and dignified, with an air of distinction and charm. In later life her hair whitened, and her complexion and vitality lost something of their freshness, but the tranquil dignity of her movements and the distinction of her physical presence only increased with the years. And that physical dignity was only the outward expression of an inward grace and gravity and repose of spirit which she

possessed in an abundant degree. There was nothing small or mean or trifling in her; the gracious and beautiful and honourable qualities and interests of life were the things that attracted her, and she moved among them with a natural ease.

She was fortunate in her heredity, being the daughter of that *sàr dhuinn uasal*, Dr Alexander Carmichael. In many ways Mrs Carmichael was quite as remarkable a personality as her more famous husband. I was privileged to see a little of the home of the Carmichaels during my student days in Edinburgh, and the chief recollections of it that remain with me now are these: the hospitality of their table; the unworldly ideals of life that prevailed there; the golden atmosphere through which the Highland people and all Gaelic things were seen; and the number of interesting people who might be seen there. The marks of her heredity were easily seen in Ella Carmichael; as Mrs Watson, she carried with her into her own home the mental and social habits of her paternal home. I do not remember ever having visited Professor and Mrs Watson without being offered food, whatever the hour of day or night might be. She was exceedingly hospitable; generous in hand and heart, and as unworldly as she was generous. I have talked with her about the future of her own son, and about the future of other young people in whom we were both interested, and never once did I find her judgment influenced by worldly ideals or ambitions. Nor did she ever fail in her love towards the people of her race, nor in willingness to be of service to them. Though she had intellectual interests and a cultivated mind, and has made some original contributions to Gaelic learning, I always felt this about her literary work, that what was behind it was not anything like the Teutonic love of learning, or the pursuit of truth for truth's sake, but that it was undertaken out of a sense of loyalty to a tradition, and to her people, and from a desire to maintain the credit of her race and language in the sight of the world.

From her early days she was at the centre of what is vaguely known as the Gaelic movement, and it is not, I think, too much to say that she was the best-known and most distinguished figure connected with it in Scotland. She knew almost everyone who was interested in the language and industries of the Highlands, and her editorship of the *Celtic Review* brought her into touch with many scholars and writers in Ireland and Wales and Brittany.

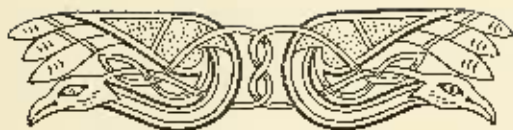
My aim in this record is to give a personal impression of Mrs Watson herself rather than an account of the work which she did ; but it may be said that the *Celtic Review* was a very gallant venture. Among the serious and scholarly periodicals that have appeared at various times to promote Gaelic studies, it occupies the first place as regards the excellence of the material which it contains, as well as in length of days. It originally arose out of Mrs Watson's friendship with the late W. B. Blaikie, LL.D., one of the helpful and stimulating friendships of her life. In her editorial work she had the counsel and assistance first of Professor Mackinnon, whose friendly interest in her as his former pupil was warm and constant, and latterly of her husband, whom she married in 1906, and who succeeded Professor Mackinnon in his Chair in 1914.

In *Carmina Gadelica* her father acknowledges the share which she had in that work. The second edition was prepared by her ; it was published shortly after her death, and it has the pathetic interest that the preface is the last thing to which her name is subscribed. It was her intention to publish one or two more volumes from her father's collections, but that will now fall to other hands. Mrs Watson had a very good knowledge of spoken Gaelic, and spoke it with an accent that was pleasing to the ear. Her voice was always soft and pleasing.

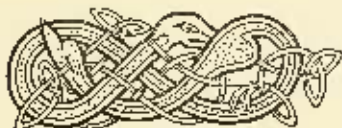
In the various Highland and Gaelic societies to which for some years she devoted a good deal of her time and thought, some of which, indeed, she founded or helped to found, her

influence was very great. She was easy to do business with ; she never had personal ends to serve, and she was always courteous and helpful in counsel.

It is not, however, any work that she did that will remain longest in my memory, but the aroma and flavour of her gracious personality ; her utter unselfishness ; her modesty and purity of heart ; her sympathy and kindness. She had an extraordinary power of detaching her mind from her own concerns, even from her own illness and sorrow, in order to help other people and to make things smooth for them. She had not an enquiring or restless or speculative mind, and her religious faith was of the simplest kind : a quiet and decorous observance of the ancient pieties and an instinctive love for the things that are honourable and pure. She was not critical but tolerant of other people, and of their opinions and ways ; and if I were overtaken in a serious and shameful fault, I would sooner have fallen into the hands of Mrs Watson than into almost any other hands, because of her infinite loving-kindness.



CARMINA GADELICA
ORTHA NAN GAIDHEAL



BREITH AGUS BAISTEADH

BIRTH and death, the two events of life, had many ceremonies attached to them. Many are now obsolete, and those that still live are but the echoes of those that were current in the past. The customs connected with life and death were so many that only a few can be mentioned. When a child was born it was handed to and tin across the fire three times, some words being addressed in an almost inaudible murmur to the fire-god. It was then carried three times sun-wise round the fire, some words being murmured to the sun-god. These dedications to the fire- and sun-gods are indicative of far-away lands and far-away times; but of what land and of what time?

An cead uisg aca an t-iarthar an leasabh an deoghaidh a bhreith a srach dh'an t-saoghal, tha a' bhrean-sughidh a' cur tinnn oir no chinn-eadh airgid aca a' cluann bhura an bleicear a' tuitail an leicidh. Agus tha an boireannach dh'a dhèanamh seo air ghaol sìth, air ghaol sóigh, air ghaol seilbh, air ghaol seirais a latha agus a dh'uidheche, air bhuaibh mhach, air bhuaibh rath, air bhuaibh lèrach aca gach àite.

The first water in which the child is washed after it is born into the world, the bathing-woman puts a gold piece or a coin of silver into the vessel of water in which the child is being washed. And the woman does this for love of peace, for love of means, for love of wealth, for love of joyousness by day and by night, for grace of goodness, for grace of fortune, for grace of victory on every field.

BAISTEADH BREITH

After the child is born it is baptised by the nurse; this is called 'baisteadh breith,' birth baptism, or 'baisteadh ban-glòis,' nurse-woman's baptism.

Thubhairt an beuliche: Dar a tha crith Dhè nan dèil 'ga bhreith a srach dh'an t-saoghal tha mi a' cur oir braca beaga buru air uisge an leicidh. Tha mi a' cur a' chid bhronnan an ainm an Athar, agus tha na mnathan-faire a' canail Amen. Agus tha mi a' cur an dara bronnan an ainm an Mhic, agus tha na mnathan-faire a' canail Amen. Agus tha mi a' cur an treas bronnan an ainm an Spioraid, agus tha na mnathan-faire a' canail Amen. Agus tha mi a' guidhe air an 'Trithinn Naimh an leasabh a ihearadh agus a nighidh agus a ghlèidheadh dh'aibh fhèin. Agus tha na mnathan-faire ag ràdh Amen. Tha a chuide daine stèidh a' togail an guth aca an fhaic leis na mnathan-faire gun rugadh fhèin an leasabh

dh'ua Trisaid bheannaichte. A Leabhr fhéin! cha chuala cluas rianbh ceól is bóilínche na ceól nam mnathan-faire a' coisreallb gine mhic an duine agus 'ga thair thairis do Dhia mór nan dúl. Cha tog na siol slodha, cha tog na siol slughn, cha tog na síol seoghla an suninean aéimh aona dh'an déanar óra bhoadharh a' bhaisidh; cha luigh síl air, cha luigh tráth air, cha luigh faroad air; cha dá láimh Moire m'n nan gés agus dá fáimh Chloisda claoimh dh'a shaoradh, a' comraig agus a' cuarsachadh agus a' comhnadh sainean sálasach a' bhaisidh.

The reciter said: When the image of the God of life is born into the world I put three little drops of water on the child's forehead. I put the first little drop in the name of the Father, and the watching-women say Amen. I put the second little drop in the name of the Son, and the watching-women say Amen. I put the third little drop in the name of the Spirit, and the watching-women say Amen. And I beseech the Holy Three to love and to bache the child and to preserve it to Themselves. And the watching-women say Amen. All the people in the house are raising their voices with the watching-women, giving witness that the child has been committed to the blessed Trinity. By the Book itself I ear has never heard music more beautiful than the music of the watching-women when they are consecrating the seed of man and committing him to the great God of life. No seed of éagy, no seed of the husk of the air, no seed of the world's people, can lift away the happy tranquil little sleeper for whom is made the benedict prayer of the baptism; eye cannot lie on him, envy cannot lie on him, malice cannot lie on him; the two arms of the mild Mary of grace and the two arms of gentle Christ are to free him, shielding and surrounding and succouring the joyous little sleeper of the baptism.

Feigidh Nic Cormaig, Peggy MacCormack, née MacDonald, is now an old woman, but a fine woman still, mentally and physically. She said: Tha mé dá fhicheall bliadhna agus a céig diag ri banas-ghlúin, agus cha do dh'éirich riamh beud no baoghal do bhoireanunch mu'n robh mo dhá lámh; agus a chliú sin do Dhia nan dúl agus chan ann domhsa. Bha mise daonnan a' déanamh mo dh'fheall, ach bha mí daonnan a' guidhe sír Iosa Mac Moire mo dhé shúil a chumail agus mo dhé lámh a sfiórath anns gach cás agus anns gach ceart. Bha mise ag ach bhe san láidir - a' ghloir dhé-san agus chan ann do neach eile. . . . I am two score and fifteen years a knave-woman, and never has loss or mishap befallen a woman about whom were my two hands; and the praise of that be to the God of life and not to me. I was always doing my best, but I was always praying to Jesus the Son of Mary to keep my two eyes and to guide my two hands in every difficulty and in every step. I was weak, but He was strong; and the glory be to Him and to none other.

Were the child to die unbaptised, it would not be allowable to bury the body with Christian rites in consecrated ground. Stillborn or unbaptised infants were buried in a place by themselves, often in a very inaccessible place among rocks. If there were no such place available,

a sunless spot outside the churchyard was used. Adjoining old places of burial there was often a special place for the burial of unbaptised infants, suicides and murderers. Such a place was called 'torran,' little mound. What is now the parish church of Llanne was in pre-Presbyterian times the cathedral of the Cathedral Church of the See of Argyll and the Isles, and was called *Englais Mhór Mo-Luag*, the Great Church of Mo-Luag. Beside the church are *Gill Mo-Luag* and *Cladh Mo-Luag*, Mo-Luag's Cell and Burial Place. Near the latter is a place known as *Cladh na Cloinne*, the Burial Place of the Children, and *Cladh na Cloinne gun Bhaireadh*, the Burial Place of the Unbaptised Children. The remains of the enclosing wall were visible some years ago. *Cladh Mo-Luag* itself formerly extended about two hundred yards further down the field than it does at present. While this disused part was being drained and trenched, some beautifully carved stones were discovered. On the face of West Caslaean there is a shelf among the rocks where unbaptised infants were buried, and that within the memory of persons still living. In many districts such infants were buried between sundown and sunrise, '*gun glath gréine gun ré gile, air oidhche dhubh a dhorchá, far nach faiceadh súil agus nach thrádh duine,*' 'without beam of sun or ray of moon, on a night black and dark, where no eye could see and no man could discern.' It was thought that such a child had no soul: but it had a spirit, and this spirit, 'taran,' entered into a rock and abode there, and became 'mar tulla,' 'son of rock,' which is the Gaelic term for 'cave.' As to the manner and time of burial, cf. Psalm lviii. 8. 'like the untimely birth of a woman, that they may never see the sun.' What relationship these spirits had with the spirits known as '*fridlich nan creag,*' the gnomes of the rocks, I am not sure.

The father of an unbaptised or stillborn child was not allowed to attend the funeral on pain of having no more children. Instead, he must go about his usual work in his usual clothes as if nothing untoward had occurred, leaving his friends to do their friendly work. This often necessitated travelling long distances, and often difficult climbing, when the burying-ground for these children was situated in a remote and rocky hill-side.

Should a child, born alive, die in a few days without having received either lay or clerical baptism, the father was considered to be at fault and his negligence was much resented by the community. Not always is it so easy to obtain clerical baptism as it might seem to the dwellers in cities. In one of the small islands of the Long Island I have seen, on one of the minister's infrequent visits, children ranging up to seven years being baptised, and on one occasion I saw a boy of thirteen years being baptised, not because his parents desired adult baptism, but from lack of previous opportunity. That, however, was about thirty years ago.

I have known a minister detained for seven weeks on a small island whither he had gone to preach for a Sunday; and the late Father Allan MacDonald once went to Mingulay to hold service, meaning to return in

the evening and to marry a young couple in Barra next day. Over seven weeks passed before he could get back. He spent the time in religious exercises among the people, and in collecting old lore ; and the marriage party spent it in dancing, singing, and composing songs on the anxious bride and groom. So we need not wonder that some remote islands might remain without visits from the clergy for several years.

Eight days from birth the child is baptised by the clergy and received formally into the Christian Church. This baptism is variously called 'baisteachd cléirich,' clerical baptism ; 'baisteachd mòr,' great baptism ; 'baisteachd eaglais,' church baptism ; 'baisteachd pears eaglais,' baptism of the churchman ; 'baisteachd sagairt,' baptism of the priest ; 'baisteachd mìnisdeir,' baptism of the minister ; and by other names according to the form prevailing in the place. The clerical baptism is a social function, when friends and neighbours celebrate the reception of the child into the Christian Faith. The meeting is called 'fèis baistidh' and 'cèirn baistidh,' feast of baptism. At this function and feast the child is handed from person to person around the company, going 'deiseil,' in a sunwise direction. Every person who takes the child is required to express a wish for its welfare. The wish may be in prose or in verse, but preferably in verse, and original if possible. Verse lives when prose has perished. This is why Gaelic sayings and proverbs are commonly in rhyme. Prose wishes at the clerical baptism are indeed rare ; rhimed wishes are most usual.

BAISTEADH BREITH

[217]

Beulaicte : Catriona Nic Nilt, roitear, Breubhaig, Barraich

Tinnur an seanchaidh, Catriona Mhurchaidh : Chuala mise an rann seo aig seann chailleachan bhò chionn fada an t-saoghal. Dair a bhàire leanabh chaidhb a' bhac-ghluic trè beasas beaga buca air clàr-ung an Iannaboin an ainm A'har, an ainm Mhic, an ainm Spioraid, agus theireadh i mar seo :



-RAN beag an A'har

Dha do bhathais bhig, a luaidh,

Braon beag a' Mhic

Dha do bhathais bhig, a luaidh.

Braon beag an Spioraid

Dha do bhathais bhig, a luaidh.

Dha do chomhmadh o'n a sìodh,

Dha do dhionadh o'n a slugh ;

Dha do chomhmadh o'n a frid,

Dha do dhionadh o'n a fuath ;

Dha do thasgadh dha na 'Tri,

Dha do dhionadh, dha do chuairt ;

Dha do ghlaidhearf dha na 'Tri,

Dha do bhonadh le na buaidh ;

Braon beag nan 'Tri

Dha do bhòhadh le na buaidh.

BIRTH BAPTISM

Reciter : Catherine MacNeill, cotzar, Breachhaig, Barra

THE reciter, Catherine daughter of Murdoch, said : I heard this ruse from old women in the long ago of the world. When a child was born the midwife would put three small drops of water upon the forehead of the little one in name of Father, in name of Son, in name of Spirit, and she would say in this wise :—

THE little drop of the Father
On thy little forehead, beloved one.

THE little drop of the Son
On thy little forehead, beloved one.

THE little drop of the Spirit
On thy little forehead, beloved one.

To aid thee from the fays,
To guard thee from the host ;

To aid thee from the gnome,
To shield thee from the spectre ;

To keep thee for the Three,
To shield thee, to surround thee ;

To save thee for the Three,
To fill thee with the graces ;

THE little drop of the Three
To lave thee with the graces.

Bheireadh an sín a' bbean-glúin an leasabá do chaillich chluinne chon a nighthead, agus bheireadh an té chluinne boiseag bheag dhuru air an leasaban libeag bhrónach, agus sheinneadh i còil a bu bhinne chuala cluas riamh air thalamh, agus thuirceadh i mar seo :—



TONNAN dha do chruth,
 Tonnan dha do ghuth,
 Tonnan dha do mhàntachd ;

Tonnan dha do rath,
 Tonnan dha do mhath,
 Tonnan dha do shlànachd ;

Tonnan dha do ruch,
 Tonnan dha do sguch,
 Tonnan dha do ghràsachd ;
 Naoi tonnau dha do ghràsachd.

Bithidh an dhan sín air beannaibh na caillich chluinne gur am bi i cillanb a Buthail an leasabain. Is ionadh dhìgt ceònach a lùna measg nan sean daoine ; ach thoisich coigich air tighinn a stèach dlùan dh'haich, agus thoisich fad air magadh air tucadh na dh'ècha, agus mar sin leigeadh cleasidamnan ceannas na dh'ècha uirth air a-nidh air chùl, agus cuid air chùl. Cha mhór feadhainn a sheasadh ri magadh feadhainn is fearr ionnsachadh na fad fàin. Cha mhór icie.

Then the midwife would give the child to a nurse to wash it, and the nurse would put a small pailful of water on the poor little infant, and she would sing the sweetest music that ever ear heard on earth, and she would say in this wise :—

A wavelet for thy form,
A wavelet for thy voice,
A wavelet for thy sweet speech ;

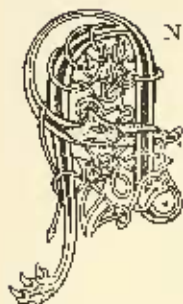
A wavelet for thy luck,
A wavelet for thy good,
A wavelet for thy health ;

A wavelet for thy throat,
A wavelet for thy pluck,
A wavelet for thy graciousness ;
Nine waves for thy graciousness.

That race would be upon the nurse's tongue till she was finished of bathing the little infant. There were many curious customs among the old people ; but strangers began to come into the country, and they began to mock the people of the country, and the beautiful customs of the country were allowed bit by bit to drop, and some of them to be lost. There are not many people who would stand to be made fun of by people of more learning than themselves—no many at all.

BAISTEADH BREITH

[210]



N ainm Athar,
Amen

An ainm Miu,
Amen

An ainm Spioraid,
Amen

Trí dha do ligheadh,
Amen

Trí dha do nigheadh,
Amen

Trí dha do ghlidheadh,
Amen

[Teóra

Athair agus Mac agus Spiorad,
Amen

Athair agus Mac agus Spiorad,
Amen

Athair agus Mac agus Spiorad,
Amen.

BIRTH BAPTISM

In name of Father,
Amen

In name of Son,
Amen

In name of Spirit,
Amen

Three to save thee,
Amen

Three to baptize thee,
Amen

Three to save thee,
Amen

Father and Son and Spirit,
Amen

Father and Son and Spirit,
Amen

Father and Son and Spirit,
Amen.

OR AN TONNAIDH

[219]

O Mháiri Nic Néil, croítear

THUHBART an bealaíche : An uair a thá an boireannach a' fionnail an leonabain air a bhreith a staigh dh'an t-singhal, tá a' cur naoi tonnaí beaga buru air an macúllcan beag léidilcach a tháinig dh'achaidh a uchl an Atha shíorraídh. An leach a thá i rís a seo thá i théin agus na mathan-íthéidh a' seim nam an tonnaídh.



ONNAN beag do chruth,
Tonnan beag do gluath,
Tonnan beag do mhátraídh.

Tonnan beag do chuid,
Tonnan beag do bhuig,
Tonnan beag do cháileachd.

Tonnan beag do mhacín,
Tonnan beag do shanghail,
Tonnan beag do shlánachd.

Nasí tom de ghrása dhuit,
Tonnan Léigh do shláinte.

Boisileag do chruth,
Boisileag do gluath,
Boisileag do mhátraídh.

Boisileag do rach,
Boisileag do sguile,
Boisileag do làthrachd.

THE PRAYER OF BAPTISM

From Mary MacNeill, crofter

THE reciter said: When the woman is bathing the child who has been born into the world, she puts nine little wavelets of water on the pretty little infant who has come home from the bosom of the everlasting Father. While she is doing this, she herself and the serving-woman sing the baptismal verse.

The little wavelet for thy form,
The little wavelet for thy voice,
The little wavelet for thy sweet speech.

The little wavelet for thy means,
The little wavelet for thy generosity,
The little wavelet for thine appetite.

The little wavelet for thy wealth,
The little wavelet for thy life,
The little wavelet for thine health.

Nine waves of grace to thee,
The waves of the Physician of thy salvation.

The little palmful for thy form,
The little palmful for thy voice,
The little palmful for thy sweet speech.

The little palmful for thine eating,
The little palmful for thy taking,
The little palmful for thy vigour.

Boisileag an Athar,
Boisileag an Mhic,
Boisileag an Spioraid.

Naí hoisileag do ghrása,
Tiúra ann an Aon.

The little palmful of the Father,
The little palmful of the Son,
The little palmful of the Spirit,

Nine little palmfuls for thy grace
(In name of) the Three in One.

BAISTEADH BAN-GHLUIN

[226]

Benaiche : Bean Dhomhail Eoghain, croicear, Dearnaraidh.
Barraich

TUICIMHIRT AN BENAICHE : Cluata m'ao aig mo mháthair, sídh dh'a leasam, 'n uair a bha mi óg, 'na mo luidearaig bhig bhronaíca a mach agus a stach an stanch, cho aotora górach ní coim an adhair, A Mhoiré Mháthair, 's beag fáth a ghabh mi d'bhíoch anis an am, agus is leag a shaoil mí gun tigeadh sibhsé, a luaidh, dh'an iarraidh an d'ingh, an déich ceidúr Ghearaí h'iadhu. Bhu mo mháthair ghráidh ag innse dóighean a' bhailé do bhean a bha sa bhéinn, agus bha rúsc a' curail cluais ri a cainnt, ged bu bheag ghórach mí anis an am, agus seo riar a dhúirt mo mháthair ghaol ris a' lúscéannach a tháinig dhaclaídh.

Dar a thig an naoidlean a stach dh'an t-aoghal tha a' bhean-ghluin a' cur trí braora burn air clé-ung an leasbain bhig bhronaíca a tháinig d'ugainn dhaclaídh bho uirid an Athar Shiceraidh. Agus tha am beiréannach 'ga dhéanadh seo am an áinú agus anis an uirid na Tríanaile chaomh' dh'umfachaídh, agus ag rádh mar seo :—



N aiam Dhé,
An aiam Íos,
An aiam Spioraid,
Triúir ionúch nam buadh.

Braon beag an Athar
Dha do bhathais bhig, a luaidh.

Braon beag an Múic
Dha do bhathais bhig, a luaidh.

Braon beag an Spioraid
Dha do bhathais bhig, a luaidh.

Dha do chumladh, dha do chaichris,
Dha do chaineadh, dha do chuairt.

THE BAPTISM BY THE KNEE-WOMAN

Reciter : The wife of Donald, son of Róghan, crofter,
Bemera (Barra Head), Barra

THE reciter said : I heard this with my mother, peace to her soul, when I was young, but a poor tiny little creelin' out and in at the threshold, as light-souled and foolish as the birds of the air. O Mary Mother, little hood I gave these things at the time, and little did I think that you would come, dear one, to seek them to-day, after four score years. My dear mother was telling the ways of the townland to a woman who was in the hill-land, and though I was small and foolish at the time, I was keeping an ear on her talk. And this is what my dear mother said to the woman who came home.

When the child comes into the world, the knee-woman puts three drops of water on the forehead of the poor little infant, who has come home to us from the bosom of the everlasting Father. And the woman does this in the name and in the reverence of the kind and powerful Trinity, and says thus :—

In name of God,
In name of Jesus,
In name of Spirit,
The perfect Three of power.

The little drop of the Father
On thy little forehead, beloved one.

The little drop of the Son
On thy little forehead, beloved one.

The little drop of the Spirit
On thy little forehead, beloved one.

To aid thee, to guard thee,
To shield thee, to surround thee.

Dha do chumail o'n a siodh,
Dha do dhionadh o'n a slugh.

Dha do choisrig o'n a frid,
Dha do Rìhrig o'n a fuath.

Braon beag nan Tri
Dha do dhionadh o'n a truaigh.

Braon beag nan Tri
Dha do Ìonadh le an suaire.

Braon beag nan Tri
Dha do Ìonadh le am buaidh.

O braon beag nan Tri
Dha do Ìonadh le am buaidh.

To keep thee from the fays,
To shield thee from the host.

To save thee from the gnome,
To deliver thee from the spectre.

The little drop of the Three
To shield thee from the sorrow,

The little drop of the Three
To fill thee with Their pleasantness,

The little drop of the Three
To fill thee with Their virtue.

O the little drop of the Three
To fill thee with Their virtue.

BRAON BEAG BURN

[221]

THURHAIRT AN SCACHADH: Seo scaorchas na bratach-íocht, a luaidh, agus saoilín féin gum bu luaidh a caíat agus gum b'álainn a chiontinn. A Mhóir na n-grás, is iontach rud álainn a bha aig na daoine dh'íallab, ge uach mór a chruasáidicair éabhuib sí: au diugh. Cha chavassach, a luaidh, chon 'eil e aon. Dériballín na Críostíon cós a bha gabhail ninn aon an scaorchas math measail an éirtheba. Tha caidre agam sin, ge ba bhong mí sa an, dar a bhíicacdh daoine Críostáil na diatheba ceinnicacdh an, an taighean each a chéile, ag íarceadh seilicadh agus earhdacdh, achas agus rímaigh, a' seinn laicidh agus luaidicag, a' gabhail dhuau agus dean bíu: baidheach réicb. Is iontach rud cós a bh'ann— O is iontach rud cós a bh'ann aig na ceann daoine dh'íallab. Cha b'ann an uonaban gun dhéigh a bha daoine cós an lá ud leó—eas b'ann, a luaidh, cha ba diú loo seicad. Bhíicacdh na ceann daoine scaorchas síe cós an t-aoigéil agus an caochladh na n-sín, air gil agus gréin, air ceitacdh an adhair, air téigbách agus lonadh na mara, air fás ann an aigud a' chos, agus air talcudinnan toth agus fúar an t-aoigéil. Bhíicacdh na n-íar saicde síe dar loo an ílar, gun seid a ceann, gun ghuasacdh an ílar, eagal gun ceire mach as an taigh síu uua bhíicacdh modhail. A Ríbh! 's ann an síu a bhíicacdh an scaorchas I—agus scaorchas síu.

Cha chbinn síe dar deth síe an diugh, a bhean Díochuaidh, ana nise.

Cha cídinn, a luaidh, cha chluic, eua: 'eil e aon. Is aon tha na Caicéar ceonh aig an roth údh éirthe síu taobh 'ball na h-ábhe, far an goirid gum bí nise rí thá. O a Mhóir na n-grás, gum taicéar na dhombas an dhá laicidh na n-íar an síeacdh a' dol a null síe éilicidh dulb: a' bháic far an deachicidh na ghrádhicidh go saín I



RAON beag burn

Dha t'arlaigh, a luaidh,

Dùth Athar agus Míe agus Spíoraid,

Tíuraidh nam buadh.

Braon beag burn

Ri caimeadh mo luaidh,

Dùth Athar agus Míe agus Spíoraid,

Tíuraidh nam buadh.

A SMALL DROP OF WATER

THE reciter said : ' These, my dear one, were the words of the wondrous woman, and lovely, motherly, was her language, and beautiful it was to hear her. O Mary of grace, many a beautiful thing had the people who are gone, though it is not much of these that can be gleaned to-day. No, my dear one, they do not exist. The gentle Christian folk are gone who took an interest in the old things, good and venerable, of their country. I remember myself, though I was little at the time, when the Christian folk crowded into one another's houses, telling tales and histories, invocations and prayers, singing hymns and songs, runes and lays, sweet, beautiful and soft. Many a goodly thing there was—O many a goodly thing there was among the old people who are gone. The good people of that day lived not on senseless babbling—no, my dear one, they shunned gossip and scandal. The old people conversed about the state of the world and about the changes of the weather, about the moon and the sun, about the stars of the sky, about the ebbing and flowing of the sea, about the life in the depths of the ocean, and about the hot and the cold lands of the earth. We children would be sitting on the bare floor of the hear, not uttering a syllable, nor moving a hand, lest we should be put out of the house were we not rumberly. O King ! ' tis there would be the talk—and noble talk.

You can hear nothing of that to-day, goodwife, said I.

No, my dear, no, it does not exist. The dear Christian folk who gave heed to it are beyond the river, where I myself shall shortly be. O Mary of grace, mayest thou give me thy two arms around mine everlasting soul when going over the black river of death whither my beloved have gone to rest !

A small drop of water
 To thy forehead, beloved,
 Meet for Father, Son and Spirit,
 The Triune of power.

A small drop of water
 To encompass my beloved,
 Meet for Father, Son and Spirit,
 The Triune of power.

Braon beag burn

Gu do Ìonadh le gach buaidh,
Dùch Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid,
Tìùraidh nam buadh.

A small drop of water
To fill thee with each grace,
Meet for Father, Son and Spirit,
The Triune of power.

URNAIGH CUR UMAINN

[222]

O Chaitora Nig Ghil-Éireann, ué Nig Dhómnaill,
croítear. Achaidh nam Brac, Múilcart

Treimhsear ann boireannach; bha mo mháthair dionann ag obair ré an láthar a' cuidescladh le na'athair air an fhuarann, agus ré an nídhece rí coilil agus eolana, rí nodach laighe agus úirigh dh'an teaghlach. Bláidh mo mháthair ag achan oirnn a bhíth còramach anns a' chuide, uerann a' chur air tíne agus cúl a' chur rí laig; gun robh nídhece tighéan anns nach b'annsin obair a' dhéanamh. Bláidh i ag ionasadh dlúna ann Mhar. Shiamain, agus mar a' bha e ag tarraigh a' bhíth ag obair. Ma' bha sinu rianarach a' cur ionasann, agus gun galbarnaid laigheal ar n-urnaighes, theicadhl mo mháthair gun robh Dia a' còmhacáir air crídhe agus tuedh ann air còir, air méinn agus nach ann air nódh; agus gun fiodannaid ar n-ann a' còmhacáir le grás an tráth bha éinn a' còmhacáir ar colainn le nodach. Dh'ionasadh mo mháthair éinn ann ná bu chòir dlúna tarraigh ann ann achan, mar a' chuid le aig a' mháthair féin, agus mar a' chuid ann ué aig an té bha còirpe,

Bhíodh mo mháthair ag tarraigh oirnn ar n-éann ionasann a' sheinn do Dia shíos agus a' còirigh, mar bha foscag Mhoire shuas i'ga shéinn ann na nódh, agus mar améarach Chreosca i'ga sheinn thall agus a' chreosca, a' uir ghóir do Dia ann dhl air son fóis na n-ídhche, air son scéil: an láthar, agus air son scéil na kealra. Theicadhl i' rínn gun robh gach dól air ar talann a' bhos agus ann an thairge shíos agus ann an adhar éinn a' uir ghóir do Dia mar ann cúl agus ann éinn, nam huadh agus nam beannachd, agus ann bícheannaid-né balbh!

Thog mo mháthair chaomh a' c'ann ann bhídh agus nodach, ann an gaol agus carthanachd. Is gairdh le mo chridhe an úir ann a' bhíth mo mháthair ghaol a' tánd.

PRAYER AT DRESSING

From Catherine MacLennan, *née* MacDonald,
crozier, Achadh rann Breac, Moydart

THE woman said : My mother was always at work, by day helping my father on the croft, and by night at wool and at spinning, at night clothes and at day clothes for the family. My mother would be beseeching us to be careful in everything, to put value on time and to eschew idleness ; that a night was coming in which no work could be done. She would be telling us about Mac Shiainn, and how he sought to be at work. If we were dilatory in putting on our clothes, and made an excuse for our prayers, my mother would say that God regarded heart and not speech, the mind and not the manner ; and that we might clothe our souls with grace while clothing our bodies with raiment. My mother taught us what we should ask for in the prayer, as she heard it from her own mother, and as she again heard it from the one who was before her.

My mother would be asking us to sing our morning song to God down in the back-house, as Mary's lark was singing it up in the clouds, and as Christ's mavis was singing it yonder in the tree, giving glory to the God of the creatures for the repose of the night, for the light of the day, and for the joy of life. She would tell us that every creature on the earth here below and in the ocean beneath and in the air above was giving glory to the great God of the creatures and the worlds, of the virtues and the blessings, and would we be dumb ?

My dear mother reared her children in food and clothing, in love and charity. My heart loves the earth in which my beloved mother rests.



DANNAIGH dhomb, a Dhé,
 M'anam agus mo chorp ;
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 Mo chreud agus mo chor ;

Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 Mo chré agus mo chainnt,
 Is beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 Eirecacad mo láimh ;

Tréin agus traing na moich,
 Beus agus glous na srain,
 Eucld agus céill na srain,
 'S do cheum féin, a Dhé nam buadh,
 Gon téid mí 'n suain a nochd ;

Do cheum féin, a Dhé nam buadh,
 Gon téid mí 'n suain a nochd.

Bless to me, O God,
My soul and my body ;
Bless to me, O God,
My belief and my condition ;

Bless to me, O God,
My heart and my speech,
And bless to me, O God,
The handling of my hand ;

Strength and busyness of morning,
Habit and temper of modesty,
Force and wisdom of thought,
And Thine own path, O God of virtues,
Till I go to sleep this night ;

Thine own path, O God of virtues,
Till I go to sleep this night.

ACHAN ÈIRIGH

[223]

RÌGH na gile 's na gréine,
 A Rìgh nan reula rùnach,
 Agad féin tha fios ar léuca,
 A Dhé mhéinnich nan dùla.

|cubhra

Gach là tha sinn a' gluasad,
 Gach uair tha sinn a' dùsgadh,
 Cur smalan agus grannan
 Air Rìgh nan sluagh thug rèin doian.

Bì leinn anns gach latha,
 Bì feinn anns gach oidhche ;
 Bì leinn gach oidhche 's latha,
 Bì leinn gach latha 's oidhche.

URNAIGH

[224]

TANG dhut daonna, a Chreosda chaoin,
 Gun tug thu saor mi nios a duibh
 Agus a daoibh na h-oidhche raoir
 Go soles nanu an latha 'n diugh.

Clùn dhut féin, a Dhé nan dùl,
 A réir gach bìd a bhàruchd thu orn,
 Mo mhian, mo bhriathar, mo chiall, mo chliù,
 Mo smuain, mo ghnìomh, mo rian, mo doorn.

PRAYER AT RISING

THOU King of moon and sun,
 Thou King of stars beloved, [fragrant
 Thou Thyself knowest our need,
 O Thou merciful God of life.

Each day that we move,
 Each time that we awaken,
 Causing vexation and gloom
 To the King of hosts Who loved us.

Be with us through each day,
 Be with us through each night ;
 Be with us each night and day,
 Be with us each day and night.

PRAYER

THANKS to Thee ever, O gentle Christ,
 That Thou hast raised me freely from the black
 And from the darkness of last night
 To the kindly light of this day.

Praise unto Thee, O God of all creatures,
 According to each life Thou hast poured on me,
 My desire, my word, my sense, my repute,
 My thought, my deed, my way, my fame.

TOIRT TAING

[225]



AING dhuil, a Dhé, gun d'éirich mi 'n diugh
 Gu éirigh na beatha seo féin ;
 Gum b'ann gu d' ghloir féin, a Dhé na féithoil,
 Agus gu gloir m'anama d'a réir.

Dhé mhóir, déan comhadh air m'anam
 Le comhadh do dhócair léin ;
 Mar tha m'is a' comhadh mo chuirp le olainn,
 Comhadh m'anam le fáileas do sgéith.

Cuidich dhomh gach peacadh a sheochnadh,
 Is ceann adhbhair gach peacaidh a thréig ;
 'S mar a sgaoileas an cò air ceann nam beannaibh,
 Gun sgaoileadh gach sgeòthaich bharr m'anam, a
 Dhé.

THANKSGIVING

THANKS to Thee, O God, that I have risen to-day,
To the rising of this life itself ;
May it be to Thine own glory, O God of every gift,
And to the glory of my soul likewise.


O great God, aid Thou my soul
With the aiding of Thine own mercy ;
Even as I clothe my body with wool,
Cover Thou my soul with the shadow of Thy wing.

Help me to avoid every sin,
And the source of every sin to forsake ;
And as the mist scatters on the crest of the hills,
May each ill haze clear from my soul, O God.

URNAIGH ÈIRIGH

[226]

O Chlànaidh Nì Ghill-Eathain, creàtear, Nàst, Gearrloch.



EANNAIGH dhomh, a Dhé,
 Gach seò is léir dha m' sùil ;
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 Gach séis a chluinn mo cluinn ;
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 Gach séid a théid dha m' shròin ;
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 Gach feuch a théid dha m' bheòil ;
 Gach séis a théid dha m' chòil,
 Gach leus a théid dha m' throòir,
 Gach seun dh'am bheil mo thòir,
 Gach teum dh'am bheil mo dhcòin,
 An t-eud dha m'anam beò,
 An Teòir tha 'u tòir mo chridhe,
 An t-eud dha m'anam beò,
 An Teòir tha 'u tòir mo chridhe,

PRAYER AT RISING

From Catherine Maclean, crofter, Naast, Gaiclorch

Bless to me, O God,
Each thing mine eye sees ;
Bless to me, O God,
Each sound mine ear hears ;
Bless to me, O God,
Each odour that goes to my nostrils ;
Bless to me, O God,
Each taste that goes to my lips ;
Each note that goes to my song,
Each ray that guides my way,
Each thing that I pursue,
Each lure that tempts my will,
The zeal that seeks my living soul,
The Three that seek my heart,
The zeal that seeks my living soul,
The Three that seek my heart.

ALTACHADH ÉIRIGH

[227]

TRUHAIRET AN SERUACHAIDH : Rí linn mo laith-sa agus ma'n do chaireadh sinn a' a' Bheinn Mhóir, bh'a mórán seann searbhais agus seann chleachdanna agus seann bhreacadanna a' roimh nan seann daicéir—urram agus uabair, dána agus laoi-bhean, agiel agus ceól agus clarsaídh bh'o Luau gu Dinnmáirch. C'ia roibh síne dhéanadh na daoine na riar a chuireadh iad dhéiribh nach rubh an crónan sídh 'sann líal. 'N uair a dh'éireadh iad sa mhadaim—agus a Mhoire uibin, bu mhócheireach madaimreach dacta an lá sin l—cha chluinne ach fear shios agus bean síuna, gille thall agus nighean a bhos, agus an coireall cibíl au: bíal gach uon ; co dhéiribh bhéireadh iad ri fíricéadh san áth no ri fíodradh sa bháibhach, a' toir a' saigh cunna uisce no a' toir dhéachaidh ríabh móra, bh'a a' chéirín féin a' bíal garh neach. Is dácha nach faicte dacta, ach chluinne an guth shios agus síuna, thall agus a' líos fíodh a' bháid—caitheamh cibíl au: bíal gach sír. O a' Mhoire Máthair, bu bhíreagh féin a' bhídh dh'an cláirínna moch madaim earráirh a' riar sírd air uair— an lom shios sa bhadan, an smeátrach síuna sa chéirínna, an fíodhag an sírd an uillair, a' glúin úrdheire débháidh a' dealtradh creachann nam beana agus a' fíodéadh creachann nam tonn, an thaoileag an déirín an t-áil, agus a' mhuc a' smúidreigh agus a' spúadh thall anns a' Cluan Cluach. O Mhoire 's a' Mhic, bu bhíreagh ! bu bhíreagh bhídh dh'an faicim agus dh'an éiríochd seach tranaagal agus leuraich síunigh gun theara an lá 'n dágh, gun cheól gun

áran gun urnaigh gun úisic crúta, na mórán do ruid rírd air bídh, naur bhéir smedal seanchais agus egeodal (agudal) egiuchaireachd a' bhítheas a' falbh fíodh an t-saoghail.



THAIR naoimhe na fírin,
Athair chaoimhe na trócair,
Tabhair mise bh'o na gímeao,
Tabhair mise bh'o na gáimean.

Seun féin mi air an lá an dágh,
Agus air gach am latha ;
Seun féin mi air an oidhche nochd,
Agus air gach am oidhche.

PETITION AT RISING

THE NARRATOR said : In my own time, and before we were put out of Ben More, there was much of old love and old customs and old ways of thought among the old people—prayers and charms, songs and hymns, tales and music and dancing from Monday to Sunday. Whatever the people might be doing, or whatever engaged in, there would be a tune of music in their mouth. When they would arise in the morning—and Mary mild, early-rising and early astir were the people of that day !—there would always be heard a man here and a woman there, a lad yonder and a maiden at hand, with a cheerful strain of music in the mouth of each : whether they would be shaking corn in the kiln or feeding cattle in the byre, fetching in a stoup of water or bringing home a crock of peat, from each one's mouth came his own croon. It might well be that no person would be seen, but their voices would be heard up and down, here and there throughout the town-land—a joyful song in the mouth of every one. O Mary Mother, sweet indeed it was to hear them early on a spring morning, speeding their labour—the thrush here in the thicket, the magpie yonder in the rock, the lark aloft in the sky, the radiant golden-yellow sun illuminating the high slopes of the mountains and bathing the surface of the waves, the seagull seeking the seed, and the porpoise raising the spray and blowing yonder in the Sea of Ganna. O Mary and O Son, sweet, sweet it was to be seeing and to be hearing them, sweeter than the trash and the gadding of useless folk at the present time, who have neither music nor song nor prayer nor work in them, nor much of any good thing whatever, but only a tittle-tattle of talk and rubbishy rants that run through the world.

THOU holy Father of verity,
 Thou kindly Father of mercy,
 Deliver me from the spells,
 Deliver me from the charms.

Do Thou Thyself sain me on this day,
 And on each single day ;
 Do Thou Thyself sain me on this night,
 And on each single night.

Athair shiorraidh agus a Dhé nan dùl,
 Tabhair féin do mhachanas dhéimn,
 'Na mo sruzin dhóbhaidh,
 'Na mo ghníomh gòraich,
 'Na mo sguain rómáich,
 'Na mo gúlóir dhiomhain.

Athair shiorraidh agus a Dhé nan dùl,
 Tabhair féin do mhachanas dhéimn,
 'Na mo mhian bhéige,
 'Na mo dhian éitigh,
 'Na mo rian reubaich,
 'Na mo spéis gan diù.

A Thriath agus a Dhia nan dùl,
 Seachainn ormsa bù nam ban bìth.

Athair agus a Dhé nan dùl,
 Seachainn ormsa bù nam ban baot.

Athair shiorraidh agus a Dhia nan dùl,
 Seachainn ormsa bù nam ban sídh.

Athair shiorraidh agus a Dhia nan dùl,
 Seachainn ormsa bù nam ban saobh.

Athair shiorraidh agus a Dhia nan dùl,
 Crùn mi féin le crùn do ghaoil.

Na leig sal dha m'anam,
 Na leig sear dha m' chalam,
 Na leig samh dha m'anail,
 O Athair na daondachd.

[chalam]

Father everlasting and God of life,
 Do Thou grant us Thy forgiveness
 In my wild thought,
 In my foolish deed,
 In my rough talk,
 In my empty speech.

Father everlasting and God of life,
 Do Thou grant us Thy forgiveness
 In my false desire,
 In my hateful doing,
 In my destructive courses,
 In my worthless liking.

O Lord and God of life,
 Ward off from me the bane of the silent women.

O Father and God of life,
 Ward off from me the bane of the wanton women.

O Father everlasting and God of life,
 Ward off from me the bane of the lily women.

O Father everlasting and God of life,
 Ward off from me the bane of the false women.

O Father everlasting and God of life,
 Crown Thou me with the crown of Thy love.

Nor allow stain to my soul,
 Nor allow spot to my body,
 Nor allow taint to my breath,
 O Father of humanity.

Mar bha thusa roimhe

Ri cùs mo bheatha,

Bi thus a rìghist

Ri crìoch mo shanghail :

Nìst agus iathast,

'Na mo bhith, 'na mo bhàs,

A Mhàic agus Athair

Agus a Spioraid gràs !

As Thou wert before
At the beginning of my life,
Be Thou again
At the end of my course :

Now and henceforth,
In my life, in my death,
O Son and O Father,
O Spirit of grace :

URNAIGH MIADAINN

[228]

From Mary Gillies, crafter.

MARY GILLIES was an old woman ill and suffering. Like most of her kind, she was unlettered, but endowed with much natural intelligence. She was polite and well-mannered, and most desirous to share her limited food and her unlimited love with the stranger. The poor are ever hospitable and generous.

She was tall, erect and stately. Her face was oval, her features fine, and her brown hair abundant. Notwithstanding her sufferings she was



CREIDIM, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
Gur tu Athair siorraidh nan dòl ;
Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
Gur tu Athair siorraidh nan rùn.

Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
Gur tu Athair siorraidh nan naomb ;
Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
Gur tu Athair siorraidh gach aon.

Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
Gur tu Athair siorraidh chlan naomh ;
Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
Gur tu Athair siorraidh an t-saoghail.

Creidim, a Thriath agus a Dhia nan shuagh,
Gur tu cruthadair nan nàmhaidh ard,
Gur tu cruthadair nan speuran shuas,
Gur tu cruthadair nan cuantan shìos.

MORNING PRAYER

MORAY, 1st September 190—

still beautiful in her age, and in her youth she must have been very beautiful and handsome.

Mary CHIES sang this poem in a recitative voice. The effect was charming, but the poem was difficult to follow. The music and rhythm were good, but these disappear in the process of writing.

Folklore reciters, not being accustomed to being stopped, become confused with the interruptions of writing. When they are allowed to proceed in their own way, music and poetry and pleasure flow back, and all rejoice.

I BELIEVE, O God of all gods,
That Thou art the eternal Father of life ;
I believe, O God of all gods,
That Thou art the eternal Father of love.

I believe, O God of all gods,
That Thou art the eternal Father of the saints ;
I believe, O God of all gods,
That Thou art the eternal Father of each one.

I believe, O God of all gods,
That Thou art the eternal Father of mankind ;
I believe, O God of all gods,
That Thou art the eternal Father of the world.

I believe, O Lord and God of the peoples,
That Thou art the creator of the high heavens,
That Thou art the creator of the skies above,
That Thou art the creator of the oceans below.

Creidim, a Thriath agus a Dhia nan sluagh,
 Gur tu a chruthaich m'anam agus a shuidhich
 a dheifh,
 Gur tu a chruthaich mo chorp a duslach agus luaithe,
 Gur tu thug dha m' chorp anail agus dhia m'anam
 a sheibhl.

Athair, beannaich dhomh mo chorp,
 Athair, beannaich dhomh m'anam.
 Athair, beannaich dhomh mo bheatha,
 Athair, beannaich dhomh mo chreideamh.

Athair shiorraidh agus a Thriath nan sluagh,
 Creidim gun do fighich thu m'anam an Spiorad
 na h-ic,
 Gun tug thu Mac do ròine ann an cumbhant air mo
 slon,
 Gun do cheannaich thu m'anam le fuil bheannaichte
 do Mhic.

Athair shiorraidh agus a Thriath nan dùl,
 Creidim gun do dhòirt thu orm Spiorad nan gràs
 ann an dàil a' bhaistidh
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Athair shiorraidh agus a Thriath nan daonn,
 Cluthaich mo chorp agus m'anam ceomh,
 Comaraig mi nochd ann an comaraig do ghaoil,
 Comhnaich mi nochd ann an comhnaidh nan naomh.

Thug thu nìs mi o'n oidhech 'n raoir
 Gu solas anibhneach an là an diugh,
 Gu solas m'èir a sholaradh dha m'anam,
 Agus gu feum ainneamh a dhèanamh dhomh.

I believe, O Lord and God of the peoples,
That Thou art He Who created my soul and set its warp,

Who created my body from dust and from ashes,
Who gave to my body breath, and to my soul its
possession,

Father, bless to me my body,
Father, bless to me my soul,
Father, bless to me my life,
Father, bless to me my belief.

Father eternal and Lord of the peoples,
I believe that Thou hast remedied my soul in the Spirit
of healing,
That Thou gavest Thy loved Son in covenant for me,

That Thou hast purchased my soul with the precious
blood of Thy Son.

Father eternal and Lord of life,
I believe that Thou didst pour on me the Spirit of grace
at the bestowal of baptism

* * * * * *

Father eternal and Lord of mankind,
Enwrap Thou my body and my soul beloved,
Safeguard me this night in the sanctuary of Thy love,
Shelter me this night in the shelter of the saints.

Thou hast brought me up from last night
To the gracious light of this day,
Great joy to provide for my soul,
And to do excelling good to me.

Buidheachas dhuit, Iosda Celesda,
 Iomhor tiadhlac a dhìolaidh thu ann,
 Gach là agus oidheche, gach muir agus tìr,
 Gach soineanu sìde, gach min agus garbh.

'Tha mi toir adhraidh dhuit le m'ùile bheatha,
 'Tha mi toir aonta dhuit le m'ùile bliadhna,
 'Tha mi toir molaidh dhuit le m'ùile theanga,
 'Tha mi toir onair dhuit le m'ùile luaidh.

'Tha mi toir urram dhuit le m'ùile thuigse,
 'Tha mi toir uilra dhuit le m'ùile smuain,
 'Tha mi toir cliù dhuit le m'ùile dhòrachd,
 'Tha mi toir umblachd dhuit ann fuil an Uais.

'Tha mi toir rùn dhuit le m'ùile rùnachd,
 'Tha mi toir glùnachd dhuit le m'ùile mhianam,
 'Tha mi toir gaoil dhuit le m'ùile chrìche,
 'Tha mi toir caoinh dhuit le m'ùile rìan ;
 'Tha mi toir m'anail dhuit le m'ùile bhàraibh,
 'Tha mi toir m'anam dhuit, a Dhia nan uile dhia.

Mo smuain, mo ghnèmh,
 Mo bhriathar, mo cluic,
 Mo thuigse, mo cliall,
 Mo rian, mo chor.

'Tha mi guidh ort
 Mo chumail o olr,
 Mo chumail o lochd,
 Mo chumail o thort ;

Mo chumail o rosd,
 Mo chumail o sprochd,
 Mo chumail a nochd
 Ann am fochair do ghràidh.

Thanks be to Thee, Jesu Christ,
 For the many gifts Thou hast bestowed on me,
 Each day and night, each sea and land,
 Each weather fair, each calm, each wild.

I am giving Thee worship with my whole life,
 I am giving Thee assent with my whole power,
 I am giving Thee praise with my whole tongue,
 I am giving Thee honour with my whole utterance.

I am giving Thee reverence with my whole understanding,
 I am giving Thee offering with my whole thought,
 I am giving Thee praise with my whole fervour,
 I am giving Thee humility in the blood of the Lamb.

I am giving Thee love with my whole devotion,
 I am giving Thee kneeling with my whole desire,
 I am giving Thee love with my whole heart,
 I am giving Thee affection with my whole sense ;
 I am giving Thee my existence with my whole mind,
 I am giving Thee my soul, O God of all gods.

My thought, my deed,
 My word, my will,
 My understanding, my intellect,
 My way, my state.

I am beseeching Thee
 To keep me from ill,
 To keep me from hurt,
 To keep me from harm ;

To keep me from mischance,
 To keep me from grief,
 To keep me this night
 In the nearness of Thy love.

Gun díouadh Dia mí,
 Gun linnadh Dia mí,
 Gun gleidheadh Dia mí,
 Gun fíccadh Dia mí.

Gun toireadh Dia mí
 Gu talamh na síth,
 Gu fearann an Rígh,
 Gu síth na stóraidheachd.

Clíú dh'an Athair,
 Clíú dh'an Mhac,
 Clíú dh'an Spiorad,
 An Trí Aont. [Tritheann uile-naomh

May God shield me,
May God fill me,
May God keep me,
May God watch me,

May God bring me
To the land of peace,
To the country of the King,
To the peace of eternity.

Praise to the Father,
Praise to the Son,
Praise to the Spirit,
The Three in One. [Triune all-hely

CEUM NA CÒRACH

[229]

When the people of the Isles come out in the morning to their tillage, to their fishing, to their farming, or to any of their various occupations anywhere, they say a short prayer called 'Ceum na Còrach,' 'The Path of Right,' 'The Just or True Way.' If the people feel secure from being overruled or overboard they croon, or sing, or intone their morning prayer in a pleasing musical manner. If, however, any person, and especially if



O cheum an diugh le Dia,
 Mo cheum an diugh le Crìosd,
 Mo cheum an diugh le Spiorad,
 An Trifhill nise-chaomh : [Trifhillt
 Hò ! hò ! hò ! an Trifhill nise-chaomh.

Mo dhìon an diugh o lochd,
 Mo dhìon an oidhche nachd,
 Hò ! hò ! m'anam is mo corp,
 Le Athair, le Mac, le Spiorad Naomh :
 Le Athair, le Mac, le Spiorad Naomh.

Athair a bhith dha m' dhìon,
 Mac a bhith dha m' dhìon,
 Spiorad a bhith dha m' dhìon,
 Mar Thèi agus mar Aon :
 Hò ! hò ! hò ! mar Thèi agus mar Aon.

THE PATH OF RIGHT

a stranger, is seen in the way, the people turn the prayer in an inaudible undertone peculiar to themselves, like the soft murmur of the unceasing sea, or like the far-distant eerie sighing of the wind among trees, or like the muffled cadence of far-away waters, rising and falling upon the fitful autumn wind.

My walk this day with God,
 My walk this day with Christ,
 My walk this day with Spirit,
 The Threefold all-kindly :
 Hò ! hò ! hò ! the Threefold all-kindly.

My shielding this day from ill,
 My shielding this night from harm,
 Hò ! hò ! both my soul and my body,
 Be by Father, by Son, by Holy Spirit :
 By Father, by Son, by Holy Spirit.

Be the Father shielding me,
 Be the Son shielding me,
 Be the Spirit shielding me,
 As Three and as One :
 Hò ! hò ! hò ! as Three and as One.



SMAOINTEAN

[230]

OIL Dhé dhianam,
Mo thoil féin srianam ;

Dlighe Dhé thugam,
Mo dhlighe féin thoircam ;

Slighe Dhé síubhlam,
Mo shlighe féin diùltam ;

Bàs Chrìosda smaoincam,
Mo bhàs féin cuimhnecam ;

Cràdh Chrìosda meòbhran,
Mo ghràdh Dhé teòdham ;

Crois Chrìosda giùlnam,
Mo chrois féin àmbeam (?) ; [timhineam (?)

Aithreachas pheacaidh gabham,
Aithreachas tráthail tagham ;

Srian ri m' theangaidh cuiream,
Srian ri m' aighe cumam ;

Breitheanas Dhé breithnecam,
Mo bheithneanas féin faiream ;

Saorsa Chrìosda greimeam,
Mo shaorsa féin oibream ;

Gaol Chrìosda faiream,
Mo ghaol féin aithneam.

THOUGHTS

God's will would I do,
My own will bridle ;

God's due would I give,
My own due yield ;

God's path would I travel,
My own path refuse ;

Christ's death would I ponder,
My own death remember ;

Christ's agony would I meditate,
My love to God make warmer ;

Christ's cross would I carry,
My own cross forget (?) ;

Repentance of sin would I make,
Early repentance choose ;

A bridle to my tongue I would put,
A bridle on my thoughts I would keep ;

God's judgment would I judge,
My own judgment guard ;

Christ's redemption would I seize,
My own ransom work ;

The love of Christ would I feel,
My own love know.

COMHNADH DHIÉ

[231]



DIA dha mo chaim,
 DIA dha mo chuairt,
 DIA dha mo chaim,
 DIA dha mo smuain.

DIA dha mo chadal,
 DIA dha mo dhúsg,
 DIA dha mo chaitéris,
 DIA dha mo dhúil.

DIA dha mo hceatha,
 DIA dha mo bhilíbh,
 DIA dha m'anam,
 DIA dha mo chridhe.

DIA dha mo ríradh,
 DIA dha mo shuain,
 DIA dha m'anam siorraidh,
 DIA dha m' bhíoth-bhuain.

GOD'S AID

God to enfold me,
God to surround me,
God in my speaking,
God in my thinking.

God in my sleeping,
God in my waking,
God in my watching,
God in my hoping.

God in my life,
God in my lips,
God in my soul,
God in my heart.

God in my sufficing,
God in my slumber,
God in mine ever-living soul,
God in mine eternity.

A.TACHADH

[232]

THE following poem was taken down from the recitation of Dugall MacAnlay, cottar, Cressgorty, Beohaculla. MacAnlay is an old man, full of old songs and hymns, rites and incantations, fairy stories and strange beliefs. These he heard from his aunt and mother, who were full of song and story, natural and supernatural, and of old lore of the most curious kind. The reciter called the poem 'A'tach Shonhairle,' Sonhairle's or



H na bh !

Thì na sith !

Thì na tid !

Thì na sìorrachd !

Thì na sìorrachd !

Cum mi an deagh chuid,
 Cum mi an deagh rùn,
 Cum mi an deagh bliadh,
 Nas fearr nas eòl dùinn,
 Nas fearr nas eòl dùinn !

Buachaillich mi an dìugh,
 Fuasgail zìr tao chàs,
 Cuairtich mi a nochd,
 Dòrt orm du ghràs,
 Dòrt orm du ghràs !

Caim dhomh mo ghuch,
 Daing dhomh mo ghràdh,
 Coinnich dhomh an sruth,
 Cùbhair dhomh sa bhàs,
 Cùbhair dhomh sa bhàs !

SUPPLICATION

Somerled's Petition, and 'Altach Shonhsairle Mhùc Calumain,' The Supplication of Shonhsairle or Somerled MacCalumain. He said that Shonhsairle Mac Calumain was a good man, moving about doing no harm, asking nothing and always getting enough. In his travels he was always crooning these little hymns to himself. This description might fit MacAulay himself, save that he seldom leaves his wind-swept moorland home.

O BEING of life !
 O Being of peace !
 O Being of time !
 O Being of eternity !
 O Being of eternity !

Keep me in good means,
 Keep me in good intent,
 Keep me in good estate,
 Better than I know to ask,
 Better than I know to ask !

Shepherd me this day,
 Relieve my distress,
 Enfold me this night,
 Pour upon me Thy grace,
 Pour upon me Thy grace !

Guard for me my speech,
 Strengthen for me my love,
 Lillume for me the stream,
 Succour Thou me in death,
 Succour Thou me in death !

EOLAS GONAIDH

[233]



CIL Dhé eadar mí 's gach sùil,
 Rùn Dhé eadar mí 's gach rùn,
 Làmh Dhé eadar mí 's gach làmh,
 Càil Dhé eadar mí 's gach càil,
 Mianm Dhé eadar mí 's gach mianm,
 Srian Dhé eadar mí 's gach srian,
 'S chan fhaod bial mo mhollachadh.

Gràdh Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach gràdh,
 Gràdh Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach gràdh,
 Gaol Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach gaol,
 Caomh Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach caomh,
 Toigh Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach toigh,
 Toil Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach toil,
 'S chan fhaod gòmh mo ghomachadh.

Neart Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach neart,
 Ceart Chrìosd eadar mí 's gach ceart,
 Sìleadh Spioraid eadar mí 's gach sìleadh,
 Ligheadh Spioraid eadar mí 's gach ligheadh,
 Nigheadh Spioraid eadar mí 's gach nigheadh,
 'S chan fhaod nìthe beannachd dhomh.

CHARM AGAINST VENOM

Be the eye of God betwixt me and each eye,
The purpose of God betwixt me and each purpose,
The hand of God betwixt me and each hand,
The shield of God betwixt me and each shield,
The desire of God betwixt me and each desire,
The bridle of God betwixt me and each bridle,
And no mouth can curse me.

Be the pain of Christ betwixt me and each pain,
The love of Christ betwixt me and each love,
The dearness of Christ betwixt me and each dearness,
The kindness of Christ betwixt me and each kindness,
The wish of Christ betwixt me and each wish,
The will of Christ betwixt me and each will,
And no venom can wound me.

Be the might of Christ betwixt me and each might,
The right of Christ betwixt me and each right,
The flowing of Spirit betwixt me and each flowing,
The laying of Spirit betwixt me and each laying,
The bathing of Spirit betwixt me and each bathing,
And no ill thing can touch me.



URNAIGH

[234]

UIDHEAM an diugh mo ghuidhe dhuit, a Dhé,
 Gudham an diugh mar a ghuthas guth do bhéil,
 Cumam an diugh mar a thumas luchd nan néamh,
 Caitheam an diugh mar chaitheas do mhuintir
 léin,

Reacham an diugh a réir do reachd, a Dhé,
 Cuiream an diugh mar chuireas naonh an néamh.

A Chríosta chanimh a cheasadh air a' chraun,
 Gach latha agus gach oidheche cuimhniceam do bhann ;
 Am laighe agus am éirigh géillcam dha do chrois,
 Am bheatha agus am bhàs mo shlàint thu agus m'fhois.

Gach latha áirneam fàth nan tròcair
 A bhàirig thu dhomhsa fòill agus fial,
 Gach latha bitheam nas làin ann an gràdh dhuibh féin
 * * * * *

Gach nì a fàitir mi 's ann uat a thàineas,
 Gach nì am bhéil mo dhùil 's ann o d' rùn a thigheas,
 Gach càil a tha mi mealtainn 's ann o d' shealbh thàthas,
 Gach sian a tha mi ag iarraidh 's ann o d' rian a thàrras.

A Dhé naomh, Athair chàoinh a' bheòil bhith-bhuain,
 Deòin dhomhs an achan bheò seo fhactainn uat :
 Soillsich mo thuigse, lasaich mo thuil, tòisich mo ghuòmh,
 Brosaich mo ghràdh, slànaich mo laigse, cairnich mo mhàim.

PRAYER

PRAY I this day my prayer to Thee, O God,
 Voice I this day as voices the voice of thy mouth,
 Keep I this day as keep the people of heaven,
 Spend I this day as spend Thine own household,

Go I this day according to Thy laws, O God,
 Pass I this day as pass the saints in heaven.

Thou loving Christ Who wast hanged upon the tree,
 Each day and each night remember I Thy covenant ;
 In my lying down and rising up I yield me to Thy cross,
 In my life and my death my health Thou art and my peace.

Each day may I remember the source of the mercies
 Thou hast bestowed on me gently and generously ;
 Each day may I be fuller in love to Thyself

* * * * *

Each thing I have received, from Thee it came,
 Each thing for which I hope, from Thy love it will come,
 Each thing I enjoy, it is of Thy bounty,
 Each thing I ask, comes of Thy disposing.

Holy God, loving Father, of the word everlasting,
 Grant me to have of Thee this living prayer :
 Lighten my understanding, kindle my will, begin my doing,
 Lucite my love, strengthen my weakness, unfold my desire.

Glan mo chridhe, naomhaich m'anam, neartaich mo
chreideant,

Comaraich m'aighe agus cuartaich mo cholan ;

Mac a labhras mise m'achan o m' bbeul,

Fairicheam féin do ghníis 'nam chridhe.

Agus deònaich féin, a Dhé nan dúl,

Bhith ri m' chléibh is tu a bhith ri m' chúl,

Thu thair dhomh m' sheum a réir a' chéin

A gbeall thu dhúinn san t-saoghal thall.

Is tabhair féin dhomh, Athair ghaoil,

O bheil gach seud ta ann a' struthadh saor,

Gun cheangal ro dhéin, gun cheangal ro dhair

Bhith eadar mí féin 's an saoghal a bhos.

Cuircam mo dhòchas annad, a Dhé,

Mo dhòchas beò ann an Athair nan nèamh,

Mo dhòchas mòr a bhith maille riut féin

Ann an t-saoghal chéin ri teachd.

Athair agus Mac agus Spiorad,

Aona Pàrtean nan Trí,

Fad saoghal nan saoghal innich,

Gun chauchadh beatha gun chrìoch.

Cleanse my heart, make holy my soul, confirm my faith,

Keep safe my mind and compass my body about ;
As I utter my prayer from my mouth,
In mine own heart may I feel Thy presence.

And do Thou grant, O God of life,
That Thou be at my breast, that Thou be at my back,
That Thou give me my needs as may befit the crown
Thou hast promised to us in the world beyond.

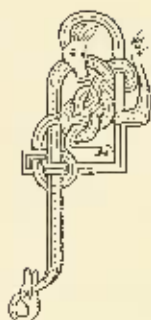
And grant Thou to me, Father beloved,
From Whom each thing that is freely flows,
That no tie over-strict, no tie over-dear
May be between myself and this world below.

Place I in Thee my hope, O God,
My living hope in the Father of the heavens,
My great hope to be with Thyself
In the distant world to come.

Father and Son and Spirit,
The One Person of the Three,
Perfect, world without end,
Changeless through life eternal.

AN TRÍ

[235]



N ainm Athar,
 An ainm Mic,
 An ainm Spioraid,
 Trí ainm an Aoi :

Caomhadh Athair mi,
 Caomhadh Mac mí,
 Caomhadh Spiorad mí,
 Trí uife-chaomh,

Naomhadh Dia mí,
 Naomhadh Gríosa mí,
 Naomhadh Spiorad mí,
 Trí uile-naomh.

Comhnadh Trí mo dhóil,
 Comhnadh Trí mo rún,
 Comhnadh Trí mo síúil,
 Agus mo ghlúin gun chlaon,
 Agus mo ghlúin gun chlaon.

THE THREE

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit,
Three in One :

Father cherish me,
Son cherish me,
Spirit cherish me,
Three all-kindly.

God make me holy,
Christ make me holy,
Spirit make me holy,
Three all-holy.

Three aid my hope,
Three aid my love,
Three aid mine eye,
And my knee from stumbling,
My knee from stumbling.

ACILAN

[236]



Dhè naomhc na fìrion,
 Dhè chaoimhc na trècnair,
 Seun mise bhò na gisne,
 Seun mise bhò na goisne.

Dhè mhèinnich nan dòl,
 Thoir mathanas dhutsh,
 'Na mo chaitnt bhaodh,
 'Na mo mhionnt bhréig,
 'Na mo ghaisne ghóraich,
 'Na mo ghàidie dliomhlain.

[mhèinntich

Dhè mhèinnich nan dòl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban bìth ;
 Dhè mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban baodh ;
 Dhè mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban sìth ;
 Dhè mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban saobh.

Mar bha thuas roimhe
 Rì tìs mo bheatha,
 Biodh tusa rìchis
 Rì crìoch mo shaoghail.

[shao'il

Mar bha thuas cheana
 Rì deilbh n'anaon,
 Bi thu, O Aibair,
 Aig ceann mo shaoghail.

[shao'il

PETITION

O HOLY God of truth,
 O loving God of mercy,
 Sign me from the spells,
 Sign me from the charms.

Compassionate God of life,
 Forgiveness to me give,
 In my wanton talk,
 In my lying oath,
 In my foolish deed,
 In my empty speech.

Compassionate God of life,
 Screen from me the bane of the silent women ;
 Compassionate God of life,
 Screen from me the bane of the wanton women ;
 Compassionate God of life,
 Screen from me the bane of the fairy women ;
 Compassionate God of life,
 Screen from me the bane of the false women.

As Thou wast before,
 At my life's beginning,
 Be Thou so again
 At my journey's end.

As Thou wast besides
 At my soul's shaping,
 Father, be Thou too
 At my journey's close.

Bi liom gach ama,
Ag òirigh 's a' laighe,
Bi liom a' cadal
An caidreabh luchd gaoil.

Bi liom a' caithris
Gach feasgar is madaoin,
Is tatao mi dhachaidh
Gu talamh nan naomh.

Be with me at each time,
Lying down and arising,
Be with me in sleep
 Companioned by dear ones.

Be with me a-watching
Each evening and morning,
And allure me home
 To the land of the saints.

ALTACHADH

[237]



ATHAIR na firinn,
 A Mhic na trócair,
 Saor sinn aig an am seo,
 Saor sinn aig gach am.

Mhic Dhé, thoir mathanas dhomh,
 'Na mo mhionn bhréige,
 'Na mo ghléomh ghéaraich,
 'Na mo ghléir dhíomhain.

Seun mí hho bheum nam ban bith,
 Seun mí hho bheum nam ban baith,
 Seun mí hho bheum nam lan síth,
 Seun mí hho áheum nam ban saughal.

Mar bha thusa rianh ri tús mo bheatha,
 Bi thusa ritliast ri crích mo shaoghail;
 Na leig dha m' chorp na dha m' chatam [chofann
 Aon ní is lochd dha m'anam gaolach.

PRAYER

O FATHER of truth,
O Son of mercy,
Free us at this time,
Free us at every time.

Thou Son of God, grant me forgiveness
In my false swearing,
In my foolish deed,
In my empty talk.

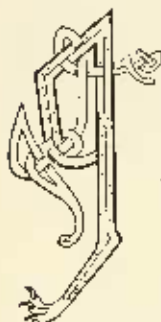
Save me from the hurt of the quiet women,
Save me from the hurt of the wanton women,
Save me from the hurt of the fairy women,
Save me from the hurt of the world-women.

As Thou wert afore at my life's beginning,
Be Thou again at my time's ending ;
Nor let into my body nor into my being
One thing that is harm to my soul beloved.

URNAIGH

[238]

Beulaiche : Cathra Bheag Dìonntuallach, caitear, Borgh, Barraich



DIHÉ, éisd ri m'urnaigh,
 Leig m'achan gheur dha t'ionnsaigh,
 Is fios am gu bheil thu 'm chluinntinn
 Cho math 's ged chùthinn thu le m' shùilean.

Tha mi cur glais air mo chridhe,
 Tha mi cur glais air mo smuain,
 Tha mi cur glais air mo bhùilean,
 Is mi 'gam filladh dà uair,

Nì sam bith is dì dha m'anam
 Ann an clìotaraich mo bhàis,
 Thusa, Dhé, dh'a shiabadh tharann,
 'S thu dha m' duion am fuil do ghráidh

Na leig smuain a chon mo chridhe,
 Na leig fuaim a chon mo chfais,
 Na leig buair a chon mo shùl,
 Na leig cublar a chon mo shròin,

Na leig aiteal a chon m'aigne,
 Na leig caiteal a chon m'iontinn,
 Is bochd dha m' chalann truagh a nochd, [chòlann
 Na 's olc dha m'anam aig uair mo bhàis ;

Ach thusa féin, a Dhé nan dùl,
 A bhith dha m' chléibh, a bhith dha m' chùl,
 'Thu dhomh mar reul, thu dhomh mar ìnl,
 O m' thùs bheatha gu m' dhùnadh saoghail.

PRAYER

Reciter : ' Cathiona Dhéag ' (Little Catherine) MacDonnald,
cathar, Boree, Barra

O God, hearken to my prayer,
Let my earnest petition come to Thee,
For I know that Thou art hearing me
As surely as though I saw Thee with mine eyes.

I am placing a lock upon my heart,
I am placing a lock upon my thoughts,
I am placing a lock upon my lips
And double-knitting them.

Aught that is amiss for my soul
In the pulsing of my death,
Mayest Thou, O God, sweep it from me,
And mayest Thou shield me in the blood of Thy love.

Let no thought come to my heart,
Let no sound come to mine ear,
Let no temptation come to mine eye,
Let no fragrance come to my nose,

Let no fancy come to my mind,
Let no ruffle come to my spirit,
That is hurtful to my poor body this night,
Nor ill for my soul at the hour of my death ;

But mayest Thou Thyself, O God of life,
Be at my breast, be at my back,
Thou to me as a star, Thou to me as a guide,
From my life's beginning to my life's closing.

ÒRA NA H-ANSHOCAIR

[259]

Beulsicé : Ruairidh Donnhuslach, Mairal, Tìriodh

FICHEADHART an seanachaidh : Tha an rann seo math air muir agus air ùr, ann an gàbhaidh musa agus ann an seùltair fearainn. Is iomadh luas dhubh agus dhine dora ann an cùs cuan agus ann an connart talamh dh'èrd tug an òra seo fairsgeadh. Agus is mise a dh'èirich sin a ràdh, agus

A lùtha cunnart ja gàbhadh,
Màir bràite agus uair hàite,
Bho'n tug thu ur sàbhailt
Air sgàth Òra na h-Anshocair.

Agus is ann dìonach a bh'èor, agus a lùtha tonn a chaidh thar mo chinn rù mo bheatha! A Rìgh na gile 's na geine agus nan riollacha cruas cublaidh, agad fèin tha fuis, agad fèin tha fuis, a Dhé m'èirich nan rùla!



ROIS na cracibhe ceusda
Air creuchd dhruim Chriosda
Dha m' shaoradh bho cucail,
Bho ghéige, bho ghisc.

Crois Chriosda gun nàicang
Is i sinte rium air facl;
Dhé, beannaich dhomh mo chrann
Romh m' dhol a mach.

Cron dh'am bitheadh ann
Nara toirinn os,
Air sgàth Chriosd gun sheall,
Air sgàth Rìgh nam fear.

PRAYER OF DISTRESS

Reciter : Roderick MacDonald, Manal, Tuce

THE aged reciter said : This rite is good on sea and on shore, in peril of sea and in distress on land. Many the black journey and many the bad man in extremity on sea and in danger on land to whom this prayer has brought relief. And it is I who can say that, considering

From how many a danger and peril,
 Pounding sea and crowning sea,
 Thou hast delivered me safely
 For the sake of the Prayer of Distress.

And that was true for me, considering how many a wave has gone over my head in the course of my life ! Thou King of the moon and of the sun and of the fragrant stars, Thou Thyself knowest, Thou Thyself knowest, O compassionate God of life !

MAY the cross of the crucifixion tree
 Upon the wounded back of Christ
 Deliver me from distress,
 From death and from spells.

The cross of Christ without fault,
 All outstretched towards me ;
 O God, bless to me my lot
 Before my going out.

What harm soever may be therein
 May I not take thence,
 For the sake of Christ the guileless,
 For the sake of the King of power.

ORACHAN DÌONA

An ainm Dhé nan ùil,
An ainm Chrìsda chùmh,
An ainm Spioraid Nùmh,
Til-Ùn mo neart.

In name of the King of life,
In name of the Christ of love,
In name of the Holy Spirit,
The Triune of my strength.

IOS AN CUARTAICHE

[240]

O Alastair Donnuallach, easaitear, Borgh, Barsaidh



OS ! Aon-ghin Mhic Dhé Athar agus Uan,
Thug thu fionneil do bheatha dha m' cheannach
o'n uaigh.

Mo Chrìosd ! mo Chrìosd ! mo dhìon, mo chuart,
Gach latha, gach oidhche, gach soirse, gach duar ;
Mo Chrìosd ! mo Chrìosd ! mo dhìon, mo chuart,
Gach latha, gach oidhche, gach soirse, gach duar.

Bi faisg dhomh, bi 'n taic dhomh, mo thasgaidh, mo
hhuaidh,

Am shìneamh, am sheasamh, am chaitheis, am
shuain.

Ios, a Mhic Mhuire ! mo chobhair, mo chuart,

Ios, a Mhic Dhàibhidh ! mo dhuingeach bhìoth-bhuan ;

Ios, a Mhic Mhoire ! mo chobhair, mo chuart,

Ios, a Mhic Dhàibhidh ! mo dhuingeach bhìoth-bhuan.

JESUS THE ENCOMPASSER

From Alexander Macdonald, crofter, Horve, Barra

JESU ! Only-begotten Son and Lamb of God the Father,
Thou didst give the wine-blood of Thy body to buy me
from the grave.

My Christ ! my Christ ! my shield, my encirler.

Each day, each night, each light, each dark :

My Christ ! my Christ ! my shield, my encirler.

Each day, each night, each light, each dark.

Be near me, uphold me, my treasure, my triumph,

In my lying, in my standing, in my watching, in my sleeping.

Jesu, Son of Mary ! my helper, my encirler,

Jesu, Son of David ! my strength everlasting ;

Jesu, Son of Mary ! my helper, my encirler,

Jesu, Son of David ! my strength everlasting.

ACHAN TOSA

[241]



ANAM an achan o m' bheul,
 Canam an achan o m' ché,
 Canam an achan dhuit féin,
 A Lámh Léigh, a Mhic Dhé na sláinte;

A Mhic Mhoire na féil,
 Mar ri Paidir is Creud,
 Urnaigh Mhoire 'nan déidh,
 Agus t'Urnaigh féin, a Mhic Dhé nan grása;

A mbeudachadh mórachd néamh,
 A mbeudachadh mórachd Dhé,
 A mbeudachadh do mhórachd féin,
 Agus do ghloir, a Mhic Dhé na Páise;

A thoir clù dhuit, Iosa,
 Alla mara 'gus díre,
 Alla gréin agus gile,
 Alla nan rioltachan álainn.

Tobar beudachaidh nam firean,
 Bráthair díceas na cobhair,
 M'achan a chur an gníomha
 Dha m'anam agus dha m' cholainn.

Thighearna Dhia nan aingeal,
 Sgavil do bhrat lio tharam,
 Díon mi bho gach ainnis,
 Saor mi bho gach arrais.

PRAYER TO JESUS

I say the prayer from my mouth,
 I say the prayer from my heart,
 I say the prayer to Thee Thyself,
 O Healing Hand, O Son of the God of salvation ;

O Son of Mary the benign,
 Together with Pater and Credo,
 The Prayer of Mary thereafter,
 And Thine own Prayer, O Son of the God of grace ;

To magnify the greatness of heaven,
 To magnify the greatness of God,
 To magnify Thine own greatness,
 And Thy glory, O Son of God of the Passion ;

To give praise to Thee, Jesus,
 Lord of sea and of land,
 Lord of sun and of moon,
 Lord of the beautiful stars.

Fountain of life to the righteous.
 Faithful Brother of helpfulness.
 Make Thou my prayer availing
 To my soul and to my body,

Thou Lord God of the angels,
 Spread over me Thy linen robe ;
 Shield me from every famine,
 Free me from every spectral shape.

Daingnich mi anns gach mathas,
 Cairnich mi anns gach cadhas,
 Connaig mi anns gach olcas,
 Agus cloth mi bhò gach neimheas. [ràrnias

Bi eadar mi agus gach nì dhaicheadh,
 Bi eadar mi agus gach nì suarach,
 Bi eadar mi agus gach nì fuaiteach
 Ta tighiun an deathar dha n'ionnsaigh. [duar

A Mhaighistir ghleòrach nan neul, [reul
 A Mhaighistir ghlòrach nan speur,
 A Mhaighistir ghlòrach nan néamh,
 Bhcaonnaicheadh leat gach treubh agus fine.

Eadar-ghuidh air mo shon
 Rì Tighearna Dia nan dùl,
 Rì Athair cùmha na glòir,
 Rì Triath mòr nan cinneach.

A Mhaighistir mhuirneach,
 A Mhaighistir chubhr-ghil,
 A Mhaighistir rùnach,
 A Mhaighistir chùmh-gòil,
 Guidhim thu le dùrachd,
 Guidhim thu le umblachd,
 Guidhim thu le mìsneachd,
 Guidhim thu le farsachd,
 Guidhim thu le glònachd,
 Gun thu dha mo thréigsinn
 Ann am péirion mo bhàis ;

Ach gum lùghina tìmh sìorraidh
 Ann an tàmhaich na Trianaid,
 Ann am Pàrras nan diadha,
 Ann am Fionlos do gbráidh.

Strengthen me in every good,
 Encompass me in every strait,
 Safeguard me in every ill,
 And from every venom restrain me. [enmity

Be Thou between me and all things grisly,
 Be Thou between me and all things mean,
 Be Thou between me and all things gruesome
 Coming darkly towards me.

O glorious Master of the clouds, [stars
 O glorious Master of the skies,
 O glorious Master of the heavens,
 Blest by Thee has been every tribe and people.

Intercede Thou for me
 With the Lord God of life,
 With the kind Father of glory,
 With the great Chief of the nations.

O Master endeared,
 O Master bright, fragrant,
 O Master beloved,
 O Master bright, kindly,
 I beseech Thee with earnestness,
 I beseech Thee with humbleness,
 I beseech Thee with lowliness,
 I beseech Thee with fearfulness,
 I beseech Thee with kneeling,
 That Thou not forsake me
 In the passion of my death ;

But that I might find rest everlasting
 In the repose of the Trinity,
 In the Paradise of the godly,
 In the Vice-garden of Thy love.

Cuir do sheile ri m' léirsinn,
 Cuir do chéirein ri m' chreuchdan,
 Cuir do lion-annart leth riuto,
 A Lámh Léigh, a Mhíe Dhé na stáint.

A Dhé nan díbleach,
 A Dhé nan isleach,
 A Dhé nam firean,
 A dhíon nam fardach :

Thú ag eubhuach oinne
 An guth na glórach
 Le beul na trécair
 Do Mhíe ghráidhaich.

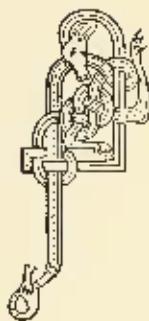
O gu faigheam tàmh sìorraidh
 Ann am fardach do Thrianaid,
 Ann am Pàrras nan diadha,
 Ann an Grianlios do ghráidh.

Put Thy salve to my sight,
Put Thy balm to my wounds,
Put Thy linen robe to my skin,
O Healing Hand, O Son of the God of salvation,

O God of the weak,
O God of the lowly,
O God of the righteous,
O shield of homesteads :

Thou art calling upon us
In the voice of glory,
With the mouth of mercy
Of Thy beloved Son.

O may I find rest everlasting
In the home of Thy Trinity,
In the Paradise of the godly,
In the Sun-garden of Thy love.



LÉIGH M'ANAMA

[242]

LÉIGH m'anama,
 Gleidh mi annoch,
 Gleidh mi moch,
 Gleidh mi nòn,
 An còrsa garbha,
 Comhn is tearmaid
 Mo shealbh a nochd.

Tha mi sgìth is dlì is cearbach,
 Dìon mi o chealg 's o lòchd.

THOU, MY SOUL'S HEALER

Thou, my soul's Healer,
Keep me at even,
Keep me at morning,
Keep me at noon,
On rough course faring,
Help and safeguard
My means this night,
I am tired, astray, and stumbling,
Shield Thou me from snare and sin.



FUIDHEALL

[245]

N Spiorad Naomh a bhraonadh orm
 Nuas as na lathas,
 Dha m' eòmhachadh 's dha m' mhathas,
 Chum m' urraigh chur an ceangal
 Aig cathair Rìgh nan dùl.

* * * * *
 An staid iomchaidh nan gràs,
 Mar is àil leat féin mi dhèanamh,
 A 'Thighearna Dia nan dùl,

Ann an gaol Dé,
 Ann an gràdh Dé,
 Ann an toil Dé,
 Ann an sùil Dé,
 Ann an rùn Dé,
 Ann an cùram Dé.

Mar tha t'ainglibh féin,
 Mar tha do naomh féin,
 Mar tha do mhurtair féin
 A' toighe air nèamh,
 Toigheam féin air talamh !

FRAGMENT'

May the Holy Spirit dwell on me
 Down from out of heaven,
 To aid me and to raise me,
 To bind my prayer firmly
 At the throne of the King of life.

* * * * *

In the befitting state of grace,
 As is Thine own will that I should do,
 O Lord God of life.

In the love of God,
 In the affection of God,
 In the will of God,
 In the eye of God,
 In the purpose of God,
 In the charge of God.

As Thine own angels,
 As Thine own saints,
 As Thine own household
 Desire in heaven,
 So may I desire on earth !

SPIORAD NAOMH

[241]

SPIORAID Naoimh is tréine neart, [creas
Thig oirne a nuas 's cuir sinn fo d' smachd ; [raachd
O d' thalla àghmhor anns na llath,
Do sholas dealrach dèirt a mach.

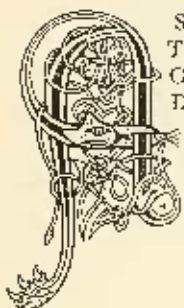
Atthair ionntainn gach am nochd, [eirt
O bheil gach tiodalac agus tort,
Ar cridhe soikich féin le r'iochd,
Le r'iochd dion sinne bho gach alc.

Gun do dhiaidhachd chan 'eil nì
Anns an duine choisneas prìs ;
A l'iongnais féin, a Rìgh nan rìgh,
Gun chiont chan fhaod an duine blith.

Chum cobhair is tu 's fearr a th'ann
An aghaidh an anama 's dòbhaidh caint ;
Do ghabhail is tairniche ta ann ;
Dèan taic is treòir dhuinn anns gach am.

An glùn tha rag dèan las, a Léigh,
An cridh tha cruaidh dèan blàth fo d' sgéith ;
An t-annam th'air seachran o do shùigh,
Glac a stiùir 's cha tèid e dhìch.

Gach nì tha truaillidh glan gun dàil,
Gach nì tha cruadhaidh manth ad ghràs,
Gach creuchd tha dèanadh dhuinn cradh,
A Léigh nan léigh, dèan féin i slàn !



HOLY SPIRIT

O HOLY Spirit of greatest power,
Come down upon us and subdue us ;
From Thy glorious mansion in the heavens,
Thy light effulgent shed on us.

Father beloved of every naked one,
From Whom all gifts and goodness come,
Our hearts illumine with Thy mercy,
In Thy mercy shield us from all harm.

Without Thy divinity there is nothing
In man that can earn esteem ;
Without Thyself, O King of kings,
Sinless man can never be.

In succour Thou art of all the best
Against the soul of wildest speech ;
Food art thou sweeter than all ;
Sustain and guide us at every time.

The knee that is stiff, O Healer, make pliant,
The heart that is hard make warm beneath Thy wing ;
The soul that is wandering from Thy path,
Grasp Thou his helm and he shall not die.

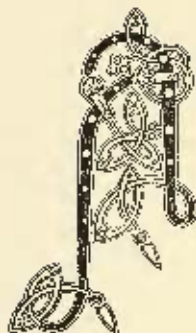
Each thing that is foul cleanse Thou early,
Each thing that is hard soften Thou with Thy grace,
Each wound that is working us pain,
O Best of healers, make Thou whole !

Bheir dha d' mhuinntir bhith gu dian
Cur an carbs annad mar Dhia,
Chum an cuideachaidh 's gach ial
Le do sheachd tiodhlaic, a Spioraid Naoimh nam fial !

Give Thou to Thy people to be diligent
To put their trust in Thee as God,
That Thou mayest help *them* in every hour
With thy sevenfold gift, O Holy Spirit generous !

AN TEÒR

[245]



N Teòr tha os mo bhionn,
 An Teòr tha os mo bhonn,
 An Teòr tha os mo bhos,
 An Teòr tha os mo thall ;
 An Teòr a tha san talach,
 An Teòr a tha san adhar,
 An Teòr a tha sna flathas,
 An Teòr a tha sa mhuir mhòir bhòraich.

THE THREE

THE Three Who are over me,
The Three Who are below me,
The Three Who are above me here,
The Three Who are above me yonder ;
The Three Who are in the earth,
The Three Who are in the air,
The Three Who are in the heaven,
The Three Who are in the great pouring sea.

SEUN SÀBILALAIIDH

[246]

Beulaiche : Cathona Nìo Nìll, Ceann Tangabhall, Barraidh

TEICHAIRT AN BEULAICHE : Cùta mharbhar ann an blàr agus cha bhàthar ann an muir an neach mu'n réid an t-sian. Is nì beannaichte an t-sian, Chuir Brìghid an t-sian m'a Dada agus rùinir Moire an t-sian m'a Mac. Is ionadh sin fear a chaomhaidh: o lhaoghal ann an blàr agus o bhàthadh ann an muir ri linn an t-sian a chur m'a chore agus m'a cholan.

Tha an duine mu'n tìid an t-sian agus an boireannach a the cur an t-sian a' dol do ghleann dìonach, fad air falbh no faisg air làimh, far nach fàic sùil iad ach sùil Dhé nan dòl, agus far nach cluinn cluinn iad ach cluinn Dhé os g'èire, mara fàic no cluinn cluinn ligirech anna pucan no sìodalach nan tom no biodairh nan creag iad. Bha an duine mu'n tèigheadh an t-sian a' gabhadh Ceann agus Pàidir agus Uraigh Meire Mhàthair. Bha e rialtaach gun bìodh cridhe oart agus spuas mhatb agus spiorad glan aig an duine mu'n tèigheadh an t-sian. Mara bìodh a ghràidheis, cha robh bonn stàth ann an t-sian dh'an duine no tom coraidh dh'an m'nan —cha bhiodh, a ghràidheis, O cha bìodh, bonn stàth dhà-sen ann an t-sian no tom coraidh dhà-se.



SEUN a chuir Brìghid m'a Dada,
 Seun a chuir Moire m'a Mac,
 Seun a chuir Micheal m'a sgeith,
 Seun a chuir Mac Dhé mu chathair neof.

Seun romh shaignead,
 Seun romh chlaudhe,
 Seun romh shleagha,
 Seun romh blàrdh 's romh bhàthadh.

Seun romh athain,
 Seun romh nathair,
 Seun romh bheithir,
 Seun romh bheud air bhàraidh.

CHARM OF PROTECTION

Reciter : Catherine MacNeill, Ceann Tuagabbáil, Bæra

The reciter said : The man around whom the charm shall go shall not be killed in battle nor drowned in sea. The charm is a blessed thing. Brigit set the charm about her Foster-son and Mary set the charm about her Son. Many a man has been preserved from peril in field of battle and from drowning in sea in consequence of the charm's being set around his person and around his body.

The man around whom the charm shall go and the woman who sets the charm go to a hidden glen, far away or near at hand, where no eye shall see them but the eye of the God of all life, nor ear hear them but the ear of the God of glory, unless the little chirpers of the bushes or the fays of the knolls or the gnomes of the rocks see or hear them. The man around whom the charm should go recited *Credo* and *Pater Noster* and the Prayer of Mary Mother. It was necessary that the man around whom the charm should go should have a right heart and good thoughts and a clean spirit. If he had not, my dear, the charm was of no efficacy to the man, nor would there be wave of fruit for the woman. There would not, my dear, O there would not, no virtue in the charm for him nor wave of fruit for her.

The charm placed of Brigit about her Foster-son,
 The charm placed of Mary about her Son,
 The charm placed of Michael militant about his shield,
 The charm placed of God's Son about the city of heaven.

Charm against arrow,
 Charm against sword,
 Charm against spears,
 Charm against bruising and against drowning.

Charm against firebrand,
 Charm against adder,
 Charm against levin,
 Charm against harm in fields of battle.

Seun romh shìodhlach,
 Seun romh shaoghlach,
 Seun romh bhìodhlach,
 Seun romh bhaoghal bàsach.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Seun romh sgelob na reòide ruaidhe,
 Seun romh reubadh Luath na Féinne.

Cochall Chathain Chille tharad,
 Cochall Mhicheil mhil umad,
 Cochall Chrìosd, a ghràidh, dha d' theartann,
 Cochall Dhé nan gràs dha d' chumail ;

Dha do dhìon o do chùfaibh,
 Dha do chaomhnadh o P'aghaidh,
 O mhullach do eòin agus P'arla
 Gu dubh bhonn do choisc.

Is eilean thu am muir,
 Is talach thu air tìr,
 Is fìaran thu am fàsach,
 Is slàinte thu dh'an rìon.

Is mòr eaghl am beatha dháilb-san
 A chì a' chòlann nu'n cèid an t-sian.

* * * * *

'Tha cobhair Chalcim Chille mar riut,
 Agus a chochall lein umad ;
 'Tha coimhadh Mhicheil mìl umad,
 Agus a sgiath mhór dha d' dìdeann.

Charm against child of faery,
 Charm against child of earth,
 Charm against hostile one,
 Charm against deadly peril.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Charm against ravage by red . . . ,
 Charm against rending by 'Luath' of the Fiaam. ['Swift']

Be the cowl of Columba over thee,
 Be the cowl of Michael militant about thee.
 Christ's cowl, beloved, safeguard thee,
 The cowl of the God of grace shield thee ;

To guard thee from thy back,
 To preserve thee from thy front,
 From the crown of thy head and thy forehead
 To the very sole of thy foot.

An isle art thou in the sea,
 A hill art thou on land,
 A well art thou in wilderness,
 Health art thou to the ailing.

Great fear have they for their lives
 Who see the person around whom shall go the charm.

* * * * *

The succour of Columba is with thee,
 And his own cowl around thee ;
 The aiding of Michael militant is about thee,
 And his great shield protects thee.

ACHAN

[247]



O Mhàiri Chlan-shroin, coitear, Borgh, Barraich

HA mi ag achan ri Dia,
 Agus ri Maire Mhàthair Chrìosd,
 Ri Pòl agus ris an dà Osta' diag,
 Mo chomhnadh agus mo dhìon.

Tha mi ag a' slach ris an Domhainn,
 Agus ri Maire bhia riann 'na h-Òighe,
 Mo chobhair agus mo chomhnadh
 O dhòbhaile agus o dhòbhaicart.

Dia bhith dha m' chomhnadh,
 Dia bhith dha m' chobhair,
 Dia bhith dha m' chomhnadh
 An còir nam beatha.

Dia bhith dha m' chomhair,
 A measg nan lobhar,
 Dia bhith dha m' chomhair
 An còrsa corbhann.

Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon o lechd,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon o olc,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon o thòrc,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon a nochd.

PRAYER

From Mary Cameron, cottar, Norve, Barra. 16th June 1901

I AM appealing to God,
 And to Mary the Mother of Christ,
 To Paul and the Apostles twelve,
 To aid me and to shield me.

I am beseeching the Lord,
 And Mary ever a Virgin,
 To succour me and to aid me
 From evil and evildoing.

May God be aiding me,
 May God be succouring me,
 May God be aiding me
 When near the reefs,

May God safeguard me
 When among the lepers,
 May God safeguard me
 When in narrow course.

The Son of God be shielding me from harm,
 The Son of God be shielding me from ill,
 The Son of God be shielding me from mishap,
 The Son of God be shielding me this night.

Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhuin le ceart,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhlou le fear ;
 Gach neach fha dha m' leasachadh ceart,
 Gun leasachadh Dia dh'a anam.

Gun saoradh Dia mi o gach aing,
 Gun saoradh Dia mi o gach faing,
 Gun saoradh Dia mi o gach stuing,
 O gach cainleach, o gach slochd.

Gum fosgladh Dia dhomh gach bealach,
 Gum fosgladh Clòsda dhomh gach cadha,
 Gach naomh agus ban-naomh am fathas
 Bhith réiteachadh dhomhsa mo rathaid.

Gun togadh Dia mi o staid a' bhàis,
 O staid nam pian gu staid nan gràs,
 O staid thalmhaidh an t-saoghail a bhàn
 Gu staid naomha nan nàmhán ard.

Achair eubhraidh nam fathas
 Bhith gabhail cùram dha m'anam,
 Le làimh chumhaidh ma m' chaidan, | chòlainn
 Gach dròb agus norra dha m' stuoghal.

The Son of God be shielding me with might,
The Son of God be shielding me with power ;
Each one who is dealing with me aright,
So may God deal with his soul.

May God free me from every wickedness,
May God free me from every entrapment,
May God free me from every gully
From every tortuous road, from every slough,

May God open to me every pass,
Christ open to me every narrow way,
Each soul of holy man and woman in heaven
Be preparing for me my pathway.

May God lift me up from the state of death,
From the state of torments to the state of grace,
From the earthly state of the world below
To the holy state of the high heavens.

May the fragrant Father of heaven
Be taking charge of my soul,
With His loving arm about my body,
Through each slumber and sleep of my life.

CAIM

[248]

'Caim,' encompassing, 'is a form of safeguarding common in the west (see p. 247). The encompassing of any of the Three Persons of the Trinity, or of the Blessed Virgin, or of any of the Apostles or of any of the saints may be invoked, according to the faith of the suppliant. In making the 'caim' the suppliant stretches out the right hand with the forefinger extended, and turns round surwise as if on a pivot, describing a circle with the tip of the forefinger while invoking the desired protection. The circle enfolds the suppliant and accompanies him as he walks onward, safeguarded from all evil without or within. Protestant or Catholic, educated or illiterate, may make the 'caim' in fear, danger, or distress, as when some unward noise is heard or some unward object seen during the night.



AIM Dhé agus a léim dhéas
 Bhíth dha m' ché agus dha m' cléas ;
 Caim an Airdrígh 's grás na Tríanaid
 Bhíth orm a' tóim an dáil na siarraich,
 Bhíth orm a' tóim an dáil na siarraich.

Caim na: T'í dha m' dhíon an chuid,
 Caim na: Trí dha m' dhíon an diugh,
 Caim na: Trí dha m' dhíon a nochd,
 O ghóimh, o ghiamh, o ghotomh, o lochd,
 O ghóimh, o ghiamh, o ghotomh, o lochd.

ENCOMPASSING

The *cain* is called 'cain Dhé,' 'cain Chríosta,' 'cain an Spíosaid,' 'cain Mháire,' 'cain na Cro Nacímhe,' 'cain na Cro Nacímhe agus nan usonah an Iathas,' 'cain Mícheil,' 'cain nan naoth aingeal,' 'cain nan naomh agus nan naoth aingeal,' 'cain Chaluim Chille.'—the encompassing of God, of Christ, of the Spirit, of Mary, of the Holy Rood, of the Holy Rood and of the saints in heaven, of Michael, of the nine angels, of the saints and of the nine angels, of Columba: and to these may be added the customary epithets, as 'cain Dhé nan dhí,' 'cain Mícheil ahl nua buadh,' 'cain Chaluim Chille chaimh,' the encompassing of the God of the creatures, of Michael militant the victorious, of Columba &c. kindly. It is also called 'cain na corraig,' the encompassing of the forefinger, and 'cain na ríoch,' the encompassing of righteousness.

The compassing of God and His right hand

Be upon my firm and upon my frame;

The compassing of the High King and the grace of the Trinity

Be upon me abiding ever eternally,

Be upon me abiding ever eternally.

May the compassing of the Three shield me in my means,

The compassing of the Three shield me this day,

The compassing of the Three shield me this night

From hate, from harm, from act, from ill,

From hate, from harm, from act, from ill,

CAIM

[249]



AIM Dhé bhith umad,
Caim Dhé nan dòla.

Caim Chrìosd bhith umad,
Caim Chrìosda chùmhha.

Caim Spioraid umad,
Caim Spioraid Nàmba.

Caim nan Trì bhith umad,
Caim nan Trì dha d' chùmhha,
Caim nan Trì dha d' chùmhha.

ENCOMPASSING

The compassing of God be on thee,
The compassing of the God of life.

The compassing of Christ be on thee,
The compassing of the Christ of love.

The compassing of Spirit be on thee,
The compassing of the Spirit of Grace.

The compassing of the Three be on thee,
The compassing of the Three preserve thee,
The compassing of the Three preserve thee.

CAIM

[256]



AIM nan Òstal naomha,
 Caim nam martair caona,
 Caim nan àingeal naodha,
 Dha m' clàomhnadh, dha m' chomhradh.

Caim na Brìghde bìthe,
 Caim na Muire mìre,
 Caim na Mìcheil mìle,
 Dha m' dhìonadh, dha m' chomhnadh.

Caim Dhé nan dùin,
 Caim Ghriosa chàmba,
 Caim Spioraid Nèmba,
 Dha m' chùmhadh, dha m' chomhnadh.

ENCOMPASSMENT

The holy Apostles' guarding,
The gentle martyrs' guarding,
The nine angels' guarding,
 Be cherishing me, be aiding me.

The quiet Brigit's guarding,
The gentle Mary's guarding,
The warrior Michael's guarding,
 Be shielding me, be aiding me.

The God of the elements' guarding,
The loving Christ's guarding,
The Holy Spirit's guarding,
 Be cherishing me, be aiding me.

ORA DIONA

[251]

O Anna Nìr an Léigh, croitear, Bagh, Thigh an Uill.



MHICHEIL na mìl,
 A Mhicheil nan lot,
 Dion mi bho mìlglacan
 Luchd mìloraìn a nochd,
 Luchd mìloraìn a nochd.

A Bhrighde nan nì,
 A Bhrighde nam brot,
 Dion mi bho dlùmeas
 Sìodhach nan cnoc,
 Sìodhach nan cnoc.

A Mhàire na mìn,
 A Mhàire na moit,
 Cobhair mi 's dìon
 Le do lion-anart broit,
 Le do lion-anart broit.

A Chrìosda na crìbla,
 A Chrìosda na cròis,
 Spion mi bho lìona
 Luchd spìde nan ùl,
 Luchd spìde nan ùl.

Athair nan anrach,
 Athair nan nochd,
 Tarr mi gu sgàth-thaigh
 Slànaighear nam buchd,
 Slànaighear nam bochd.

PRAYER OF PROTECTION

From Ann Livingstone, crofter, Bay, Tayuult, Lornac

Thou Michael of militance,
Thou Michael of wounding,
Shield me from the grudge
Of ill-wishers this night,
Ill-wishers this night.

Thou Brigit of the kine,
Thou Brigit of the mantles,
Shield me from the ban
Of the fairies of the knolls,
The fairies of the knolls.

Thou Mary of mildness,
Thou Mary of honour,
Succour me and shield me
With thy linen mantle,
With thy linen mantle.

Thou Christ of the tree,
Thou Christ of the cross,
Snatch me from the snares
Of the spiteful ones of evil,
The spiteful ones of evil.

Thou Father of the waifs,
Thou Father of the naked,
Draw me to the shelter-house
Of the Saviour of the poor,
The Saviour of the poor.

DUAN NOILLAG

[252]

O Ruaird: Mac Néill. coiscar, Miu'stáil.

'OUILLAG nam Bannag,' the Night of the Cakes, is the Night of Gifts, Christmas Eve. On this night gifts were given and received in remembrance of Christ, the great Gift to mankind. Other Christmas songs have been already given (i. 126 ff.), and some of the customs described (ii. 226).

Thubhairt an bualaire: Oidheche nam Bannag bhí na maslathaithe a' tóir na ciceá bhéannaig dá'nna clisíná aigheam 'nan uobd mar shampla air Bhríghín, o'ró is í a' chéad bhóireannach a ghabh Crísta Mac Díe 'na b-uobd. Thá laoida ghealach air a só, ach chua cuimhne: líomas í. Cháil ní mo chéad, no lías cháil ní mo chéad agus bhogapadh mo dháine cuid díobh an 'Yáilín, agus cuid díobh an 'Cánada, agus cuid a' cuimh agus an úir. Ó, cur an t-saighéil colosaic! Is ioradh síu, cur a chéiteas e dhé'ib, agus b'ó síu e dhé'adha. Leisgeadh mo fhaigh úr nodha as mo chéim, agus léig mise mo lámhan a' sábaladh ro leacabau chloimne caoimh. Ó, díel nam dháine! An toras a bh'ann a sía! Thugadh uainn an: fearain, agus gao sgíliu: bhíach oíron, agus thugadh fearain a' bháil ní'e dh'an tuatharsach Chálda rí' rathb. Dha e daemnan 'gan izraíidh, agus chua dh'áir e riamh gan d'fhuair e iad.



OCHD an oidheche thada,
 Hú rí bhí hó ú,
 Ní e cur is ní e cathadh,
 Hú rí bhí hó hú,
 Ní e sneachda geal gu latha,
 Hú rí bhí hó hū,
 Ní e gealach gheal gu madainn,
 Hú rí bhí hó hú.
 Nochd oidheche na Nolláige Móire,
 Hú rí bhí hó hú,
 Nochd rugadh Mac Móire Óighe,
 Hú rí bhí hó hú,
 Nochd rugadh Ios Mac Rígh na glóire,
 Hú rí bhí hó ú,

CHRISTMAS CAROL

From Roderick MacNeill, cottar, Mingulay, Barra

THE narrator said: On the Night of the Gifts the goodwives used to put the bannock-stone into the laps of their girl-children as a symbol of Brigit, since she was the first woman who took Christ the Son of God into her lap. There is a dear hymn concerning this, but I do not remember it. I have lost my memory since I lost my means and since my people were scattered—some of them in Australia, and some of them in Canada, and some of them mouldering in the dust. Oh the turns of the hard world! Many a trick does it play, and so it was with me. My fresh new house was burned over my head, and I bled my hands in rescuing my dear little children. Oh the suffering of the poor folk! The terrible time that was! The land was taken from us, though we were not a penny in debt, and all the lands of the townland were given to the Lowland farmer beside us. He had always been wishing to have them, and he never stopped until he got them.

This night is the long night,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 It will snow and it will drift,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 White snow there will be till day,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 White moon there will be till morn,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 This night is the eve of the Great Nativity,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 This night is born Mary Virgin's Son,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 This night is born Jesus, Son of the King of glory,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,

Nachd rugadh dhuinne friamh ar sòlais,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù,
 Nochd dhealraich gràin nam beann móra,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù,
 Nochd dhealraich muir is talamh cumbha,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù,
 Nochd rugadh Crìosd Rìgh na mèraichd,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù.
 Mun cualas gun tàin an tÀgh,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù,
 Chualas an toun air an tràigh,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù ;
 Mun cualas gun tàin a bhonn gu làr,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù,
 Chualas fonn nan aingeal àigh, [gràidh
 Hù ri bhù hó hù.
 Nachd an oidhche flada,
 Hù ri bhù hó hù.

Shoillsich coill agus crann,
 Shoillsich beann agus lùr,
 Shoillsich fearann, shoillsich fonn,
 Rì linn a bhonn a thighinn dh'an tìr.

This night is born to us the root of our joy,
 Hù rí vî hó hù,
 This night gleamed the sun of the mountains high,
 Hù rí vî hó hù,
 'This night gleamed sea and shore together,
 Hù rí vî hó hù,
 'This night was born Christ the King of greatness,
 Hù rí vî hó hù.
 Ere it was heard that the Glory was come,
 Hù rí vî hó hù,
 Heard was the wave upon the strand,
 Hù rí vî hó hù ;
 Ere 'twas heard that His foot had reached the earth,
 Hù rí vî hó hù,
 Heard was the song of the angels glorious, [loving
 Hù rí vî hó hù.
 This night is the long night,
 Hù rí vî hó hù.

Glowed to Him wood and tree,
 Glowed to Him mount and sea,
 Glowed to Him land and plain,
 When that His foot was come to earth.

AN OIGH

[253]



HUNNACAS an Òigh a' teachd,
 Crìosda gu h-òg 'na h-uchd,
 Ainge a' fùbadh dìrèibh umhlachd,
 Is Rìgh nan dùl adubhradh gur ceart.

An Òigh is oirdheirce cleare,
 An clasa 's ro ghile na 'n sneachd,
 Seanaidh cìbil a' seinn an clìd,
 Is Rìgh nan dùl adubhradh gur ceart.

A Mhoire Mhàthair nam feart,
 Còthair oimh còthair do neart,
 Beannaich am biadh, beannaich am bard,
 Beannaich an dias, an t-iodh, 's an lòn.

An Òigh is oirdheirce dreach,
 An clasa 's ro ghile na 'n sneachd,
 Ise mar ghealach am beannaibh ag éirigh,
 Eise mar ghréin air bharràibh nan sléibhcean.

[air
arradh

THE VIRGIN

The Virgin was beheld approaching,
Christ so young on her breast,
Angels bowing lowly before them,
And the King of life was saying, 'Tis meet.

The Virgin of locks most glorious,
The Jesus more gleaming-white than snow,
Seraphs melodiously singing their praise,
And the King of life was saying, 'Tis meet.

O Mary Mother of wondrous power,
Grant us the succour of thy strength,
Bless the provision, bless the board,
Bless the ear, the corn, the food.

The Virgin of mien most glorious,
The Jesus more gleaming-white than snow,
She like the moon in the hills arising,
He like the sun on the mountain-crests.

[on the brink
of the mountains

LEANABH AN ÀIGH

[254]



LEANABH an àigh
 An Leanabh aig Màiri,
 Rugadh san stàball
 Rìgh nan dùl,
 Thàinig dh'an fhàsach,
 'S dh'fhuilig 'nar n-àite ;
 Sonn dh'an àireamh
 Bhùthas dha dlùth.

'N uair chunnaic e fèin
 Gun robh sinne 'nar n-èiginn,
 Dh'illseagail speuran
 Kéidh os ar eòrn :
 Chunnaic sinn Crìosda,
 Spiorad na fìrinn,
 Tharraing siud sin
 Fo dhùn a chrùn.

Nearnaich ar dòchas,
 Mendaich ar sòlas,
 Cum sinne treòrach
 Dèileas dlùth,
 Solas ar béhrain,
 Mar rìs na h-àighean,
 Seinn ann an glòir
 An òrain ùir.

THE CHILD OF GLORY

THE Child of glory
The Child of Mary,
Born in the stable
The King of all,
Who came to the wilderness
And in our stead suffered ;
Happy they are counted
Who to Him are near.

When He Himself saw
That we were in travail,
Heaven opened graciously
Over our head :
We beheld Christ,
The Spirit of truth,
The same drew us in
'Neath the shield of His crown.

Strengthen our hope,
Enliven our joyance,
Keep us valiant,
Faithful and near,
O light of our lantern,
Along with the virgins,
Singing in glory
The anthem new.

ACHAN MHOIRE MIATHAR 1255]

Beul-aiche : Mairi Dhorrhnallach, croitear,
Both Hionncairn Mhór, Loch Abar

The form 'Moire,' Mary, is confined to the Blessed Virgin. It is used even in Protestant districts as an asseveration, as 'Moire tha,' 'Moire chan 'eil,' 'by Mary it is,' 'by Mary it is not.' 'D'uiribh sàmhach a chlann, phearscàicheadh sibh Moire roibh ann gràs !' 'Béidilbh làibh a chlann, phearscàicheadh sibh Moire nuair ann gràs !' 'Be still, children, be quiet, children, you would cause the mild Mary of grace to sin !' This was said by a woman in Proustian Skye to her grandchildren.

In the Flight to Egypt Mary met a milkmaid going to the 'cadradh,' milking. She asked the milkmaid to hold the Child a while as her arms



MHOIRE Mhuighdean,
Cha chualas riann
Ann a chuicadh
Fa do chùram fial,

A dh'iarr do thròcair,
A dh'iarr do dhìon,
A dh'iarr do chomharradh
Le cridhe fìor,

Nach d'fhuair do shòlas,
Nach d'fhuair do shìth,
Nach d'fhuair an comharradh
A bhà dh'a dhìth.

Tha sin toir dhomhsa
An dòchas reabhach
Nach diùlt thu òs'achd
Do m' fheòir is ro'achan.

PRAYER TO MARY MOTHER

Reciter : Mary MacDonnald, crofter, Greater Binntin, Lochaber

were weary. The woman rudely refused, saying that she was in a hurry to milk her cows. Then Mary met another milkmaid going to the 'eadradh,' and asked her to hold the Child a while as her cows were weary. The woman took the Child, nursed Him and fondled Him and sang songs to Him till Mary was rested, and then went on her way. This woman had twice as many cows to milk as the other, yet she was done of the milking in half the time ; she had four times as much milk as the other, for her cows gave twice as much milk. We should show compassion to our fellow-creatures even though at inconvenience to ourselves.

O MARY Maiden,
 Never was known
 One who was placed
 'Neath thy generous care,

Who asked thy mercy,
 Who asked thy shielding,
 Who asked thy succour
 With truthful heart,

Who found not thy solace,
 Who found not thy peace,
 Who found not the succour
 For which he sought.

That gives unto me
 The hope excelling
 That my tears and my prayer
 May find guest-room with thee.

Is buidhe dlomhsa
 Aig sìòl do chosa,
 Is buidhe dlomhsa
 Do dheòin 's do chfosa ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Ailfineachd nan gearn,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Ailfineachd nam ban ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A Rìoghainn chlamn daonn,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A Rìoghainn nan saoghal ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A bhlàth-fhlìosg nan gearn,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A fhlìosg ghil nan speur ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A Mhàthair Uain Ghrèis,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A Mhàthair Uain Phàis ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Abhainn na sìte,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Amair na sìthe ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Fluairinn na slàinte,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A thobair nan gràsa ;

My heart is content
 To kneel at thy footstool,
 My heart is content
 In thy favour and hearing ;

To come into thy presence,
 Beauteous one of siniles,
 To come into thy presence,
 Beauteous one of women ;

To come into thy presence,
 Queen-maiden of mankind,
 To come into thy presence,
 Queen-maiden of the worlds ;

To come into thy presence,
 O flower-garland of branches,
 To come into thy presence,
 Bright garland of the heavens ;

To come into thy presence,
 O Mother of the Lamb of Grace,
 To come into thy presence,
 O Mother of the Paschal Lamb ;

To come into thy presence,
 O river of seed,
 To come into thy presence,
 O vessel of peace ;

To come into thy presence,
 O fountain of healing,
 To come into thy presence,
 O well-spring of grace ;

Tighinn ann do láthair,
 Árois na míne,
 Tighinn ann do láthair,
 A dbachaidh na síthe ;

Tighinn ann do láthair,
 Áilleagain nan neul,
 Tighinn ann do láthair,
 Áilleagain nan reul ;

Tighinn ann do láthair,
 A Mháthair an duibh bhròin,
 Tighinn ann do láthair,
 A Mháthair Dhé na glóir ;

Tighinn ann do láthair,
 Oighe nan Israoch,
 Tighinn ann do láthair,
 A Mháthair Iosda Críosta ;

Ri caoidh agus ri bròn,
 Ri dír agus ri achan,
 Ri túrs agus ri cleidre,
 Ri ób agus ri aslarh ;

[bàir

Gun seachnadh tu orin
 Náir agus maslath,
 Gun seachnadh tu orin
 Táir agus masgal ;

Gun seachnadh tu orin
 Bròn agus tuircann,
 Gun seachnadh tu orin
 Dórainn shuthain ;

Gun comhadh tu m'anam
 Air rathad an Rígh,
 Gun comhadh tu m'anam
 Air casair na síth ;

To come into thy presence,
 Thou dwelling of meekness,
 To come into thy presence,
 Thou home of peace ;

To come into thy presence,
 Thou jewel of the clouds,
 To come into thy presence,
 Thou jewel of the stars ;

To come into thy presence,
 O Mother of black sorrow,
 To come into thy presence,
 O Mother of the God of glory ;

To come into thy presence,
 Thou Virgin of the lowly,
 To come into thy presence,
 Thou Mother of Jesus Christ ;

With lament and with sorrow,
 With prayer and supplication, [crying
 With grief and with weeping,
 With invoking and entreaty ;

That thou mayest have me spared
 Shame and disgrace,
 That thou mayest have me spared
 Flattery and scorn ;

That thou mayest have me spared
 Misery and mourning,
 That thou mayest have me spared
 Anguish eternal ;

That thou mayest help my soul
 On the highway of the King,
 That thou mayest help my soul
 On the roadway of peace ;

Gun comhmadh tu m'anam
 An doras na trécair,
 Gun comhmadh tu m'anam
 An ionad na còrach.

O's tu reul na mara,
 Marnaich mi air muir ;
 O's tu reul na tataibh,
 Talmaich mi air tìr,

[talmhaich

O's tu reul na h-oidheche,
 Suillsich mi san duar ;
 O's tu gréin an latha,
 Gaimich mi air cluan.

O's tu reul nan aingeal,
 Caitheis mi air thalamh ;
 O's tu reul nam flathas,
 Caidrich mi gu nèamh.

[caidric

Gun dìonadh tu mi ri oidheche,
 Gun dìonadh tu mi ri latha,
 Gun dìonadh tu mi ri là is oidheche,
 A Rìoghainn aoibh-ghil nam flathas.

'Tabhair dhomhsa m'achan gbràidh,
 'Tabhair dhomhsa m'astach dhion,
 'Tabhair dhomhsa m'urnaigh chràidh
 Ann an crà-fhuil Mhic do chùich.

Na cuir suarach mi, O mo Dhiù,
 Na cuir suarach mi, O mo Chrìosd,
 Na cuir suarach mi, a Spioraid fhuaif,
 Is na feig an dlobhail shiorraidh mi.

That thou mayest help my soul
In the doorway of mercy,
That thou mayest help my soul
In the place of justice.

Since thou art the star of ocean,
Pilot me at sea ;
Since thou art the star of earth,
Guide thou me on shore.

Since thou art the star of night,
Lighten me in the darkness ;
Since thou art the sun of day,
Encompass me on land.

[meadow]

Since thou art the star of angels,
Watch over me on earth ;
Since thou art the star of paradise,
Companion me to heaven.

Mayest thou shield me by night,
Mayest thou shield me by day,
Mayest thou shield me by day and night,
O bright and gracious Queen of heaven.

Grant me my prayer of love,
Grant me my entreaty for shielding,
Grant me my supplication of pain
Through the shed blood of the Son of thy breast.

Count me not as naught, O my God,
Count me not as naught, O my Christ,
Count me not as naught, O kind Spirit,
And abandon me not to eternal loss.

MOLADH MOIRE

[256]

O Mháthú Níe Gháil-Pharláin, *úe* Níe Dharmhathú,
 céicéim, Bioraidh, Mórar



ABHAM an urnaigh
 Thugadh le li-ungadh
 Dh'an Mhoire Mhíathair
 An áigh ;

Mar si Paidir is Ceud,
 Airne Moire 'nan léidh,
 Agus Urnaigh Mhic Dhé
 Na Páis ;

A mhéudachadh t'onair féin,
 A mhéudachadh glóir Mhic Dhé,
 A mhéudachadh mórachd Dhé
 Nan grás.

Tagair do Mhac éibhinn
 M'urnaigh a chur an éiscachd
 Dha m'anam agus 'na dhéidh
 Dha m' cholann.

A Ríoghainn nan aingeal,
 A Ríoghainn nam slathas,
 A Ríoghainne cathair
 Na glóire :

PRAISE OF MARY

From Mary Maclellan, *née* MacDonald, crofter, Beorsidh, Monar

I SAY the prayer
That was given with announcing
To the Mary Mother
Of joy ;

Along with Pater and Credo,
The Prayer of Mary besides,
And the Prayer of God's Son
Of the Passion ;

To magnify thine own honour,
To magnify the glory of God's Son,
To magnify the greatness of the God
Of grace.

Plead with thy gracious Son
That He make my prayer avail
My soul, and thereafter
My body.

Thou Queen of the angels,
Thou Queen of the kingdom,
Thou Queen of the city
Of glory :

Suairich mi 's gach subhailc,
 Cuartaich mi bhò gach dubhailc
 * * * * *
 * *

A Mhàthair cìrdheire na sèimh, [nan néamh
 A Mhàthair ghloirmhor nan reul,
 Bannaicht thu do gach treubh
 Agus cineil.

Aon mhòla ion-tùhòla,
 Geur-ghuaidh air mo shon
 Rì Triath nan domhan,
 Dia nan dùl.

A Mhuire mhìn-ghil éibhinn,
 Guidhin gun thu dha m' thréiginn
 Ann an geur-ghuain
 Mo bhàis.

Dion gach fardraich, dhon gach shuaigh
 Tha ag eubhach cruaidh
 Air trócair shuairce
 Do Mhic ghràdhaich :

Is tu Rìoghainn na mìlseachd,
 Is tu Rìoghainn na dùlseachd,
 Is tu Rìoghainn na sìodhachd
 'S nan cinneach.

Is tu tobar na trócair,
 Is tu frìamhach nan sòlas,
 Is tu beò-shruth nan òighe
 'S nan gineil.

Enfold me in every virtue,
 Encompass me from every vice
 * * * * *
 * *

Thou shining Mother of gentleness, [of the heavens
 Thou glorious Mother of the stars,
 Blessed hast thou been of every race
 And people.

O thou, alone praised, worthy of praise,
 Make fervent prayer for me
 With the Lord of the worlds,
 The God of life.

Thou Mary, gentle, fair, gracious,
 I pray that thou forsake me not
 In the sharp pang
 Of my death.

Shield of every dwelling, shield of every people
 That are sorely calling
 On the gracious mercy
 Of thy dear Son :

Thou art the Queen-maiden of sweetness,
 Thou art the Queen-maiden of faithfulness,
 Thou art the Queen-maiden of peacefulness
 And of the peoples.

Thou art the well of compassion,
 Thou art the root of consolations,
 Thou art the living stream of the virgins
 And of them who bear child.

Is tu pàilleann Chrìosda,
 Is tu àros Chrìosda,
 Is tu àirce Chrìosda—
 'Na aonar.

Is tu Rìoghainn na mara,
 Is tu Rìoghainn nam flathas,
 Is tu Rìoghainn nan aingeal
 An t-oidheirc.

Is tu teampall Dhé nan dùl,
 Is tu pàilleann Dhé nan dùl,
 Is tu àros Dhé nan dùl
 Agus nan deòraidh.

Is tu abhainn nan gràsan,
 Is tu fhuaran na slàinte,
 Is tu gàrradh is pàrras
 Nan òighean.

Is tu reula na maidne,
 Is tu reula na faire,
 Is tu reula na fairge
 Mòire.

Is tu reula na talamh,
 Is tu reula na flathas,
 Is tu reula Mhic Athair
 Na glòire.

Is tu iodha na talamh,
 Is tu cuilidh na mara,
 Is tu tatan taighean
 An t-saoghail.

Thou art the tabernacle of Christ,
Thou art the mansion of Christ,
Thou art the ark of Christ—
Of Him alone.

Thou art the Queen-maiden of the sea,
Thou art the Queen-maiden of the kingdom,
Thou art the Queen-maiden of the angels
In effulgence.

Thou art the temple of the God of life,
Thou art the tabernacle of the God of life,
Thou art the mansion of the God of life
And of the forlorn.

Thou art the river of grace,
Thou art the well-spring of salvation,
Thou art the garden and the paradise
Of the virgins.

Thou art the star of morning,
Thou art the star of watching,
Thou art the star of the ocean
Great.

Thou art the star of the earth,
Thou art the star of the kingdom,
Thou art the star of the Son of the Father
Of glory.

Thou art the corn of the land,
Thou art the treasury of the sea,
The wished-for visitant of the homes
Of the world.

Is tu soire na sàsachd,
 Is tu còpan na h-àiseachd,
 Is tu fuaran na slànachd
 Chlann daonna.

Is tu gàrradh nan sùbhaile,
 Is tu àros nan sùbhachd,
 Is tu Màthair na dobbachd
 'S na daondachd.

Is tu gàrradh nan ubhal,
 Is tu tàladh nan ueradh,
 Is tu sàsachd na cruinne
 Air bhòichid.

Is tu grian nan néanola,
 Is tu gile nan speura,
 Is tu reul agus ceuma
 Nam faontrach.

O's tu an cuan làn,
 Marraich mi air moir ;
 O's tu am fonn tràght', [an cuan
 Teàrnaich mi air tìr. [teàrainn

O's tu seud an usgair, [leug gach usgair
 Seun mi bho theine 's bho uisge,
 Seun mi bho spènrach an uilce
 'S bho chuspairean sìodh.

Nar bheil neach a chanas mo dhàn
 Na chuireas an càileachd i,
 Nach nochd Moire si féin dhà
 Tèl turas roimh bhàs 's roimh chricb.

Thou art the vessel of fullness,
 Thou art the cup of wisdom,
 Thou art the well-spring of health
 Of mankind.

'Thou art the garden of virtues,
 'Thou art the mansion of gladness,
 Thou art the Mother of sadness
 And of clemency.

Thou art the garden of apples,
 Thou art the lull-song of the great folks,
 Thou art the fulfilment of the world's desire
 In loveliness.

Thou art the sun of the heavens,
 Thou art the moon of the skies,
 'Thou art the star and the path
 Of the wanderers.

Since thou art the full ocean,
 Pilot me at sea ;

Since thou art the dry shore,
 Save me upon land.

[meadow

Since thou art the gem of the jewel,
 Save me from fire and from water,
 Save me from sky-hosts of evil
 And from fairy shafts.

[of each

'There is none who utters my song
 Or puts it into use,
 But Mary will show herself to him
 Three times before his death and his end.

MOLADH MOIRE

[257]

FROM ANN MACDONALD, a native of Luclaber, lately returned from Australia after an absence of many years, a woman full of native wit and



LÀTH-FHLIOSG na mara,
Blàth-fhlìosg nan cé,
Blàth-fhlìosg nam flathas,
Moire Màthair Dhé.

Blàth-fhlìosg nan talamh,
Blàth-fhlìosg nan nèamh,
Blàth-fhlìosg nan aingeal,
Moire Màthair Dhé.

Blàth-fhlìosg na h-àrois,
Blàth-fhlìosg nan reul,
Blàth-fhlìosg na pàrrais,
Moire Màthair Dhé.

PRAISE OF MARY

humour. A very similar poem was obtained from Catherine MacNeill, cottar, Breubhaig, Barra, a woman of wit and humour, of clearness of head and goodness of heart.

FLOWER-GARLAND of the ocean,
Flower-garland of the land,
Flower-garland of the heavens,
Mary, Mother of God.

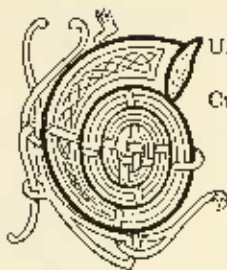
Flower-garland of the earth,
Flower-garland of the skies,
Flower-garland of the angels,
Mary, Mother of God.

Flower-garland of the mansion,
Flower-garland of the stars,
Flower-garland of paradise,
Mary, Mother of God.

QUIRIM FIANAIS

[258]

(PŪDHEALL)



QUIRIM fianais gu Moire,
Màthair chobhair an t-sluaigh ;
Cuirim fianais gu Brìghde,
Mùime mhìo-ghil an Uain ;

Cuirim fianais gu Peadail,
Ostal eagail is sàin ;
Cuirim fianais gu Calum,
Ostal airin is cuain ;

[airir]

Cuirim fianais gu Flathas,
Dh'fhios na Cathair tha shuas ;
Cuirim fianais gu Mìcheil,
Ard-mhìlìdh nam buadh ;

Cuirim fianais gu Athair,
A dh'altaich gach cré ;
Cuirim fianais gu Crìsda,
Fhuair mìostath is péin ;

Cuirim fianais gu Spiorad,
A ligheas mo chreuchd,
'S a dh'fhàgas mí gile
Mar chanach an t-slèibh.

I SEND WITNESS

(A FRAGMENT) *

I send witness to Mary, [I appeal
 Mother who aids men ;
 I send witness to Brigit,
 Pure tender Nurse of the Lamb ;

I send witness to Peter,
 Apostle of fear and of sleep ;
 I send witness to Columba,
 Apostle of shore and sea ;

I send witness to Heaven,
 To the City on high ;
 I send witness to Michael,
 Noble warrior triumphant ;

I send witness to Father,
 Who formed all flesh ;
 I send witness to Christ,
 Who suffered scorn and pain ;

I send witness to Spirit,
 Who will heal my wound,
 Who will make me as white
 As the cotton-grass of the moor.

* Cf. ii. 48.

LATHA FHÉIL MÍCHEIL*

ANNA bóicennach ann an Uibhist o Dhéas : Latha mór mór latha na Féil Mícheil, a luaidh, latha nach faic sinn a leithéid go brách ruileadh. Bha gach beag agus mír, garh óg agus sean, gach fúerun agus bóicennan san dithaich an fáil aig an Oda latha na Féil Mícheil, gun noch nír boan taighe ach seann dhuine no seann bhean no leanaban beag ná gun chroin gun chéill. O a Mhoire mhí, nár grás, is ann 'nan dáileann bha an t-airdeal !

Bha na daoine cho dúmháil nu chléid an 'tear-paill latha na Féil Mícheil agus a tha na radhain air Macchair a' Múigeadain latha mór na h-íreíche. Chas ruib' b'ann no baile, b'ógá no ruilha, eadar Faghaf Ghumadail agus Sreac Fúisgeidh nach robb a' d'órtadh an daoine a d'Yáiré Mícheil latha na Féil, O a Mhoire Mhoire, ach an dtuobhadas straipe a h'íreidh an zin, beag agus mór, ard agus íosal !

Bha a'a aon togsail air na h-éich uile, óg agus seoda. Chroibh'adh sibh an t-éil cho hé, a' chluas cho bíomach, a' chas cho luath agus an aigne cho aotrom. O a Leubhara féin, slzuil'eadh sibh gun: b'icid' óga na sean éich seoda, agus gun b'icid' seoda na h-éich óga nach roib' símh aig an Oda,—iad cho togarrach ris na h-éich a bha tríd ann. Bha e mar gun bitheadh e nálarra illaid. mar a tha e nálarra do chroibh na h-éirigh agus do ch'óid na sean fallh air an latha suidhichte féin. O Mhoire nan grás, an gné agus an r'ácar a chuir 'Tl mór nan d'ól ann gach ceantair a churthaich a leanaban leanraichte féin ! Bho thae an dhuine gu cúl na h'Óda, bho chroibh na h-éirigh gu cúl na macchair !

A woman in South Uist said : A great great day, the day of the Feast of St Michael, my dear, a day the like of which we shall never see again. Every little and big, every young and old, every male and female in the country was away at the 'Oda,' not a person in the house save an old man or an old woman or an innocent little child without sin or sense. Gentle Mary of grace, it was on them there was the whirling of mind !

Round the burial-ground of the Church of Michael the people were as thick as are the harnacle-geese on the Plain of Múigeadan on the great day of migration. There was not a hill nor a lowland, a bay nor a promontory between the Ford of Garmadal and the Stack of Briskay but was pouring out its people to Michael's Point on the day of the 'Oda.' O Mary,

* See L. 198 II.

Mary, the thick crowd of folk that would be there, small and great, high and low !

There was the same eager stir among all the horses, young and old. You would get the eye so lively, the ear so pricked, the finc so swift and the spirit so lightsome. Oh by the Bunk itself, you would think the old aged horses were young horses, and the young horses that had never been at the ' Oda ' were old horses, for they were as much agog as those that had often been there. It was as though it were natural to them, as it is natural to the cattle of the shieling and to the birds of the sea to migrate on their own appointed day. O Mary of grace, the instiner and nature that the great Being of life has placed in every creature created by His own blessed hands !—from the son of man to the horses of the ' Oda,' from the cattle of the shieling to the birds of the plain !

STRÜBHAN

' Strübhan,' ' strüdhán,' ' strühan,' the St. Michael cake. When the word stands alone the stress is on the first syllable and the u is long. In the phrase ' strübhan Mícheil,' the stress is on the first syllable of ' Mícheil,' the other stress is reduced and the u shortened. Even when the word is used alone, ' Mícheil ' is understood, for the word is applied to no other thing.

The woman who baked it threw a bit of the dough into the ' bealaídh,' hot embers, saying, ' Seo dháta, a dhomais, dh chuid fhéin,' ' Here to thee, devil, thine own share.' This bit was called ' tois an donais,' the devil's dough ; ' toim (teim) nu t-sionnach,' the fox's twist (oblation) ; and ' nír a' mhadaídh maídh,' the fox's bit. What this represented the narrative did not know, but she thought it might be to buy off the fox from killing the sheep (*cf. i. 209*).

CURRAN MICHÉIL

The carrot was a symbol of deep and high significance, appealing to the sacred instincts of the people as no other plant did. It symbolised fertility, offspring, children. The carrot was given by a woman to a man, rarely by a man to a woman. Girls and women were and are in the habit of gathering wild carrots on the sandy plains ; when one gets a bicurrated carrot she rejoices greatly, crying out in the fullness of her heart,

Fóran ! fóran ! fóran !
 Súas curran corc doimh ! [curran]
 Fóran ! fóran ! fóran !
 Conaíl curran corc doimh !

Dheir Mícheil níl domh cloibh is conaíl, [cló is toadh]
 Bheir Bríghde lúth domh brechtain,
 Bheir Fíe Fíth domh fíon is bairne, [fíol]
 'S bheir Máire mála domh combhadh. [dóchsa]

Little cleft one ! little cleft one !
 Joy of carrot surpassing to me !
 Little cleft one ! little cleft one !
 Fruitage of carrot surpassing to me !

Michael militant will give me seed and fruit,
 Celra Brigit will give me passion,
 Fite Fith will give me wine and milk, [honey
 And Mary mild will give me aid. [bux

In some districts the word is 'torran,' a diminutive from 'torc,' a cleft, cut or opening, of V-shape.

A place in North Uist is called 'Gersaidh nan Carran,' the Grassland of the Carrots; immediately before the Feast of St Michael girls and women from all parts of North Uist would crowd thither for wild carrots and for enjoyment.

LATHA FHÉILL MÍCHEIL

The following notes from Father Allan MacDonald, taken from a letter dated 'Dalibrog, 21st December 1898,' may be added to the account of the Feast of St Michael.

'The implement for digging up the carrots I hear called "stribheag"; I am told that it was the same as was used for digging up the roots of the "cairt freamhra" [bitter vetch]. In Barra some call it "apleanan," the ra having the same sound as in "fead."

'The women tied up the carrots into bunches with a thread. Each bunch was of such circumference as to fill up the circle made by the thumb and forefinger joining each other at the tips. The women had many such bunches prepared for the hall of St Michael's Night. They hid them in the neighbourhood of the dancing-house, and they went out from time to time during the night to fetch a bunch. On coming into the hall with a bunch each of them said,

'S ann again a thu na curraic,
 Ge b'e 's urraon an t-òit bhuan.

[It is I that have the carrots,
 Whoever he be that can take them from me].

'Even in Benbecula the going to the St Michael's races was called "dol a Chille Mhicheil" ["going to St Michael's church"]. I do not know if there was such a dedication in Benbecula; my informant, a native of Benbecula, never heard of such a dedication.

'The "stribhan" that was made for a person away from home was kept carefully awaiting him even though three months were to elapse before his return. A woman tells me that her father and brothers were

away sailing in a smack at St Michael's, and that her mother duly made the cakes and kept them carefully for them till they returned home.

'The religious functions most commonly assigned by the people here to St Michael are his meeting of the souls of the elect at the moment of death, and his presiding at the balance where the soul's good and bad works are weighed.'

FÉILL CHONNAIN AGUS FÉILL MICHEIL

Ann Livingstone, *née* MacCallum, of Taynult, was already old when I came to know her in 1882, but she was still full of the songs and rhymes, the hymns and ballads and traditions, of her native *Gleann Curgdhais*, Glen Kinglass, on Loch Eive. With graphic power and pathetic interest she described the people of her own district and her own day, simple, noble, and neighbourly, the men big and powerful, the women strong and handsome, whom to see was to admire and to know was to love.

She described minutely the famous 'Féill Chonnain,' St Connan's fair in Glen Orchy. To this the people of the surrounding districts came to sell their native produce, and strangers to buy cheese and butter, beef and mutton, cloth and tartans, linens and garters, plaidings and blankets, and swords in their time. From Callander, Doune, Stirling, Perth and other towns of the south men came with horses bearing panniers filled with knives, pistols and every sort of hardware. Booths were erected, and the 'féill' lasted several days. It created much *sair* among the people. There were games and athletics during the day and dancing and singing during the night. A sort of industrial exhibition was held, to which the neighbourhood contributed of its best, for the competition was keen. The arts most exemplified were wood-carving, sword-making, leather-tanning, wool-dyeing, garter-making, tartan-making, hose-knitting, weaving and wool-working in general. The judges were brought from afar to ensure impartiality and to avoid disputes.

Many men of the surrounding districts were '*ann an cogadh nan Sribhartach agus ann an cogadh nam Traingach,*' in the wars of the Scots and in the wars of the French. Their courage being high, their losses were heavy; and those who returned found their people dead or driven out, their houses down, their home desolate, and themselves without where to lay their heads. Sheep had taken the place of people, to be in their turn replaced by deer, and the glens once full of innocence and meriment are now desolate and dumb.

It was, however, the 'Féill Michéil,' Feast of St Michael, that evoked the higher and nobler instincts of the people. Ann Livingstone spoke of the customs of the 'Féill Michéil' more from tradition than from observation, for they had fallen into disuse before her time; but as bearing on the customs of the Outer Isles (*i. e.* 1911), those of the inner glens may be mentioned as related by this intelligent and educated woman.

The '*stròbhan Michéil*' or '*bonnach Michéil,*' Michael 'struan'

or colt was baked on St Michael's Eve by the wife or daughter of the house. It was three-sided. The meal was moistened with sheep's or goat's milk. The cake was placed before the bright peat fire on the middle of the floor, and one side and then another was coated with batter of eggs and cream. While the 'strùbhan' or 'bunnaich' was toasting, the 'fallaid,' dry meal on the baking-board, was gathered and drated over the flock assembled for the purpose. In the morning the father of the family cut the bunnaich into small pieces of the form of the whole, and gave a piece to his wife and to each of his children, to each of his household, and to all his dependants about the place.

The farmers gave a fourth of a 'strùbhan,' a fourth of a plate of butter and a fourth of a cheese to the poor about them; 'agus bha ann fear agus a' bhcan a' toir seo seachad air a' mhìodh (mheidh) Mhàrteil los gum bitheadh e romh: an anam an am dol tarsainn air ial na tsuibhne,'—'and the man and wife bestowed this on the Michael beam (balance) that it might be before their souls at the time of going over the gleam of the river.' If a man had no 'strùbhan' himself he bought one to give away to the poor and the needy, framed in the likeness of the Father everlasting. The farmer's wife took a 'strùbhan' to the house of the superior as a sign of friendship and protection. The sheep and the goats were milked till St Michael's Eve, and then were allowed to run dry.

On St Michael's Day the people rode about singing 'raim,' rimes, the women giving carms to the men and wishing them 'rith agus rath, buaidh agus piseach, agus ùis agus àgh gu la am bàis agus 'na dhéidh,' 'progeny and prosperity, triumph and increase, and fame and fortune to the day of their death and after it.' The men were giving presents to the women. There were balls and dancing on that evening, all the people gathering in the biggest barn, and young men crossed the hills to join the dancing in other straths.

LEANABH MÌCHEIL

A child who came opportunely was called 'leanabh Mìcheil,' child of Michael; 'còisil Mìcheil,' procreant of Michael; 'curra! Mìcheil,' carrot of Michael, and by other terms indicative of the faith of those who prayed at the saint's shrine.

Michael was besought by women, who went sunwise round his enclosure praying his aid and singing his hymn. Mares were led sunward around his burial-ground, the leader singing the hymn of Michael Militant, subduer of the dragon and patron saint of horses. The sunwarding was done under cover of darkness that none might see—

Far nach bitheadh brìonnag no breugag
A thoir agula dh'au t-soghal.

Where was no babbler nor gaddler
To give twaddle to the world.

BRIAN

Brian was the name of Michael's steed, famed for its swiftness and its whiteness.

Bha Brian Mícheil
 Co gile ri sneachd nan crann,
 Co gile ri cobhar nan saorgh,
 Co gile ri casn nan cluan,
 Is fairs co gile ri ainneal nam boadh,

Bha Brian Mícheil
 Co luath ri sígne nan tráth, [swiftness]
 Co luath ri gearb na Máirt,
 Co luath ri deaslán nan áir,
 Is fairs co luath ri saighead a' bháis.

Michael's Brian was
 As white as the snow of the peaks,
 As white as the foam of the waves,
 As white as the cotton of the meads,
 And nearly as white as the angel victorious.

Michael's Brian was
 As swift as the swift of the spring, [swiftness]
 As swift as the wind of March,
 As swift as the deadly levin,
 And nearly as swift as the shaft of death,

A derivative of Brian is the feminine Brianag. 'Bilean Briannig léal mo ghaoll,' 'the lips of Brian, the mouth of my love,' is a phrase alike in meaning to 'hinneas Briannig,' 'the melody of Brianag.'

Bha Brianag co gile ri gréin nan tráth,
 Bha Brianag co léine ri leas nan bard,
 Bha Brianag co eolse ri fleighde nan áin,
 Is fairs co mílis ri bilean na máthair.

Brianag was as fair as the sun of the seasons,
 Brianag was as musical as the harmony of the bards,
 Brianag was as gentle as Ruígl of the leech,
 And nearly as sweet as the mother's lips,

MICHEIL MÌL

[259]

O Anna Nìe an Léigh, nê Nìe Caluin, croitear, Tuigh an Uìllt



MICHEIL MÌL,

A rìgh nan aingeal,
 Dion do shluagh
 Le buadh do lainne,
 Dion do shluagh
 Le buadh do lainne.

Sgaoil do ghiath
 Air bìan 's air talamh,
 An ear 's an iar
 Is dìon bho'n arrais,
 An ear 's an iar
 Is dìon bho'n arrais,

Grianaich U'fheill
 Bho speur nan adhar ;
 Bi leinn sa chuart
 'S an dual na carraid ;
 Bi leinn sa chuart
 'S an dual na carraid,

A thriath nan triath,
 A thriath nan ainis,
 Bi leinn san triall
 'S an ial na h-abhainn ;
 Bi leinn san triall
 'S an ial na h-abhainn,

MICHAEL MILITANT

From *Ann Livingstone, née MacCallum, crofter, Taybutt*

O MICHAEL Militant,
 Thou king of the angels,
 Shield thy people
 With the power of thy sword,
 Shield thy people
 With the power of thy sword.

Spread thy wing
 Over sea and land,
 East and west,
 And shield us from the foe,
 East and west,
 And shield us from the foe.

Brighten thy feast
 From heaven above ;
 Be with us in the pilgrimage
 And in the twistings of the fight ;
 Be with us in the pilgrimage
 And in the twistings of the fight.

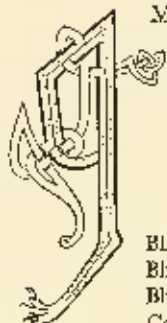
Thou chief of chiefs,
 Thou chief of the needy,
 Be with us in the journey
 And in the gleam of the river ;
 Be with us in the journey
 And in the gleam of the river.

A thriath nan triath,
A thriath nan aingeal,
Sgaoil do sgiath
Air blian 's air talamh,
Bho's leats' an làn,
Bho's leats' an làn,
'S leat féin an làn,
'S leat féin an làn.

Thou chief of chiefs,
Thou chief of angels,
Spread thy wing
Over sea and land,
For thine is their fullness,
Thine is their fullness,
Thine own is their fullness,
Thine own is their fullness.

MÍCHEAL NAN AINGEAL

[360]



MHÍCHEIL nan aingéal
 Is nam fírean an fathas,
 Cuir díonadh air m'anam
 Le fáilcas do sgéith ;
 Cuir díonadh air m'anam
 Air thalamh 's air néant ;

Bho náimhdean air thalamh,
 Bho náimhdean fo thalamh,
 Bho náimhdean am falach
 Comho agus cairdeir
 M'anam fo d' sgéith,
 O m'asam le fáilcas do sgéith !

MICHAEL, OF THE ANGELS

O MICHAEL of the angels
And the righteous in heaven,
Shield thou my soul
 With the shade of thy wing ;
Shield thou my soul
 On earth and in heaven ;

From foes upon earth,
From foes beneath earth,
From fires in concealment
Protect and encircle
 My soul 'neath thy wings,
 Oh my soul with the shade of thy wing !

AINGEAL COIMHIDEACHD

[261]



AINGEAL choimhidich mo làmhhe dheise,
 Freasdaid dhomh an oidhche nochd,
 Teasraig mi anns na dìle treasa,
 Sgeadaich mi le d' lion 's mi nochd,
 Comhnaich mi 's mi diblidh nochd.

Srùit mo choit anns a' chuire chaitneidil, [chaitneidil
 Treòir mo cheum ann beum 's an slochd, linn
 Caithris mi anns na cara cairneim,
 Is tearmaid mi o chearb nan òc,
 Is tearmaid mi o chearb a nochd.

Fuadaich nam tuar na truailleachd, [truailleachd
 Cuartaich mi gu Luan o lochd ;
 O Aingil chaoimh mo làmhhe dheise,
 Teasraig mi o dhani a nochd,
 Teasraig mi an oidhche nochd !

ANGEL GUARDIAN

O ANGEL guardian of my right hand,
Attend thou me this night,
Rescue thou me in the battling floods, [strong
Array me in thy linen, for I am naked,
Succour me, for I am feeble and forlorn.

Steer thou my coracle in the crooked eddies,
Guide thou my step in gap and in pit,
Guard thou me in the treacherous turnings,
And save thou me from the scaith of the wicked,
Save thou me from scaith this night.

Drive thou from me the taint of pollution,
Encompass thou me till Dawn from evil ;
O kindly Angel of my right hand,
Deliver thou me from the wicked this night,
Deliver thou me this night !

GUIDHE

[262]



UIDHIM is acham
 Air Guibh is Calum,
 Air Mèthair mo Rìgh,
 Air Brìghde banail,
 Air Micheal mìl,
 Ard-rìgh nan aingeal,
 Mo chobhair 's mo dhlou
 O gach sìodh air thalamh.

PRAYER

I PRAY and supplicate
Guibh and Columba,
The Mother of my King,
Brigit womanly,
Michael militant,
High-king of the angels,
To succour and shield me
From each fay on earth.

BANAS BRIGHDE NO MOLTA BRIGHDE

[269]

Bralaiche : Peigibh Nì Comuig, nó Nì Dhòmhuill, coitchean agus bean-cùidim, Aird Dhuibhe, Loch Baghasail, Uibhist a' Chìnn a Deas.

Bha Ois (Iosal), aithisr Brighde, a' tairneag uisge càon a' bhail, agus e faighinn pàighidh as a chuire cuasan. Bha astar mòr aige ri dhol a chon an locha a chuire latha, agus r'na b'urra dha bhith air ais gu h-amach. An nair a dh'fhalbhadh Ob nach stadaineach, lha e fàgail cuasan lura aig Brighde clon a feumalachd fèda agus feumalachd an taighe gu an tigeach e d'achaidh as t-oidhe're. An heul atkaidh agus anamoich thàinig dh'is chasim clon an donis, fear agus bean, agus dh'farr a' lhaan dooch uisge. 'Clan ara na dooch a thoir dhuil gua plàighachd air a son,' orsa Brighid. Dh'fhalbh an dh'is dh'asine gun bhàgh gu dooch, gun r'ead gun a'ghachd, gun: san saoghal a thoir dh'is. Anamach as t-cilleche thàinig Ob d'achaidh le cara uisge mar a l'bhlaist, agus thug Brighid dha a s'vipeir, agus chaidh iad dh'an eadal mar bu nòe. Air meadhan oidhche chualas toirm mhair a muigh mar gun bhidh ga aibhne. 'Èirich, a Brighid, agus seall a mach, agus na chaithean toim mar gha aibhne,' ors a b'athair ri Brighid. Dh'èirich Brighid agus chuir i uimpe agus sheall i mach feuch an fàiceadh i cìod e bha ris an toirm. 'Seal e lha sin na ch'abhaist naicr dh'is a s'as seach an taigh. Th'è Brighid air a b'as agus dh'farr i ch'ra b'athair a staig cìod e chunnac agus e ch'ra i a muigh. 'An robh neach air bhith an seo an d'is?' 'Bha,' orsa Brighid, 'fear agus bean.' 'An d'fuar iad d'ad?' 'Cha d'fuar blasad,' orsa Brighid. 'Dh'farr an boireannach dooch uisge, ach cha tugainn d'ar di gun pàighachd, mar a dh'farr sibh orsa, a'farr, agus dh'fhalbh iad.' 'Seal a mach na t'chugad, feuch cìod e th'fada a ch' no ch'adnaea ra, no feuch a bhèil an d'fagachd air dh'is an t-soghal?' Chaidh Brighid a mach, agus sheall i mun cuairt naig agus thuir, agus th'è i strach air a' chas-cuasan. 'Tha sear orsa an sa'f'ail, a'farr,' orsa Brighid. Clon Ob as a leachaidh a ch'as-cuasan agus gh'ed chuir e nime. Chaidh Brighid s'as dh'an st'ball, agus chaidh i air a d'è gh'na, agus gh'abh i Rìgh nan d'è na b'achd, agus chaidh i fodha an can a th'isig e chon an t-soghal. Agus sin an t-ach'farr na' bhèil orsa boireannach na ch'farr s'g'f'annan agus orsa f'annach na ch'è s'g'f'annan. Clon f'annach Mac D'è nan d'è a bhith air a bh'ad agus air a th'isig an t'ach d'f'ann t-soghal mar a bh'ad agus mar a th'isig clon dh'asine,—is e m'ora' a ph'ann e ch'è ga d'è, na Cìod Mac D'è d'isig an n'èad gu l'ann.

WOMANHOOD OF BRIGIT OR PRAISES OF BRIGIT*

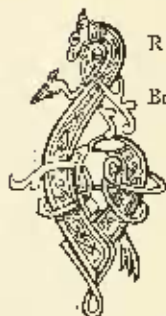
Reciter : Peggy MacCormack, *née* MacDonald, crofter and nurse,
Aird Braidhe, Loch Baisdale, South Uist.

On (or Ingh), the father of Brigit, used to draw water to the town, getting payment for each vessel. He had a long way to go to the loch every day, and he could not be back until late. When Oh would set out early in the morning, he would leave a vessel of water with Brigit for her own use and the needs of the house until he should come home at night. In the late evening came two persons to the door, a man and a woman, and the woman asked for a drink of water. 'I cannot give thee a drink without payment for it,' said Brigit. The two went away without food or drink, without music or hospitality, without anything in the world being given to them. Late at night Oh came home with a cart of water as usual, and Brigit gave him his supper, and they went to their sleep as they were wont. In the middle of the night a great noise was heard outside, as it were the ocean-roar of a river. 'Get up, Brigit, and look out, for I am hearing a noise like the ocean-roar of a river,' said her father to Brigit. Brigit got up, and clothed herself, and looked out to see whether she could see what the noise meant. What was there but a great beautiful river flowing down past the house! Brigit returned and told her father within what she had seen and heard wondrous. 'Was there anyone here to-day?' 'There was,' said Brigit, 'a man and a woman.' 'Did they receive aught?' 'Nay, not a taste,' said Brigit. 'The woman asked for a drink of water, but I would not give her a drop without payment, as thou didst bid me, father, and they went away.' 'Look out, to and fro, and see what more thou shalt see or hear, or whether the prophecy is come to pass upon the world.' Brigit went out and looked about, to and fro, and returned within upon her track. 'There is a light in the stable, father,' said Brigit. Oh leaped with a standing-leap out of his bed and quickly clothed himself. Brigit went down to the stable, and she knelt on her two knees, and she took the King of the elements into her bosom, and she raised Him in her arms when He came into the world. And that is the reason that a woman's head is in four divisions and a man's head in three divisions. The Son of the God of the elements might not be born and come into the world as the children of men are born and come into it,—it was a miracle from beginning to end, Jesus Christ's coming from heaven to earth.

* See i. 104 ff.

Sin mar a chuala mise a'g seann daoine na eòlaidh 'a uair bàa mi ùg. Ach a Mhoire nan gràs ! is thada fhéin an t-ine u'a uair sin, ged bu ghoireid san dol seachad i.

Brìghid nighean Dùghaill Duinn
'Ic Aoidh 'ic Airt 'ic Cuinn 'ic
Criara 'ic Cairbre 'ic Cais 'ic
Carmaic 'ic Cartaich 'ic Cuimn,



RIGHIDE nam brat,
Brìghde na brìg,
Brìghde nan cleachd,
Brìghde na frith.

Brìghde nan gealachas,
Brìghde na bìth,
Brìghde nan gealabhas,
Brìghde na nì.

Brìghde bean chomainn,
Brìghde na brìg,
Brìghde bean chobhair,
Brìghde bean mbin.

Brìghde ciahh Moire,
Brìghde Moine Chrìosd,—
Gach latha agus gach oidhche
Nì mi Stoinntearachd na Brìghd,

Cha mharbhar mi,	
Cha gluinear mi,	[loinear
Cha charachar mi,	[chìobar
Cha ghonar mi,	
Cha spaltar mi,	[spealgat, spalgar,
Cha spùillear mi,	spallar

That is how I heard it among the old folk of the 'céilidh' when I was young. But, O Mary of grace! long indeed is the time since then, though short it has been in passing.

Brigit daughter of Dugall the Brown
 Son of Aodh son of Art son of Conn
 Son of Criara son of Clairbre son of Cas
 Son of Cornac son of Cartach son of Conn.

Brigit of the mantles,
 Brigit of the peat-heap,
 Brigit of the twining hair,
 Brigit of the augury.

Brigit of the white feet,
 Brigit of calmness,
 Brigit of the white palms,
 Brigit of the kine.

Brigit, woman-comrade,
 Brigit of the peat-heap,
 Brigit, woman-helper,
 Brigit, woman mild.

Brigit, own tress of Mary,
 Brigit, Nurse of Christ,—
 Each day and each night
 That I say the Descent of Brigit,

I shall not be slain,
 I shall not be wounded, [sworded
 I shall not be put in cell,
 I shall not be gashed,
 I shall not be torn in sunder,
 I shall not be despoiled,

Cha saltrar mí,
 Cha róisgear mí,
 Cha reubar mí,
 Cha mhó dh'fhágas
 Gréisd an dearmad mí.

Cha luig grián mí,
 Cha luig teine mí,
 Cha loisg ial mí,
 Cha loisg gile mí.

||bilian

Cha bháth úisge mí,
 Cha bháth sála mí,
 Cha bháth lighe mí,
 Cha bháth burn mí.

Cha laigh bruaill-bri orm,
 Cha laigh suan-dubh orm,
 Cha laigh druail-dri orm,
 Cha laigh luath-luis orm.

Tha mí for chomraig
 Mo Naomh Moire ;
 'S i mo chaomh chomainn
 Brighde.

I shall not be down-trodden,
I shall not be made naked,
I shall not be rent,
Nor will Christ
Leave me forgotten.

Nor sun shall burn me,
Nor fire shall burn me,
Nor beam shall burn me,
Nor moon shall burn me.

[blanch

Nor river shall drown me,
Nor brine shall drown me,
Nor flood shall drown me,
Nor water shall drown me.

Nightmare shall not lie on me,
Black-sleep shall not lie on me,
Spell-sleep shall not lie on me,
'Luathis-luis' shall not lie on me.

I am under the keeping
Of my Saint Mary ;
My companion beloved
Is Brigit.

BEANNACHADH BRIGHDE

[264]

Brigid Nighean Dúghall Duino, etc.



ACH latha agus gach oidliche
 Nì mi Sjoinntearachd na Brìghde,

Cha mharcbar mi,
 Cha loimear mi,
 Cha charachar mi,
 Cha spollar mi,
 Cha spealgar mi,
 Cha chùrrar mi,
 Cha ghonar mi,
 Cha spàilltear mi,
 Cha ghollar mi,
 Cha rùisgear mi,
 Cha lomar mi,

[chearachar

Cha mhù dh'liagas
 Criosd an dearmad mi.

Cha loisg teine mi,
 Cha loisg grian mi,
 Cha bhlian gile mi.

Cha bhàth uisge mi,
 Cha bhàth lighe mi,
 Cha bhàth sàfa mi.

Cha tog slothach mi,
 Cha tog sluaghach mi,
 Cha dìth saoghlach mi

BLESSING OF BRIGIT

Brigit daughter of Dugall the Brown, etc.

EACH day and each night
That I say the Descent of Brigit,

I shall not be slain,
I shall not be sworded,
I shall not be put in cell,
I shall not be hewn,
I shall not be riven,
I shall not be anguished,
I shall not be wounded,
I shall not be ravaged,
I shall not be blinded,
I shall not be made naked,
I shall not be left bare,

Nor will Christ
Leave me forgotten.

Nor fire shall burn me,
Nor sun shall burn me,
Nor moon shall blanch me.

Nor water shall drown me,
Nor flood shall drown me,
Nor brine shall drown me.

Nor seed of fairy host shall lift me,
Nor seed of airy host shall lift me,
Nor earthly being destroy me.

Ta mise fòr dhìonadh
 Na Brìghde gach latha ;
 Ta mise fòr dhìonadh
 Na Brìghde gach oidhche.

Ta mi fo chombnadh
 Moime na Moire, [na hÒighe
 Gach trò agus tarraing,
 Gach làch agus soillse. [dorch

Is i Brìghid mo bhan-chomainn,
 Is i Brìghid mo bhan-chiùil,
 Is i Brìghid mo bhan-chobhaif, [bhan-omha
 Mu bhan-rogha, mo bhan-iùil,
 Gach rogha, gach togha, gach omha, gach iùil.

I am under the shielding
Of good Brigit each day ;
I am under the shielding
Of good Brigit each night.

I am under the keeping
Of the Nurse of Mary, [of the Virgin
Each early and late,
Every dark, every light.

Brigit is my comrade-woman,
Brigit is my maker of song,
Brigit is my helping-woman,
My choicest of wunten, my woman of guidance,
Each choicest, each dearest, each . . . , each guidance.

DOMHALL DUBH AGUS PÁDRAIG

From Catherine MacNeill, 'bochdag,' Breubhaig, Barra

The reciter was poor and ailing, but full of character, humour and wit, often at her own expense. She said: My father and brother and myself and the man who was to marry me went away for a boat-load of sea-weed. We over-loaded the boat and had to go by all the sheltered and shallow passages we could. 'Chabh an goth an grunn,' the boat took the ground, and my brother and my lover jumped out to lighten her. My father was preparing to follow them, but I could not bear to see my old father getting wet and I jumped out, though scolded by my father for my recklessness and chaffed by the young men for my bravery. I was up to my waist in water and remained wet until we got home at night. After that I became ill, and have continued more or less ill ever since. At one time I was like to die, and the priest was sent for in hot haste 'a chur na h-ola láis urra,' to give me extreme unction. By the time he arrived I was well and sitting by the fire. The priest would stare at me and swear at me by turns, and I laughed till my sides were sore, while my people were shocked at my levity, levity which I could not suppress, joy at my own recovery and amusement at the grotesque situation and the rage of the priest. 'A liú turas a ghuídh na angartaí misé dhan t-slocht agus a liú urra a ghuídh iad as rí!'—The number of times the priests prayed me into the grave and the number of times they prayed me out of it!

Agus cha do pháis sibh riamh, a Chaitríona? arsa mise.

Cha do pháis mis a riamh, a lusáil mo chridhe, cha do pháis. Cha e idir nach robh e deonach mo pháisadh, ach cha leigeadh mo náic liorua páisadh 'na mo chripiteach bhocht, an d'fugh ris a' bhás agus a mílteach air bharráibh mo croí; a síne agus a suas mar fuasgan rún tom. Cas robh mí air son gus cuirim páisadh na páisach a dhéid air a' ghille ghasda, agus 's e sin a bh'ann, fíor ghille gaada usal ciorachdail agus e do thugtuach cóir. Agus thubhairt mí ris gun táinig dubhráid air mo chridhe dha bho ghabh mí an t-árainn mhórsach bhá seo agus nach bh'arra dhonn a dhól dh'a pháisadh. Cum toirneadh Día sloraidh nan dól mathanas dunn air son mo bheirge! Bha mo chridhe lán agus an annar agáidil, ach cha robh mí air son an gille cóir a mhilleadh na páisadh na páisach a chur dh'a cábh.

Tháinig e turas agus turas fiach an agharraichinn mo bheachd, ach thubhairt mí nach robh annas ach nígean agus a leth chas air líal

na h-uagha agus a leth chas cille luote, agus nach b'fhiaich dha an t-
saothair a bhith strì rium. Dia choir mathanas doimh, agus mo chridhe
chun spàinidh !

Phàs an gille nighean taobh thall a' bhcaoid, nighean nasal agus do
cheaghlach còir. B'e sin latha dubh na dunaidh, latha dubh na d'òrainn
dunaisa an latha phàs thu, a Dhomhail nan trì Domhail, a Dhomhail
mhic Nìll ! Is nàic dh'fhaodadh a càch agus le Crìst,

Cun robh mo còrdhe caolcadh,
Ge fanis a rias nà gaire.

Cha do rias nà cadal idir seacticain roisidhe na seacticain us a dh'òidhe,
Cha robh fios beò air thalamh air mo chor ach aig mo mlàthair gheòil,—
canthag nam ban.

And you never married, Catherine? I asked.

No, my dear, I never married. Not at all because he was not eager
to marry me, but I could not in honour marry, a poor cripple at death's
door to-day and on the hill-tops to-morrow, down and up like the tops
of the waves. I was not for depriving the grateful lad of marriage and
offspring, for that is what he was, a right good noble handsome lad and
from a fine family. And I told him that since this sorry trouble took me
a shadow had come over my heart towards him and I could not marry
him. May the eternal God of life forgive me for my lie ! My heart was
full and like to break, but I was not for spoiling the fine lad nor for
depriving him of marriage and children.

Time and time again he came to see whether I would change my
mind ; but I said I was but a girl with one foot on the brink of the grave
and the other foot in it and it was labour lost for him to strive with me.
God forgive me,— my heart was like to break !

The lad married a girl from the far side of the hill, a noble lass and
from a fine family. That was the black day of sorrow, the black day of
anguish for me, the day you married, Donald of the three Donalds, Donald
son of Neill ! *Fis I can say, and with truth,

My heart did sorely weep,
Though simply I did smile.

I had no sleep at all for a week before or for a week after it. Not a soul
on earth knew how I was but my beloved mother, dearest of women.

DOMHALL DUBH AGUS PÀDRAIG

Ann an toiseach an t-saoghal bha tuathanach a seo an Chaoilas (Caolas Bhàrraigh) ris an canadh Domhall Dubh. Ann an am sin bha iad a' curail Latha Fèill Pàdraig 'na latha fèille. A' lùibicéna bh'ann bha an latha ionn Latha Fèill Pàdraig gearball le gaoith agus gailinn, le sneachd agus fìichneadh. Bha Domhall Dubh gábhaidh cruaidh agus dantaire dòbhaidh. Thubhairt Deuchaid Debb a' a ghillean, 'Bheir mi dhana dhuibh an diugh agus curaidh sin Latha Fèill Pàdraig an ò'ugh agus thèid sin a màireaca a dh'obair.' Mar a thubhairt rìneadh; chum iad an latha saoradh an latha roimh 'n ara. Chaidh iad a chadál an oilleth sin; agus is e bu chiall dèagaidh dhaibh ann an glasaiche an latha Domhall Dubh mar peathar Domhall Dubh ag èibheach agus ag achan gun robh an saoghal 'na lamsaichean tein-adhais agus tein-rasaidh. Thug e an cìble cruaidh dha na gillean, ag ràdh,

'Chualadh Pàdraig Domhall erion Dubh,
Is mios an latha 'n diugh na 'n dé;
Co m'è 's gun chruaidh dha do mi,
Is beng do pàis an tigh Mhìe Dè?

Leum Domhall Dubh a leabaidh agus chaidh e air a dhà ghèin air urair a thairghe agus ghuidh e mar nach do ghuidh e rianal roimhe na 'na dheoghaidh agus thubhairt e,

'A Pàdraig, thair mi ort fearg,
Fcaill chuarach thair mi 'n dé;
Tìach an èinn thu achan a' Tìs
Guo mo cheur a pìan d'a réir.'

NAOMH BRIANAN

Là Brianan chaidh an ruine a threabhaidh ann an lagas beag bòidheach far nach fàicadh e duine agus far nach fàicadh duine e. Ach chumna Brianan e agus thugadh d'arfaidh dall an duine. Is ann lho sin a tha an seantagal, 'Chan thaircendh Brianan e,—chan fàicendh Brianan pìobairh dheth,' le cò fàlaiche fad as agus a bha an c-àine.

BLACK DONALD AND SAINT PATRICK *

In the beginning of the world there was a farmer here in the Kyle (of Watersay) who was called Black Dona'd. At that time they used to keep the Day of St Patrick's Feast as a feast-day. That year the day before St Patrick's Day was wild with wind and storm, snow and sleet. Now Black Donald was desperately hard and miserably mean, and he told his lads, 'I'll give you a drem to-day and we'll keep St Patrick's Day to-day and to-morrow we'll go to work.' It was done as he said; they kept the holidays the day before the time. That night they went to sleep; and the last thing they knew was being wakened in the gray dawn of day by Red Donald, Black Donald's sister's son, shouting and praying for that the world was in flames of lightning and thunder. He gave the lads a loud roar, saying,

'Patrick has heard Black Donald the stingy,
To-day is worse than yesterday was;
However many has been the number of thy kind,
In the house of God's Son thy worth is small.'

Black Donald leaped from his bed and went on his two knees on the floor of his house and prayed as he never prayed before or since and said,

'O Patrick, I have made thee wroth,
Sinful words were mine yesterday;
See can you intercede with God
Not to send me to torment eternally.'

SAINT BRENDAN

On St Brendan's Day the man went to plough in a pretty little hollow where he would see no man and where no man would see him. But Brendan saw him and the man was taken home blind. Thence the proverb, 'Brendan would not see him,—Brendan would not see a glimpse of him,' the place being so hidden and well concealed.

* Cf. li. 235 ff.

RANN TOBAIR

[265]

WHEN a girl goes out at night to the well, she croons a hymn variously called 'Rann Tobair,' Rune of the Well; 'Cais Moire,' Shelter of Mary; 'Cais Moire Mhàthar,' Shelter of Mary Mother, and by other



AIM na Màthar Moire
 An dàil mo làmh 's mo bhonna
 Dh'ol a mach dh'an tobar
 'S mo thoir dhachaidh slàn,
 'S mo thoir dhachaidh slàn.

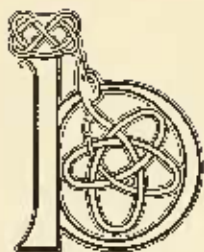
Mìcheal mìl dha m' chobhair,
 Brìghde bìth dha m' choigill,
 Brianag binn dha m' choimle,
 'S Moire gheal dha m' dhàil,
 'S Moire gheal dha m' dhàil.

RUNE OF THE WELL

names. The maiden hits the rune in the firm belief that the protecting arm of the Mary Mother is shielding her from ill and misdeed, natural and supernatural.

The shelter of Mary Mother
Be nigh my hands and my feet
To go out to the well
 And to bring me safely home,
 And to bring me safely home.

May warrior Michael aid me,
May Brigit calm preserve me,
May sweet Brianag give me light,
 And Mary pure be near me,
 And Mary pure be near me.



ACHAN

[266]

I 'na do ró réidh romham,
 Bí 'na do reul idil tharam,
 Bí 'na do gheur shúil dhoogham,
 An diugh, a nochd agus suthain.

Tha mi sgìth 's mi air airesneal,
 Treòraich mí do thìr nan aingeal ;
 Leam bu tìm bhith dul sealan
 Do chiùirt Chrìosd, do shìth nam slathas ;

Ach chusa féin, a Dhé nan dùl,
 A bhith dhomh réidh, a bhith dha m' chùl,
 Bhith dhomh mar reul, bhith dhomh mar stiùir,
 O m' laighe réidh gu m' àirigh ùr.

PETITION

Be Thou a smooth way before me,
Be Thou a guiding star above me,
Be Thou a keen eye behind me,
This day, this night, for ever.

I am weary, and I forlorn,
Lead Thou me to the land of the angels ;
Methinks it were time I went for a space
To the court of Christ, to the peace of heaven ;

If only Thou, O God of life,
Be at peace with me, be my support,
Be to me as a star, be to me as a helm,
From my lying down in peace to my rising anew.

AN GUIDHE

[267]



HA mi guidhe agus ag achan ri Dia,
 Ri Mac Moire agus ri Spiorad flor,
 Mo chomhmadh an éiginn mara 'gus tír :
 An Trí dha m' chobhair, an Trí dha m' dhlou,
 An Trí dha m' chaitris a lá 's a dh'oidhche.

Dia agus Íos agus Spiorad glanaidh
 Dha m' dhion, dha m' ghabhail, dha m'
 chomhmadh,
 Bhith réiteach an rathaid 's a' gabhail roimh
 m'anam
 An slochd, an cnoc, an comhard,
 Air muir agus tír an Trí dha m' chomhmadh.

Dia agus Íos agus Spiorad Naomh
 Dha mo dhion agus dha mo chaomh,
 Mar Thri agus mar Aon,
 Ri m' ghlùn, ri m' chúl, ri m' thaoñh,
 Gach ceum dh'an t-aeoghal dhòbhsaidh. [éitigh

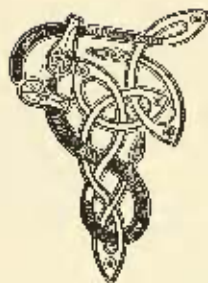
THE PRAYER

I AM praying and appealing to God,
The Son of Mary and the Spirit of truth,
To aid me in distress of sea and of land :
May the Three succour me, may the Three shield me,
 May the Three watch me by day and by night.

God and Jesus and the Spirit of cleansing
Be shielding me, be possessing me, be aiding me,
Be clearing my path and going before my soul
In hollow, on hill, on plain,
 On sea and land be the Three aiding me.

God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit
Be shielding and saving me,
As Three and as One,
By my knee, by my back, by my side,
 Each step of the stormy world.

[fearsome



AN COMHNADH

[268]

UN dionadh Brìghde mì,
 Gun dionadh Moire mì,
 Gun dionadh Micheil mì.

Air muir agus air tìr :
 Gu m' dhìonadh o gach iargainn
 Air muir agus air tìr,
 Gu m' dhìonadh u gach iargainn.

Gun comhnadh Athair mì,
 Gun comhnadh Mac mì,
 Gun comhnadh Spiorad mì,

Air muir agus air tìr :
 Ann an òlòn na Cathrach shìorraidh
 Air muir agus air tìr,
 Ann an òlòn na Cathrach shìorraidh.

Gum fòireadh Tìbra mì,
 Gum tòireadh Tìbra mì,
 Gum treòireadh Tìbra mì,

Air muir agus air tìr,
 Chon Fionlios nan diadha
 Air muir agus air tìr,
 Chon Fionlios nan diadha.

THE AIDING

May Brigit shield me,
May Mary shield me,
May Michael shield me,
On sea and on land :
To shield me from all anguish
On sea and on land,
To shield me from all anguish.

May Father aid me,
May Son aid me,
May Spirit aid me,
On sea and on land :
In the shielding of the City everlasting
On sea and on land,
In the shielding of the City everlasting.

May the Three succour me,
May the Three follow me,
May the Three guide me,
On sea and on land,
To the Vine-garden of the godlike
On sea and on land,
To the Vine-garden of the godlike.

ACHAN

[269]



HÈ, fhuasgail féin air gach aon
 Ann an dérainn mara no air,
 Am bròn no 'n leòn no 'n canidh,
 Agus treòraich gu treabhair do shìth
 A nochd.

'Tha mì sgèth anbhann agus suar,
 'Tha mì sgèth taisdeal tìr agus cuan,
 'Tha mì sgèth siubhal frith agus stuagh,
 'Tabhair dhomh sìth ann an ìre do shuainbhucis
 A nochd.

Athair mhuirnich mo Dhé,
 Gabh ri càram mo dheur ;
 B'e mo mhianm bhìch riut réidh,
 Ann an fianais 's an éirig
 Do Mhuc ;

Bhìch tàntaich le Ìosa
 Ann an àros na slùic,
 Ann an pàrras na mìne,
 Ann an sìochhhrugh
 Na h-ìochd.

PRAYER

RELIEVE Thou, O God, each one
In suffering on land or sea,
In grief or wounded or weeping,
And lead them to the house of Thy peace
This night.

I am weary, weak and cold,
I am weary of travelling land and sea,
I am weary of traversing moorland and billow,
Grant me peace in the nearness of Thy repose
This night.

Beloved Father of my God,
Accept the caring for my tears ;
I would wish reconciliation with Thee,
Through the witness and the ransom
Of Thy Son ;

To be resting with Jesus
In the dwelling of peace,
In the paradise of gentleness,
In the fairy-bower
Of mercy.

GUIDHE TURAIS

[270]

The recter, Dugall MacAulay, said that he always crooned this little hymn to himself when leaving his house upon an errand of whatever kind, and that he always derived comfort from it. He learned it from



HÈ, beannaich dhomh an latha 'n diugh,
 Dhé, beannaich dhomh an oidhche nochd ;
 Beannaich féin, a Dhé nan gràs,
 Gach là agus gach tràth dha m' thort ;
 Beannaich féin, a Dhé nan gràs,
 Gach là agus gach tràth dha m' thort.

Dhé, beannaich dh'an cheum a bheil mi dol,
 Dhé, beannaich dh'an t-àite atà fo m' chois ;
 Beannaich, a Dhé, 's thoir dhomh do ghràdh,
 A Dhé nan dé, beannaich mo thàmh 's mo chlos ;
 Beannaich, a Dhé, 's thoir dhomh do ghràdh,
 'S a Dhé nan dé, beannaich dha m' chlos.

THE JOURNEY PRAYER

his mother and from her sister, who lived with his mother. These two old women had innumerable hymns, songs, stories and fables, sayings and proverbs, full of wisdom and beauty, almost all of which died with them.

God, bless to me this day,
God, bless to me this night ;
Bless, O bless, Thou God of grace,
Each day and hour of my life ;
Bless, O bless, Thou God of grace,
Each day and hour of my life.

God, bless the pathway on which I go,
God, bless the earth that is beneath my sole ;
Bless, O God, and give to me Thy love,
O God of gods, bless my rest and my repose ;
Bless, O God, and give to me Thy love,
And bless, O God of gods, my repose.

AM BEANNACHADH TURAIS [271]



THE reciter, Dugall MacAulay, writer, Haelcù, Beabecula, said that he always recited this little prayer to himself, 'fo re'anail,' 'under my breath,' when he

BEANNAICH dhomh, a Dhé,
 An cé arà fo m' chois,
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 An crum a bheil mi dol ;
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 An seun a bheil mo thoil ;
 A Ré nan ré,
 Beannaich dhomh féin mo chlos.

Beannaich dhomh an nì
 Air a bheil mi 'n àidh,
 Beannaich dhomh an nì
 Air a bheil mo rùn ;
 Beannaich dhomh an nì
 Air a bheil mo dhòil ;
 A Rìgh nan rìgh,
 Beannaich dhomh ibhìn mo shòil !

THE JOURNEY BLESSING

went upon a journey, however short the distance, however small the matter of his errand.

Bless to me, O God,
The earth beneath my foot,
Bless to me, O God,
The path whereon I go ;
Bless to me, O God,
The thing of my desire ;
Thou Evermore of evermore,
Bless Thou to me my rest.

Bless to me the thing
Whereon is set my mind,
Bless to me the thing
Whereon is set my love ;
Bless to me the thing
Whereon is set my hope ;
O Thou King of kings,
Bless Thou to me mine eye !

SOISGEUL CHRÍOD

[272]

Beulaicte : Clann Mair na Cearda, Iasgaire, Baile Phuill, Tíríoch

This was the name of a charm worn upon the person to safeguard the wearer against drowning at sea, against disaster on land, against evil eye, evil wish, evil influences, against the wrongs and oppressions of man and the wiles and witcheries of woman, against being lifted by the breeze of the air, and against being waylaid by the fabrics of the around.

Such a charm might consist of a word, a phrase, a saying, or a verse from one of the Gospels, and from this came the name, 'Gospel of Christ.' The words were written upon paper or parchment, and were often illuminated and ornamented in Celtic design, the script being thus rendered more precious by the beauty of its work and the beauty of its words.

The script was placed in a small bag of linen and sewn into the waistcoat of a man and the bodice of a woman, under the left arm. In the case of a child the bag was suspended from the neck by a linen cord. Linen was sacred because the body of Christ was buried in a linen shroud, and there are many phrases which indicate the special esteem in which lint was held (see ii, 319 f.). The blue flax was used medicinally (*cf.* ii, 322, 323), especially for stomachic complaints, and also as a safeguard against invisible dangers.

Gorm-shúileach na mná síth
 Gu mo dhéan is gu mo chomlanadh
 O'n a slough is o shíth,
 O róbigean is o dhóibheair.

The blue-eyed one of the fairy woman
 Be to shield me and to keep me
 From the lough (of the síth) and from fairy,
 From ill-will and from ill-deed.

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST

Reciter: Malcolmu Siudaic, fisherman, Baile P'uill, Tiree


There were three thefts from which there was no absolution 'anns an t-sanghal a bhua nu aca an t-saoghal thall,' in the world here or in the world yonder. 'Dh'ibonmhadh e trì saoirse ar) turais a thoir roibricach salainn no mèirleach finis no mèirleach lin as agallaich a' Phurgadair.' It would need three priests three times to bring from out of Purgatory the thief of salt or the thief of seed or the thief of flax.

In giving 'Eòlas Sguchadh (Sgiucka) Fùilic,' the Charm for the Burst Vein, an intelligent woman in Kincairdine, Ross, gave me a piece of the linen thread which she uses in her operations. It consists of three decades of three ply each, with three knots upon each thread. These threads were wound around the injured limb. The thread is of fine linen, and it was applied -

An ainm Arbar,
An ainm Mìc,
An ainm Spioraid,

In name of Father,
In name of Son,
In name of Spirit.

SOISGEUL CHRÌOSD



UM beannaicheadh Dia do chrois
Mun téid thu thar lear ;
Aon ghalar dh'am bí ad chois,
Cha robhair e tha leis.

Gum beannaicheadh Dia do chrois chrusda
Air denim-taighe Chrìosda,
Romh bhàthadh, romh ghàbbadh, romh ghéisue,
Romh gheur-ghuin, romh ghrisue. [mhiorun

Mar bha Rìgh nan rìgh sìnte suas
Gun foebd gun truas ri ceann,
An Barr dosrach donn dual,
Mar bhuallach corp Chrìosd gun sheall,

'S mar bhean nan seachdarnh beannachd
Tha dol a steach 'nan ceann,
Gum beannaicheadh Dia na bheil romhad
Agus thus tha triall 'nan ceann.

Buadh cruth,
Buadh guch dhut ;
Buadh bhuchd,
Buadh chnoc dhut ;
Buadh àillne,
Buadh slàinte dhut ;
Buadh mara ,
Buadh talamh dhut ;
Buadh cinil,
Buadh iùil dhut ;

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST

MAY God bless thy cross
 Before thou go over the sea ;
 Any illness that thou mayest have,
 It shall not take thee hence,

May God bless thy crucifying cross
 In the house-shelter of Christ,
 Against drowning, against peril, against spells,
 Against sore wounding, against grisly fright. [malice

As the King of kings was stretched up
 Without pity, without compassion, to the tree,
 The leafy, brown, wreathed topmost Bough,
 As the body of the sinless Christ triumphed,

And as the woman of the seven blessings,
 Who is going in at their head,
 May God bless all that are before thee
 And thee who art moving anear them,

Grace of firm,
 Grace of voice be thine ;
 Grace of charity,
 Grace of wisdom be thine ;
 Grace of beauty,
 Grace of health be thine ;
 Grace of sea,
 Grace of land be thine ;
 Grace of music,
 Grace of guidance be thine ;

Buadh àrach,
 Buadh làrach dhut ;
 Buadh bìò,
 Buadh eilù dhut ;
 Buadh annsachd,
 Buadh daunsachd dhut ;
 Buadh cruic,
 Buadh clàir dhut ;
 Buadh riain,
 Buadh ciaill dhut ;
 Buadh béil,
 Buadh sgéil dhut ;
 Buadh reidh,
 Buadh Dhé dhut.

Cuth eadh cuibh urnam dhut,
 Is teanga rùnach mhò :
 Dà n' feumail do mhurn 's do mhac,
 A dh' fhear agus a mhul.

Aoibh Dhé dha t'aghaidh,
 Aoibh dh'an neach a chi thu ;
 Caim Dhé dha d' chovail,
 Ainglean Dhé dha d' dhìona.

Cha ghearr claidheamh thu,
 Cha loisg arham thu,
 Cha reub saighcad thu,
 Cha bhàth naranna thu.

Is gil thu na 'n eal air loch làthair,
 Is gil thu na fauileag bhàn an t-sruth,
 Is gil thu na sneachd nam beann arda,
 Is gil thu na gràdh ainglean nan nìmh.

Grace of battle-triumph,
 Grace of victory be thine ;
 Grace of life,
 Grace of praise be thine ;
 Grace of love,
 Grace of dancing be thine ;
 Grace of lyre,
 Grace of harp be thine ;
 Grace of sense,
 Grace of reason be thine ;
 Grace of speech,
 Grace of story be thine ;
 Grace of peace,
 Grace of God be thine.

A voice soft and musical I pray for thee,
 And a tongue loving and mild :
 Two things good for daughter and for son,
 For husband and for wife,

The joy of God be in thy face,
 Joy to all who see thee ;
 The circling of God be keeping thee,
 Angels of God shielding thee.

Nor sword shall wound thee,
 Nor brand shall burn thee,
 Nor arrow shall rend thee,
 Nor seas shall drown thee.

Thou art whiter than the swan on misty lake,
 Thou art whiter than the white gull of the current,
 Thou art whiter than the snow of the high mountains,
 Thou art whiter than the love of the angels of heaven.

Is tuis an caorran caon dearg
 A thraothas fraoch is fearg gach duine,
 Mar thonn mhara bho lìonadh gu tràghadh,
 Mar thonn mhara bho thràghadh gu lìonadh.

Brat Chrìosda dh'a chàranli umad,
 Dha do sgàth bho do mhuilach gu d' bhonn ;
 Brat Dhé nan dùl dha do chumail,
 Dha do churadh agus dha do chonn.

Chan fhàgar thu an lánh an daui,
 Cha lùbar thu an cùirt na feall ;
 Éiridh tu buadhach os an cionn
 Mar dh'éireas buadhach stuagh nan tonn.

Is gràdh-gheal nan ucul thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal nan speur thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal nan ruc thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal na ré thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal na gréin thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal na néamh thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal nan ainneal thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal Chrìosda féin thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal Dhé nan did thu.

Thou art the gracious red rowan
That subdues the ire and anger of all men,
As a sea-wave from flow to ebb,
As a sea-wave from ebb to flow,

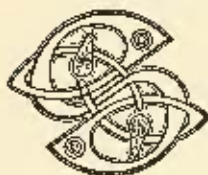
The mantle of Christ be placed upon thee,
To shade thee from thy crown to thy sole ;
The mantle of the God of life be keeping thee,
To be thy champion and thy leader.

Thou shalt not be left in the hand of the wicked,
Thou shalt not be bent in the court of the false ;
Thou shalt rise victorious above them
As rise victorious the arches of the waves.

Thou art the pure love of the clouds,
Thou art the pure love of the skies,
Thou art the pure love of the stars,
Thou art the pure love of the moon,
Thou art the pure love of the sun,
Thou art the pure love of the heavens,
Thou art the pure love of the angels,
Thou art the pure love of Christ Himself,
Thou art the pure love of the God of all life.

SOISGEUL DHÈ NAN DÙL [873]

Beulaicte : Anna Nic Fhionnghaib, coitear, Sòrasdal, Lìlean Ghola



SOISGEUL. Dhè nan dùl
 Dha d' chùmhachadh, dha d' chomhachadh ;
 Seadh, Suisgeul Chrìosda chòmha,
 Soisgeul nùmha an Domhnaich ;

Dha d' chumail o gach tòth,
 Gach dùbh agus dòlas ;]dùbh
 Dha d' chumail o gach guò,
 Droch shùil agus dùrainn.

Siubhlaidh tu nall, siubhlaidh tu nall,
 Siubhlaidh tu meall agus maol,
 Siubhlaidh tu sìos, siubhlaidh tu suas,
 Siubhlaidh tu cuan agus caol.

'Tha Crìosda féin 'na bhuachaill ort
 Dha d' chuartach air gach taobh ;
 Cha d'ibéir e thu làmh no eos,
 'S cha leig e ulc 'nad ghaobh.

THE GOSPEL OF THE GOD OF LIFE

Reciter : Ann Mackinnon, crafter, Saravdal, Island of Coll

THE Gospel of the God of life
To shelter thee, to aid thee ;
Yea, the Gospel of beloved Christ
The holy Gospel of the Lord ;

To keep thee from all malice,
From every dole and delour ;
To keep thee from all spite,
From evil eye and anguish.

Thou shalt travel thither, thou shalt travel hither,
Thou shalt travel hill and headland,
Thou shalt travel down, thou shalt travel up,
Thou shalt travel ocean and narrow.

Christ Himself is shepherd over thee,
Enfolding thee on every side ;
He will not forsake thee hand or foot,
Nor let evil come anigh thee.

SOISGEUL CHRÌOSD

[274]

O Mhàiri Nic Ghill-Eathain, croitear, Manal, Tìriodh



UIRM comraich Chrìosd umad,
 Cuirim comhadh Dhé na rìot,
 Dha do ghabhail, dha do dhìon
 O bhàthadh, o ghàbhadh, o dhìth,
 O bhàthadh, o ghàbhadh, o dhìth.

Soisgeul Dhé nan gràs
 O do bharr gu do bhonn ;
 Soisgeul Chrìosda Rìgh na slàint
 'Na sgàile dha do chom,
 'Na sgàile dha do chom.

Nara bàthar thu air muir,
 Nara tuiril thu air tìr,
 Nara sàraicht thu le fir,
 Nara mìltear thu le mnì,
 Nara mìltear thu le mnì !

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST

From Mary Maclean, *croftier*, Manal, Island of Tiree

I see the keeping of Christ about thee,
I send the guarding of God with thee,
To possess thee, to protect thee
From drowning, from danger, from loss,
From drowning, from danger, from loss.

The Gospel of the God of grace
Be from thy summit to thy sole ;
The Gospel of Christ, King of salvation,
Be as a mantle to thy body,
Be as a mantle to thy body.

Nor drowned be thou at sea,
Nor slain be thou on land,
Nor o'erborne be thou by man,
Nor undone be thou by woman,
Nor undone be thou by woman !

COMHNADH NAN DEÒR

[275]

○ Mhàiri Dhonnmhallairh, creòcar, Staoinnabag, Uibhist a Deas,
bea aig an robh an dà shealladh

IA bhith leat air gach bealach,
Iosa bhith leat air gach tulach,
Spiorad bhith leat air gach strutha,
Rudha 's ruighe 's réidhleis ;

Gach muir is tìr, gach frith is cluan,
Gach laighe sìos, gach éirigh suas,
An lag nan tonn, air harr nan stuagh,
Gach ceum dh'an chuart dh'an téid thu.



THE PILGRIMS' AIDING

From Mary MacDonald, crofter, Staoinbrig, South Uist,
who possessed the second sight

God be with thee in every pass,
Jesus be with thee on every hill,
Spirit be with thee on every stream,
 Headland and ridge and lawn ;

Each sea and land, each moor and meadow,
Each lying down, each rising up,
In the trough of the waves, on the crest of the billows,
 Each step of the journey thou goest.



STAN SÀRHALOIDH

[276]

ABHAIDH tu ri Dia,
 Gabhaidh Dia riut,
 'G iadhadh do dbà bhonn,
 'S a dhà làimh mu d' cheann.

* * * * *

Do dhrican crann no cuileann ;
 Is carraig thu air muir,
 Is daingeach thu air tìr.

Tha sgiath Mhicheil emad,
 Tha sgàth Chrìosda tharad,
 Tha fùireach chaol Chaluim Chille
 Dha do dhion o na saigheada sìth.

Roinn na corrach-a-cri,
 Roinn na corrach-a-earmh,
 Roinn bhuaireadh an t-seoghail a bhos,
 Roinn olcas an t-saoghail thall.

[rosad]

A' bhean air a glùn,
 A' bhean air a sùil,
 A' bhean air a gnù,
 A' bhean air a farnad ;

A' bhean air tònach a tréid,
 A' bhean air àlach a spréidh,
 A' bhean air àrach a greigh,
 Guna ruig i féithean a cridh.

CHARM FOR PROTECTION

Thou shalt take to God,
 God shall take to thee,
 Surrounding thy two feet,
 His two hands about thy head.

* * * * *

To thorns of trees or hollies ;
 A rock thou art at sea,
 A fortress thou art on land.

Michael's shield is about thee,
 Christ's shelter is over thee,
 The five-wrought breastplate of Columbia
 Preserves thee from the fairy shafts.

Against the screeching cranes (?),
 Against the gnawing cranes (?),
 Against the troubling of the world here,
 Against the evil of the world beyond. [mischief]

The woman on her knee,
 The woman at her (evil) eye,
 The woman with her spleen,
 The woman with her envy ;

The woman at the cattle of her herd,
 The woman at the young of her cows,
 The woman at the rearing of her flocks,
 Until it reach the fibres of her heart.

A' bhean mhùgach bhreun,

* * * * *

* * * * *

 Gun ruig i an t-àit as an tàinig i.

Gach bean gnùthach farmadach,

 A sgaoileas a fuil, a feòil, is a gaurr,

Oirre féin bitheadh a gnù agus tearbadh,

 O'n là an diugh gu là deireannach an t-saoghail.

The woman frowning and foul,

* * * * *

* * * * *

Until she reach the place whence she came.

Each woman who is full of spleen and envy,

Who sunders her blood, her flesh and gore,

On herself be her spleen and her severing:

From this day to the final day of the world.

BEANNACLIDAN

[277]

Grao sánsicheadh an Spiorad síbh
 Le íbhíneachtó nan grás.

[íobhannacht na sláinte]

Beannacht Dhé agus Dhomhnaich dhuibh,
 Beannacht Spioraid foirle dhuibh,
 Beannacht Trí bliúil dórtadh dhuibh
 Gu fóill agus gu fial,
 Gu fóill agus gu fial.

[T'br]

Síth Dhé dhuibh,
 Síth Chrísteala dhuibh,
 Síth Spioraid dhuibh
 Agus dha bhur cloinn,
 Dhuibh agus dha bhur chloinn.

Súil Dhé míóir nárbh,
 Súil Dhé na glóir oirbh,
 Súil Mhic Mhoite Óigh oirbh,
 Súil Spioraid fóill oirbh,
 Dha bhur cuimhneach agus dha bhur cuisteach ;
 O súil chaomh na Teóir oirbh,
 Dha bhur comhánach agus dha bhur cuisteach.

[cuimhneach,
cuisteach]

Grao gabhlach an tAduair sturaidh síbh
 'Na glóiríbh fálach síbh,
 'Na gháirdean fálach síbh.

BLESSINGS

MAY the Spirit satisfy you
 With the water (?) of grace. [of salvation]

The blessing of God and the Lord be yours,
 The blessing of the perfect Spirit be yours,
 The blessing of the Three be pouring for you
 Mildly and generously,
 Mildly and generously.

The peace of God be to you,
 The peace of Christ be to you,
 The peace of Spirit be to you
 And to your children,
 To you and to your children.

The eye of the great God be upon you,
 The eye of the God of glory be on you,
 The eye of the Son of Mary Virgin be on you,
 The eye of the Spirit mild be on you,
 To aid you and to shepherd you ;
 Oh the kindly eye of the Three be on you,
 To aid you and to shepherd you.

May the everlasting Father Himself take you
 In His own generous grasp,
 In His own generous arm.

Gun díonadh Dia sibh air gach bearradh,
 Gun corolmádh Críod sibh auzá gach eadhá,
 Gun ligteadh Spiorad sibh anns gach bealach.

Gus díonadh an tAthair stórasádh sibh
 Gach seán is síe dh'an téid sibh.

Comraig Chríosta dh'or dlóir go brátha.

Gus díonadh Dia dhuibh gach bearradh,
 Gum foghádh Dia dhuibh gach bealach,
 Gum réiticheadh Dia dhuibh gach rathad.
 Agus gum gabhadh e 'na dhá ghliacaibh léio sibh.

O gach naomh agus ban-naomh am fathas,
 Dhé nan dól agus nam mathas,
 Bhíth gabhadh céimín dhíobh anns gach eadhás
 Gach taobh agus ear dh'an téid sibh.

Gach naomh ann am fathas,
 Gach ban-naomh ann am fathas,
 Gach aingeal am fathas
 Bhíth agaoileadh dhuibh lamhan,
 Bhíth réiteach dhuibh rathaid,
 'N nair théid sibh null thairis
 Air abhainn do-léirsion ;
 O 'n nair théid sibh null dharhaidh
 Air abhainn do-léirsion.

Gus glacadh an tAthair sibh
 'Na ghliacaibh cúlbraidh gráidh,
 Dól thar na struáin tuil
 Is abhainn duibh a' bháis.

May God shield you in every sleep,
 May Christ keep you in every path,
 May Spirit bathe you in every pass.

May the everlasting Father shield you
 East and west wherever you go.

May Christ's safe-guard protect you ever.

May God make safe to you each step,
 May God make open to you each pass,
 May God make clear to you each road,
 And may He take you in the clasp of His own two hands.

Oh may each saint and sainted woman in heaven,
 O God of the creatures and God of goodness,
 Be taking charge of you in every strait
 Every side and every turn you go.

Be each saint in heaven,
 Each sainted woman in heaven,
 Each angel in heaven
 Stretching their arms for you,
 Smoothing the way for you,
 When you go thither
 Over the river hard to see ;
 Oh when you go thither home
 Over the river hard to see.

May the Father take you
 In His fragrant clasp of love,
 When you go across the flooding streams
 And the black river of death.

Mac Mhoire Óighe féin
 Bláth 'na líebran féil dhuibh,
 D'ur trebrach thar euan
 Mór breun na bióth-bhuantachd.

Caim nan ceorach oirbh,
 Caim nan aingeal oirbh ;
 O enim nan uile naomh
 Agus nan naomh aingeal oirbh.

Grás an Dé mhóir oirbh,
 Grás Mhic Mhoire Óighe oirbh,
 Grás Spioraid féirle uirbh,
 Gu fóill agus gu fial.

Beannachd Dhé gu robh agsibh,
 Is guma slánu a dh'éireas dhuibh.

Matharbd Dhé gu robh agsibh,
 'S guma math 's guma seachd math
 A chuireas sibh seachd huir saoghal.

Gráth blur cruthadair a bhíth leibh.

Brighid agus Mhoire agus Mícheal
 Dh'ur cion air muir agus air tír,
 Cach ceom is slighe dh'an téid sibh.

Rnag Dhé bhíth clombasidh leibh,
 Cos Chloed bhíth trebrach leibh,
 Fros Spioraid dáruadh oirbh,
 Gu saigher agus fial.

May Mary Virgin's Son Himself
 Be a generous lamp to you,
 To guide you over
 The great and awful ocean of eternity.

The compassing of the saints be upon you,
 The compassing of the angels be upon you ;
 Oh the compassing of all the saints
 And of the nine angels be upon you.

The grace of the great God be upon you,
 The grace of Virgin Mary's Son be upon you,
 The grace of the perfect Spirit be upon you,
 Mildly and generously.

May God's blessing be yours,
 And well may it befall you.

May God's goodness be yours,
 And well and seven times well
 May you spend your lives.

The love of your creator be with you,

May Brigit and Mary and Michael
 Shield you on sea and on land,
 Each step and each path you travel.

Be the eye of God dwelling with you,
 The foot of Christ in guidance with you,
 The shower of the Spirit pouring on you,
 Richly and generously.

Sith Dhé dhuibh,
 Sith Iosa dhuibh,
 Sith Spioraid dhuibh
 Agus dha bhur cloinn,
 O dhuibh agus dha bhur cloinn,
 Gach latha agus oideche
 Dha bhur cuibhreachan san t-saoghal.

Caim Rìgh nan dùl dhuibh,
 Caim Cluicada chòmh dhuibh,
 Caim Spioraid Nùmh dhuibh
 Gu cràn na beatha shiorraidh,
 Gu cràn na beatha abiorraidh.

Mo bheannachd fein bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd Dhé bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd Spioraid bhith agaibh
 Agus aig bhur cloinn,
 Agaibh agus aig bhur cluinn.

Mo bheannachd féin bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd Dhé bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd namh bhith agaibh
 Is seirbh na beatha shiorraidh,
 Gu seirbh na beatha shiorraidh.

Coinne Dhé nan rìth oirbh,
 Coinne Cluicada chòmh oirbh,
 Coinne Spioraid Nùmh oirbh
 Gach nìche dha bhur saoghal,
 Dh'ur coimheadh 's dha bhur cuibhreach
 Gach latha 's oideche dh'ur saoghal.

Gaol agus gràdh nan aingeal dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh nan naomh dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh nam fathas dhuibh,
 Dh'ur coimheadh is dh'ur coimheadh.

God's peace be to you,
 Jesus' peace be to you,
 Spirit's peace be to you
 And to your children,
 Oh to you and to your children,
 Each day and night
 Of your portion in the world.

The compassing of the King of life be yours,
 The compassing of loving Christ be yours,
 The compassing of Holy Spirit be yours
 Unto the crown of the life eternal,
 Unto the crown of the life eternal.

My own blessing be with you,
 The blessing of God be with you,
 The blessing of Spirit be with you
 And with your children,
 With you and with your children.

My own blessing be with you,
 The blessing of God be with you,
 The blessing of saints be with you
 And the peace of the life eternal,
 Unto the peace of the life eternal.

The guarding of the God of life be on you,
 The guarding of loving Christ be on you,
 The guarding of Holy Spirit be on you
 Every night of your lives,
 To aid you and to guide you
 Each day and night of your lives.

The love and affection of the angels be to you,
 The love and affection of the saints be to you,
 The love and affection of heaven be to you,
 To guard you and to cherish you.

Gao dionadh Dia dhuibh air gach bearradh,
 Gao comhnadh Críosta dhuibh air gach cadhán,
 Gao lionadh Spiorad dhuibh air gach leathad,
 Gao agus comhnadh.

Gao dionadh Rígh sibh air na gleansaibh,
 Gao comhnadh Críosta sibh air na beannaibh,
 Gao liobhadh Spiorad sibh air na leathaid,
 Sloc, enoc, is comhnadh,
 Beann, gleann is comhnadh.

[comhnadh]

Cruth Cluicéa thigim,
 Cruth Chríosta ríngam,
 Cruth Chríosta ríngam,
 Cruth Chríosta dheogham,
 Cruth Chríosta tharain,
 Cruth Chríosta sultain,
 Cruth Chríosta eomhain,
 Cruth Chríosta chumtair
 A Luan agus Dhomhnadh ;
 Cruth Cluicéa chumtair
 A Luan agus Dhomhnadh.

Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 Gao agus grádh na n-ídeas dhuibh,
 O tuchd spid, a tuchd leith, a tuchd leith.

Sibh Dia a bhídh agaibh,
 Sibh Chríosta bhídh agaibh,
 Sibh Spiorad a bhídh agaibh
 Agus aig bhur cloinn,
 O'n lá 'n diugh a thiagnainn ann
 Gu lá ceann críoch bhur saoghuil,
 Gun tíg lá ceann bhur saoghuil.

May God shield you on every steep,
 May Christ aid you on every path,
 May Spirit fill you on every slope,
 On hill and on plain.

May the King shield you in the valleys,
 May Christ aid you on the mountains,
 May Spirit bathe you on the slopes,
 In hollow, on hill, on plain,
 Mountain, valley and plain.

The shape of Christ be towards me,
 The shape of Christ be to me,
 The shape of Christ be before me,
 The shape of Christ be behind me,
 The shape of Christ be over me,
 The shape of Christ be under me,
 The shape of Christ be with me,
 The shape of Christ be around me
 On Monday and on Sunday ;
 The shape of Christ be around me
 On Monday and on Sunday.

The love and affection of heaven be to you,
 The love and affection of the saints be to you,
 The love and affection of the angels be to you,
 The love and affection of the sun be to you,
 The love and affection of the moon be to you,
 Each day and night of your lives,
 To keep you from hurts, to keep you from harms,
 To keep you from oppressors.

The peace of God be with you,
 The peace of Christ be with you,
 The peace of Spirit be with you
 And with your children,
 From the day that we have here to-day
 To the day of the end of your lives,
 Until the day of the end of your lives.

Grás Dhé leibh,
 Grás Chríosta leibh,
 Grás Spioraid léilbh
 Agus le bhur cloinn,
 Dúthain suthain sinn.

Grás Dhé a shileadh oirbh,
 Grás Chríosta shileadh oirbh, [íosa
 Grás Spioraid a shileadh oirbh
 Gach latha agus gach oíche
 Dha bhur cuibhreann ann an t-saoghal ;
 O gach latha agus gach oíche
 Dha bhur cuibhreann ann an t-saoghal.

Beannachd Dhé a bhíth agaibh,
 'S gunna mach a dh'éireas dhuibh ;
 Beannachd Chríosta bhíth agaibh,
 'S gunna mach a chuitear sibh ;
 Beannachd Spioraid a bhíth agaibh,
 'S gunna mach a chuireas sibh saochad bhur saoghal,
 Gach latha dá'éireas sibh a suas, [uasir
 Gach oíche laighneas sibh a síos.

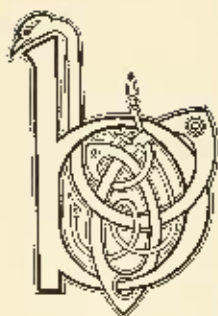
Súil Dhé rúndóir,
 Súil Dhé na glóir,
 Súil Mháic na t-Oigh,
 Súil Spioraid féil
 Dha do chomórachd 's dha do chuallachd [chuallachd
 Agus gach íal,
 Dhíth dórtadh oirbh gach uair
 Gu féil agus gu íal.

The grace of God be with you,
The grace of Christ be with you,
The grace of Spirit be with you
And with your children,
For an hour, for ever, for eternity.

God's grace distil on you,
Christ's grace distil on you,
Spirit's grace distil on you
Each day and each night
Of your portion in the world :
Oh each day and each night
Of your portion in the world.

God's blessing be yours,
And well may it befall you ;
Christ's blessing be yours,
And well be you entreated ;
Spirit's blessing be yours,
And well spend you your lives,
Each day that you rise up,
Each night that you lie down.

May the eye of the great God,
The eye of the God of glory,
The eye of the Virgin's Son,
The eye of the gentle Spirit
Aid you and shepherd you
In every time,
Pour upon you every hour
Mildly and generously.



ORA BUADII

[278]

BUADII a chuir Brigid,
 Ríoghainn nain buadh,
 An nighean an rígh,
 Gile-Mhíon nau snuadh.

Cruth Chríosaí romhad,
 Cruth Dhé a dheoghad,
 Struth Spioraid tromhad
 Dha do chobhair 's dha do chomhadh.

Buadh a snas tharad,
 Buadh a nús tharad,
 Buadh nam buadh gun athradh,
 Buadh Athar agus Dhomhnaich.

Buadh crutha,
 Buadh ratha, [rutha ?
 Buadh gutha,
 Buadh Íosa Críosaí an comhnaidh dhut,
 Buadh iomhaigh an Domhnaich dut.

Buadh feara,
 Buadh uheana,
 Buadh leamain,
 Buadh mhac agus nighean dhut.

INVOCATION OF THE GRACES

THE grace placed by Brigit,
 Maiden of graces,
 In the daughter of the king,
 Gile-Mhin the beaucous.

Form of Christ before thee,
 Form of God behind thee,
 Stream of Spirit through thee
 To succour and aid thee.

Grace upwards over thee,
 Grace downwards over thee,
 Grace of graces without gainsaying,
 Grace of Father and of Lord.

Grace of form,
 Grace of fortune, [increase ?
 Grace of voice,
 Grace of Jesus Christ be ever thine,
 Grace of the image of the Lord be thine.

Excellence of men,
 Excellence of women,
 Excellence of lover,
 Excellence of sons and of daughters be thine.

Buadh iodha,
 Buadh dibhe,
 Buadh cìbil,
 Buadh iùil,
 Buadh muir is tìre dhut.

Buadh soidhe,
 Buadh uilhe,
 Buadh cruidhe,
 Buadh muidhe,
 Buadh grùisim is ime dhut.

Buadh lachain Mhoire,
 Buadh eal an tobair,
 Buadh chaor is olainn,
 Buadh mheann is ghobhar,
 Buadh bhuan là agus oidheche dhut.

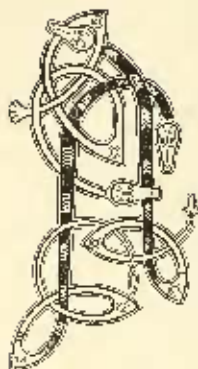
Buadh rùn nan speura dhut,
 Buadh rùn nan reula dhut,
 Buadh rùn na rée dhut,
 Buadh rùn na gréine dhut,
 Buadh rùn agus crùn nan néamha dhut.

Excellence of corn,
 Excellence of drink,
 Excellence of music,
 Excellence of guiding,
 Excellence of sea and land be thine.

Excellence of sicing,
 Excellence of journeying,
 Excellence of cattle,
 Excellence of churning,
 Excellence of curds and butter be thine.

Excellence of the duck of Mary, [mallard
 Excellence of the swan of the fountain,
 Excellence of sheep and of wool,
 Excellence of kids and of goats,
 Lasting excellence by day and night be thine.

Grace of the love of the skies be thine,
 Grace of the love of the stars be thine,
 Grace of the love of the moon be thine,
 Grace of the love of the sun be thine,
 Grace of the love and the crown of heaven be thine.



SIAN BIUADHA

[279]

N sian a chuir Brìghde,
 Rìoghainn nam buadh,
 Air nighean gheal an rìgh,
 Gilc-Mhìo nan snuadh.

Tha cruth Dhé dheòghad,
 Tha cruth Chrìosda rùmhad,
 Tha sruth Spioraid feòghad,
 Dha do clòbhair agus dha do chòmhnaidh.

Tha blàth Dhé umad,
 Tha blàth Chrìosda umad,
 Tha blàth Spioraid umad,
 Dha do lùthadh agus dha do bhòidheachadh.

Tha buadh a seas tharad,
 Tha buadh a muas tharad,
 Tha buadh nam buadh gun aithradh,
 Buadh Athar agus Dhòmhnaich.

Buadh feara,
 Buadh beana,
 Buadh seannaidh,
 Buadh leannain,
 Buadh mhac agus nighean.

CHARM OF GRACE

THE charm placed by Brigit,
Maiden of graces,
On the white daughter of the king,
Gile-Mlúin the beautiful.

The form of God is behind thee,
The form of Christ is before thee,
The stream of Spirit is through thee,
To succour and aid thee.

The bloom of God is upon thee,
The bloom of Christ is upon thee,
The bloom of Spirit is upon thee,
To bathe thee and make thee fair.

Grace is upwards over thee,
Grace is downwards over thee,
Grace of graces without gainsaying,
Grace of Father and of Lord.

Excellence of men,
Excellence of women,
Excellence of council,
Excellence of lover,
Excellence of sons and of daughters.

Buadh ghlaça,
 Buadh bhaca,
 Buadh sloca,
 Buadh chnoca,
 Buadh mharc agus mhilidh.

Buadh sibhail,
 Buadh turais,
 Buadh bhaile bhig,
 Buadh bhaile mhóir,
 Buadh mhara agus tíre.

Buadh maisc,
 Buadh laisc,
 Buadh mathais,
 Buadh fathais,
 Buadh là is oidhche.

Buadh crutha,
 Buadh gutha,
 Buadh rudha,
 Buadh crudha,
 Buadh grúithe agus ime.

Is tu reula gach oidhche,
 Is tu soille gach maidne,
 Is tu sgeula gach aoighe,
 Is tu faighneachd gach fearainn.

Falbhaidh tu garbhach,
 'S cha dearg thu do chas :
 Tha Iosa dha do thearmad,
 Tha Iosa ri do bhas.

Excellence of dells,
 Excellence of knolls,
 Excellence of hollows,
 Excellence of hills,
 Excellence of horses and of heroes.

Excellence of travel,
 Excellence of journey,
 Excellence of small town,
 Excellence of great town,
 Excellence of sea and of shore.

Excellence of beauty,
 Excellence of radiance,
 Excellence of goodness,
 Excellence of heaven,
 Excellence of day and of night.

Excellence of form,
 Excellence of voice,
 Excellence of complexion,
 Excellence of cattle,
 Excellence of curd and of butter.

Thou art the star of each night,
 Thou art the brightness of each morn,
 Thou art the tidings of each guest,
 Thou art the enquiry of every land.

Thou shalt travel a rough ground
 And thou shalt not reddien thy foot :
 Jesus is guarding thee,
 Jesus is by thy hand.

Tha crùn an Rìgh ma d' cheann,
 Tha mionn a' Mhic ma d' bhathais,
 Tha lùth an Spioraid ann do chom :
 Thèid agus thig thu slàn gu baile.

Sìobhlaidh tu suas
 Agus tilleadh tu nuas,
 Sìobhlaidh tu coan
 Agus tilleadh tu nall ;

Chan èirich dhut banghal
 An hac no an bruach,
 An glac no an chuan,
 An cruach no an gleann.

Tha sgiath Mhìcheil tharad,
 Rìgh nan aingeal fionn,
 Dha do dhìon is dha do chaim
 O do bharr a chom do bhonn,

Cha dèan fear,
 Cha dèan bean,
 Cha dèan mac,
 Cha dèan murr

Dearc na dòil,
 Fuath na fàrmad,
 Searc na sùil,
 Tùth na tarmadh,

A dhearbhas tù,
 A laigheas ort,
 A dhìongas tù,
 A dheargas ort.

The crown of the King is around thy head,
The diadem of the Son is around thy brow,
The might of the Spirit is in thy breast :
Thou shalt go forth and come homeward safe,

Thou shalt journey upward
And come again down,
Thou shalt journey over ocean
And come again lither ;

No peril shall befall thee
On knoll nor on bank,
In hollow nor in meadow,
On mount nor in glen.

The shield of Michael is over thee,
King of the bright angels,
To shield thee and to guard thee
From thy summit to thy sole.

Nor shall man
Nor shall woman
Nor shall son
Nor shall daughter

Make glauce nor wish,
Hate nor jealousy,
Love nor eye,
Envy nor durance

That shall sunder thee,
That shall lie upon thee,
That shall subdue thee,
That shall wound thee.

ÒRAGLIAN BUADHA

Cha dèan sluagh,
 Cha dèan saobh,
 Cha dèan siudh,
 Cha dèan saoghal

Tailm na tabhairt,
 Sleagh na saighrad,
 Tuagh na tarraim,
 Clie na claidheamh,

A dh'èidheas ort,
 A chuireas riut,
 A dheargas tu,
 A dh'iboghas dhut.

Cha dèan gobha,
 Cha dèan ceard,
 Cha dèan clachair,
 Cha dèan saor

Beart na ball,
 Arm na inncall,
 Uigheam na uirlis,
 Dealbh na innleachd,

Cupair na cloiche,
 Umha na iaraim,
 Fiodha na fiondrain,
 Òir na airgid,

A chiallas tu,
 A dh'iadhas tu,
 A riabas tu,
 A shrianas tu,

Host shall not make,
False one shall not make,
Fairy shall not make,
World shall not make

Sling nor catapult,
Spear nor shaft,
Axe nor javelin,
Hook nor sword,

That shall afflict thee,
That shall afflict thee,
That shall wound thee,
That shall overpower thee.

No smith shall make,
No craftsman shall make,
No mason shall make,
No wright shall make

Gear nor tool,
Weapon nor device,
Tackle nor instrument,
Frame nor invention,

Of copper nor stone,
Of brass nor iron,
Of wood nor bronze,
Of gold nor silver,

That shall check thee,
That shall enclose thee,
That shall rend thee,
That shall bridle thee,

Null na nall,
 Tur na tìr,
 Bhos na thall,
 Sìos na nìos,

Shuas na mas,
 Muir na tìr,
 San fhosga shuas,
 San fhàilce sìos.

A chruì mo chridhe,
 A ghois mo ghréine,
 A chroìt mo chùil,
 A chrùn mo chèille ;

Rùn Dhé nan dùl thu,
 Rùn Chrìosda chòmh thu,
 Rùn Spioraid Nùmh thu,
 Rùn gach dùl bheò thu,
 Rùn gach dùl bheò thu.

Thither nor hither,
Earth nor land,
Here nor yonder,
Down nor up,

Above nor below,
Sea nor shore,
In the sky aloft,
In the deep beneath.

Thou nut of my heart,
Thou face of my sun,
Thou harp of my music,
Thou crown of my sense ;

Thou art the love of the God of Life,
Thou art the love of tender Christ,
Thou art the love of Spirit Holy,
Thou art the love of each living creature,
Thou art the love of each living creature.

ÒRA AODANN NIGHINN

[280]



Tha féil Dhé air th'aghaidh,
Tha Mac Dhé dha d' eòmaire,
O dhroch dhaoir an domhain,
Tha Rìgh nan reul ma d' eòinneimh.

Tha féil Mhoire an troma gràidh,
Teanga mhodhail mhìn mhàid,
Fionna fionn eadar do dhà mhalaidh,—
Fionn mac Cumhail catorra sin.

O's i Moire agus Ios a Mac
A chuir an t-àrd sin féin ad ghòis,
Gun robh blas na meala min ort
Agus air gach facal mar a their thu,

Ri mìthibh agus ri maithibh,
Ri fearuibh agus ri beanaibh maoth,
O'n là an diugh a th'againn ann
Gu là ceann crìch do shaoghail,

A uchd nan cùmh agus nan cumhachdan stòraidh,
A uchd Dhé nan diùl agus a uchd cluthadh a Mhàic.

CHARM FOR THE FACE OF A MAIDEN

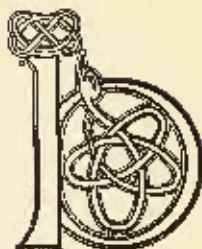
THE beauty of God is in thy face,
 The Son of God is protecting thee
 From the wicked ones of the world,
 The King of the stars is before thee.

The beauty of Mary of the deep love,
 A tongue mannerly, mild, modest,
 Fair hair between thy two eyebrows,—
 Fionn * son of Cumhall between these.

Since it is Mary and Jesus her Son
 Who set this pleasantness in thy face,
 May the taste of mild honey be upon thee
 And upon every word thou speakest,

To simple and to noble,
 To men and to tender women,
 From this day that we have here
 Till the day of the ending of thy life,
 In reliance on the beloved and the powers eternal,
 In reliance on the God of life and the shielding of His Son.

* Fionn mean. 'Fair.'



BUADH

[201]

UADH ríona dhut,
 Buadh urlair dhut,
 Buadh lúchairt dhut,
 Buadh cúrta dhut,
 Buadh agus uaill d'íthcha dhut.

Caim Dhé nan tóla dhut,
 Caim Chríosta chúmha dhut,
 Caim Spíoraí Numba dhut,

Dha d' chaomhoadh,
 Dha d' chomhoadh,
 Dha d' chuartadh.

An Tíura ma do cheana,
 An Tíura ma do chom,
 An Tíura ma do cholann
 Gach oidhche agus laetha,
 An cainleachadh nan Trí
 An mairseinnreachd do shaoghail.

GRACE

GRACE of love be thine,
Grace of floor be thine,
Grace of castle be thine,
Grace of court be thine,
 Grace and pride of homeland be thine.

The guard of the God of life be thine,
The guard of the loving Christ be thine,
The guard of the Holy Spirit be thine,

To cherish thee,
To aid thee,
To enfold thee.

The Three be about thy head,
The Three be about thy breast,
The Three be about thy body
 Each night and each day,
In the encompassment of the Three
 Throughout thy life long.

DŪRACHD

[282]

From Mary Mackintosh, *màr* Smith, Gearr-sìdh na Mòine, South Uist

THE reciter of this poem and of other poems in this work was a woman of great natural courtesy and intelligence. She was full of songs and hymns, rimes and rimes, and of various kinds of literary lore of much interest. Her husband was a tailor, a man of good presence and much modesty, and her father was Patrick Smith, crofter, of Leth Mheadhonnach, South Uist. Patrick Smith was rich in literary matter of great and varied interest and excellence. Mr Campbell of Islay, Mr Hector Maclean, and the present writer took down many pieces of prose and of poetry from him. He was equally interested in both, but especially in old heroic tales in prose or verse. During the winter nights his house used to be filled with young and old listening to stories and poems rehearsed in simple idiomatic Gaelic.

His son, John Smith, inherited some of his father's lore, but none of his



EART sìthich dhuit,
 Feart solair dhuit,
 Feart Féinne.

Feart gaillinn dhuit,
 Feart gcalnaich dhuit,
 Feart gréine.

Feart mara dhuit,
 Feart talamh dhuit,
 Feart néimhe.

* * *

GOOD WISH

diction. I took down some stories from him, as did also Dr George Henderson. Some forty years after I had last visited Patrick Smith I visited his old home again. His grandsons and granddaughters were full of modern so-called education, and of self-sufficiency, and of unabashed disdain for their unlettered old grandfather and for his traditional lore. Unwisely they showed their own advancement by singing music-hall songs and ditties and by reciting music-hall slang and vulgarities. The contrast between the present and the past was strikingly illustrated. The difference between the quiet, simple dignity and repose of unlettered old Patrick Smith and his forward, aggressive, talkative grandchildren was as grievous as it was striking. Not less striking was the contrast between the beautiful and elevated old lore of the old man and the vulgar modern literature of the young people.

Gan roibh na chridhe raimeadh.
Ge fhaic a rinn m' gáire.

My heart did sorely weep,
Though simply I did smile.

Power of raven be thine,
Power of eagle be thine,
Power of the Fiann.

Power of storm be thine,
Power of moon be thine,
Power of sun.

Power of sea be thine,
Power of land be thine,
Power of heaven.

* * *

Mathas mara dhuit,
 Mathas talamh dhuit,
 Mathas nêimhe.

Gach latha sona dhuit,
 Gun latha dona dhuit,
 Onair agus mênne. [airtne

Gràdh gach aghaidh dhuit,
 Bàs cinn-adhairt dhuit,
 Làtharachd do Shlàn'cùir.

Goodness of sea be thine,
Goodness of earth be thine,
 Goodness of heaven.

Each day be joyous to thee,
No day be grievous to thee,
 Honour and compassion.

Love of each face be thine,
Death on pillow be thine,
 Thy Saviour's presence.

GUIDHE

[283]

O Mháirt Níe Ghille Mhaóil, croitear, Lianacóich, Uilbhúist a Deas



ACH latha subhach dhuit,
 Gun latha dubhach dhoic,
 Saoghial eultach sísach.

Tacar dha do shlighe,
 Macan dha do thiglúin,
 Nighean dha do thársainn.

Fearc fóir na beithre dhuit,
 Fearc fóir na teine dhuit,
 Fearc fóir nan gráson.

Bás gráich na sonais dhuit,
 Bás gráich na Moire dhuit,
 Giúrdcan gráich do Shlán'eir.

PRAYER

From Mary Macmillan, crofter, Lixnacuilh, South Uist, 1872

EACH day be glad to thee,
No day be sad to thee,
Life rich and satisfying.

Plenty be on thy course,
A son be on thy coming,
A daughter on thine arriving.

The strong help of the serpent be thine,
The strong help of fire be thine,
The strong help of the graces.

The love-death of joy be thine,
The love-death of Mary be thine,
The loving arm of thy Saviour.



DÚRACHID

[284]

FEART abhainn dhuit,
 Neart mara dhuit,
 Neart buaidh lárach.

Neart teine dhuit,
 Neart beithre dhuit,
 Neart carraig táidir.

Neart dúla dhuit,
 Neart cuire dhuit,
 Neart rún nan arda.

[curra, cùrra ?]

GUIDHE

[285]

FEART sùla dhuit,
 Feart dùla dhuit,
 Feart rún mo chléibhe.

Feart sùgha dhuit,
 Feart rùla dhuit,
 Feart sùigh mo chéille.

Feart rìgh Cù Chulainn dhuit,
 Feart rìgh na cruinne dhuit,
 Feart rìgh na Féinne.

GOOD WISH

THINE be the might of river,
 Thine be the might of ocean,
 The might of victory on field.

Thine be the might of fire,
 Thine be the might of levin,
 The might of a strong rock.

Thine be the might of element,
 Thine be the might of troop, [fountain ?
 The might of the love on high.

PRAYER

POWER of eye be thine,
 Power of element be thine,
 Power of my heart's desire.

Power of surf be thine,
 Power of swell be thine,
 Power of the sap of my reason.

Power of king Cù Chulainn be thine,
 Power of the king of the world be thine,
 Power of the king of the Fiann.

DŪRACHID

[286]



A'FHAS sòla dhuit,
 Mathas ùidhe dhuit,
 Mathas rùn mo chléibhe.

Mathas maca dhuit,
 Mathas murna dhuit,
 Mathas suigh mo chéille.

Mathas mara dhuit,
 Mathas talamh dhuit,
 Mathas Flath na n-èimhe.

GUIDHE

[287]

Gormha saoghal soa dhuit,
 Onair, cor, is clò,
 Gun nua bho do bhreallach,
 Gun bhoinne bho do shùil.

Gun ràcan dha do rathad,
 Gun sgàile dha do gheòis,
 Gun hugh thu lùas sa chaisreal sin,
 An achlais Chrìoeda chòmh.

GOOD WISH

THE good of eye be thine,
The good of liking be thine,
The good of my heart's desire.

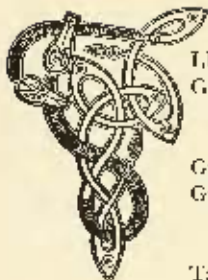
The good of sons be thine,
The good of daughters be thine,
The good of the sap of my sense.

The good of sea be thine,
The good of land be thine,
The good of the Prince of heaven.

PRAYER

I PRAY for thee a joyous life,
Honour, estate and good repute,
No sigh from thy breast,
No tear from thine eye.

No hindrance on thy path,
No shadow on thy face,
Until thou lie down in that mansion,
In the arms of Christ benign.



DÙRACHD

[288]

TIOCAS beithir dhuit,
 Gliocas fithich dhuit,
 Gliocas fiolair euchaich.

Guth na h-eala dhuit,
 Guth na meala dhuit,
 Guth mhic na reula.

Tacar mara dhuit,
 Tacar talamh dhuit,
 Tacar Athar naimhe.

GUIDHE

[289]

GACH latha sona dhuit,
 Gun latha dona dhuit,
 Saoghail subfhach sàsach.

Àgh gach coimcèimh dhuit,
 Gràs na Moire dhuit,
 Lànachd Rìgh nan gràsan.

GOOD WISH

Wisdom of serpent be thine,
Wisdom of raven be thine,
Wisdom of valiant eagle.

Voice of swan be thine,
Voice of honey be thine,
Voice of the son of the stars,

Bounty of sea be thine,
Bounty of land be thine,
Bounty of the Father of heaven.

PRAYER

Be each day glad for thee,
No day ill for thee,
A life joyful, satisfied.

Be thine the success of every meeting,
Be thine the grace of the Virgin Mary,
Be thine the fullness of the King of grace.



GUIDHE

[290]

RÀDH na Muice Màthar dhuit,
 Gràdh na Beighde thàna dhuit,
 Gràdh Micheil àghthuair dhuit,
 Le 'n làmh gach tràth 'gad chuartach.

Mathas mòr na mara dhuit,
 Mathas mòr talamh dhuit,
 Mathas mòr slathas dhuit,
 Do shaoghal fallan fuainte.

Gràs caoin an Achar dhuit,
 Gràs caomh u' Mhic dhuit,
 Gràs caomh an Spioraid dhuit,
 'Gad ligheadh le na buadhan.

PRAYER

The love of the Mary Mother be thine,
The love of Brigit of flocks be thine,
The love of Michael victorious be thine,
 With their arm each hour surrounding thee.

The great bounty of the sea be thine,
The great bounty of earth be thine,
The great bounty of heaven be thine,
 Thy life be hale and fruitful (?).

The mild grace of the Father be thine,
The loving grace of the Son be thine,
The loving grace of the Spirit be thine,
 Laving thee with the graces.



DÚRACHD

[295]

ÁIRDEAN Mhuire Mbàthar dhuit,
 Gàirdean Brìghde thàna dhuit,
 Gàirdean Micheil àghmboir dhuit,
 Dha do theàrnadh bho gach truaighe.

Gàirdean Ostaì Eòin dhuit,
 Gàirdean Ostaì Fhóil dhuit,
 Gàirdean Ostaì Pheadail dhuit,
 Dha do theasraig bho gach tuáireap.

Gàirdean Dé nan dùla dhuit,
 Gàirdean Crìosda cùmba dhuit,
 Gàirdean Spioraid Nàmhà dhuit,
 Dha do chùmhachadh 's dha do chuariteadh.

GOOD WISH

THE arm of Mary Mother be thine,
The arm of Brigit of flocks be thine,
The arm of Michael victorious be thine,
 To save thee from all sorrow.

The arm of Apostle John be thine,
The arm of Apostle Paul be thine,
The arm of Apostle Peter be thine,
 To guard thee from all mischief.

The arm of the God of life be thine,
The arm of Christ the loving be thine,
The arm of the Spirit Holy be thine,
 To shield thee and surround thee.

BEANNACHD MATHAR

[292]

When a son or a daughter is leaving home in the Western Isles, the event is warmly felt, for the feelings of the people are deep and strong, if silent and subdued. Friends and neighbours come to say farewell to the pilgrim, and to pray for peace and prosperity in the adopted land. Before crossing the threshold of the old home, a parting hymn is sung, at joining in the pilgrim's song. It is sung or chanted or intoned or recited in slow measured cadences, pleasing and peculiar, though perhaps difficult for the stranger to follow. The scene is striking and impressive, and the stranger who is allowed the privilege of being present feels indeed the depths of a mother's love and the strength of a father's affection. An aged woman in Uist said:—*A Leubtu, a luaidh, cha a iarradh sibh ach a bhàta dh'an éisdeachd ged a bhiodh bhur crìdhe féin làn agus a' cur thairis agus sibh a' sùri ri rannan sìos nan deòir. A Mhòire nan gràs ! A Mhàthair an cùlth Utrùn ! Is iomadh sin sùil sìlteach a chumna nù ri mo latha agus ri mo linn.*—' By the Book,



BEANNACHD Dhé dhut,
Beannachd Chrìosda dhut,
Beannachd Spioraid dhut,
Agus dha do chloinn,
Dhut agus dha d' chloinn.

Sìth Dhé dhut,
Sìth Chrìosda dhut,
Sìth Spioraid dhut,
Rè maireann do shaoghail,
Rè laithean do shaoghail.

Dìonadh Dhé dhut anns gach bealach,
Comhaidh Chrìosda dhut anns gach caidha,
Lòbhadh Spioraid dhut anns gach abhainn,
Gach tur is tabh dh'an t-éid thu.

THE MOTHER'S PARTING BLESSING

love, you would not seek but listen to them although your own heart were full and overflowing and you striving to keep down the tears. O thou Mary of grace! O thou Mother of sore sorrow! Many the tearful eye that I have seen in my day and in my generation.' Friends and neighbours come with bonnets, stockings, gloves, plaiding ('dò') and the like, the parting gifts of the makers, who consecrated their heartfelt offerings with the tears of their eyes and the prayers of their hearts. These parting scenes are less common now than they were in the past. And yet these people of warmest emotion in safety are of coolest composure in danger. The writer observed this many times during his long residence in those stormy Isles of the Atlantic. Many times among those wild seas, among bristling rocks, roaring reefs and mountainous waves, when death appeared inevitable, the people have remained cool and calm, neither cry nor clamour from man or woman, but only the murmured prayer for the soul and the tear for those behind.

The benison of God be to thee,
 The benison of Christ be to thee,
 The benison of Spirit be to thee,
 And to thy children,
 To thee and to thy children.

The peace of God be to thee,
 The peace of Christ be to thee,
 The peace of Spirit be to thee,
 During all thy life,
 All the days of thy life.

The keeping of God upon thee in every pass,
 The shielding of Christ upon thee in every path,
 The bathing of Spirit upon thee in every stream,
 In every land and sea thou goest.

Dionadh an Athar shiorraidh dhut,
Air altair ialaidh féin ;
Dionadh an Athar shiorraidh dhut,
Air altair ialaidh féin.

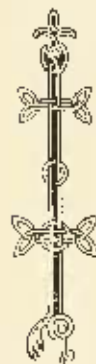
The keeping of the everlasting Father be thine
Upon His own illumined altar ;
The keeping of the everlasting Father be thine
Upon his own illumined altar.

AN DÙIL DEÒRA

[293]

From Mòr Maclellan, *sic* Morrison,

The reciter said: When a member of a family was leaving home for a time or for ever, the 'Dùil Deòra,' Pilgrim's Hope, was sung by the family. The pilgrim bathed his face in warm milk, preferably in sheep's milk,



ONNLAIDH mise m'aodann
 Anns na naodha galha gréine,
 Mar a dh'ionnlaid Moire a Mac
 An t-ainne brac na féile.

Méinne bhíth air mo bhial,
 Seire bhíth air mo ghnòis,
 Teisd bhíth air mo mhian,
 Rian bhíth air mo rùn.

An gaol thug Moire dh'a h-aon Mhuic,
 An saoghal nìle dh'a thoir dlombasa;
 An gaol thug Ìosa dh'Èòin Baiste
 Dh'èòin mis a thoir dha m' chomhlach.

Mac Dhé bhíth air tús mo thuras,
 Mac Dhé bhíth an urra mo chomhmadh;
 Mac Dhé a bhíth réiteach mo shlighe,
 Mac Dhé bhíth air dheireadh mo thaireachd.

THE PILGRIM'S HOPE

Beanaidh Mhór, Mórar

the sheep being sacred to Christ. During the flight to Egypt, the Mary Mother bathed her Son in 'laineac beannaichte na brac,' the blessed milk of the 'brac,' a term of uncertain meaning (*cf.* i. 52 ff., ii. 232).

I will bathe my face
 In the nine rays of the sun,
 As Mary washed her Son
 In the milk of the generous 'brac.'

May mildness be on my lips,
 May kindness be on my face,
 May chasteness be on my desire,
 May wisdom be in my purpose.

The love that Mary gave to her one Son
 May all the world give me ;
 The love that Jesus gave to John Baptist
 Grant that I give to whoso meets me.

May the Son of God be at the outset of my journey,
 May the Son of God be in surety to aid me ;
 May the Son of God make clear my way,
 May the Son of God be at the end of my seeking.



BEANNACHD MĀTHAR

[294]

AR an toir thu barr do chinn,
 Far an toir thu clár do bhathais,
 Guma láidir dhut dh'a linn,
 Guma grásmhor dhut dh'a bhuadh ;
 Guma láidir dhut dh'a linn,
 Guma grásmhor dhut dh'a bhuadh.

Guma buan dhut ad faighe,
 Guma buan dhut at éirigh,
 Guma buan dhut d'oidhech 's latha,
 'S guma ramhath fathas dha mo luaidh ;
 Guma buan dhut d'oidhech 's latha,
 'S guma ramhath fathas dha mo luaidh.

Gnùis Dhé dha t'aodann,
 Gnùis Chríosta chaomha,
 Gnùis Spioraid Naomha
 Dha d' chaomhadh gach uair
 Am haoghal agus truaigh ;
 Dha d' chaomhadh gach uair
 Am banghal agus truaigh.

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING

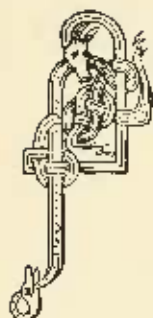
WHERE thou shalt bring the crown of thy head,
Where thou shalt bring the tablet of thy brow,
Strength be to thee therein,
Blest be to thee the powers therein ;
Strength be to thee therein,
Blest be to thee the powers therein.

Lasting be thou in thy lying down,
Lasting be thou in thy rising up,
Lasting be thou by night and by day,
And surpassing good be heaven to my dear one ;
Lasting be thou by night and by day,
And surpassing good be heaven to my dear one.

The face of God be to thy countenance,
The face of Christ the kindly,
The face of the Spirit Holy
Be saving thee each hour
In danger and in sorrow ;
Be saving thee each hour
In danger and in sorrow.

AM BLANNACHD MÀTHAR

[295]



CÒIBH Dhé dha t'aghaidh,
 Anibh dh'an neach a chl' thu ;
 Caim Dhé dha d' mhuineal,
 Ainlean Dhé dha d' dhìona,
 Ainlean Dhé dha d' dhìona.

Aoibh oidhche 's latha dhut,
 Aoibh ghréine 's ghealaich dhut,
 Aoibh fhàr is muathia dhut,
 Gach tur 's gach tabh dh'an téid thu,
 Gach tur 's gach tabh dh'an téid thu.

Gum robh gach slon sona dhut,
 Gum robh gach slon solais dhut,
 Gum robh gach slon solais dhut,
 Is Mac Moir Oighe réidh riut,
 Mac Moir Oighe réidh riut.

Caim Dhé nan dùla dhut,
 Caim Chrìosta chùrtha dhut,
 Caim Spioraid Nùmha dhut,
 Dha do chòmhnadh 's dha do chomhnadh,
A Dhonnachaidh,
 A channhag chonn mo chléibh.

(O dha do chòmhnadh 's dha do chomhnadh,
A Mhàiri,
 O channhag chonn mu chridhe.)

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING

THE joy of God be in thy face,
 Joy to all who see thee,
 The circle of God around thy neck,
 Angels of God shielding thee,
 Angels of God shielding thee.

Joy of night and day be thine,
 Joy of sun and moon be thine,
 Joy of men and women be thine,
 Each land and sea thou guest,
 Each land and sea thou guest.

Be every season happy for thee,
 Be every season bright for thee,
 Be every season glad for thee,
 And the Son of Mary Virgin at peace with thee,
 The Son of Mary Virgin at peace with thee.

Be thine the compassing of the God of life,
 Be thine the compassing of the Christ of love,
 Be thine the compassing of the Spirit of Grace,
 To befriend thee and to aid thee,
Donald,
 Thou beloved one of my breast.

{Oh I to befriend thee and to aid thee,
Mary,
 Thou beloved one of my heart.}

URNAIGH ROIMH ÈISDEACHID [296]

From Ann Macdonald, Lochaber, who died in Leith Poorhouse

THE following prayer was said immediately before Confession. It was sung, chanted or intoned by the members of the family, sometimes separately, sometimes together. The prayer was sung slowly and solemnly, the father and mother pressing upon their children to confess their sins, and to ask forgiveness for the past and strength for the future, and to allow no false shame nor foolish pride to prevent them from making a 'good' confession. And here the reciter said: There was a



IOSA, thoir dhomh mathanas peacanna,
 Iosa, cuir mo chionta 'nam chuinne,
 Iosa, thoir dhomh gràs an aithreachais,
 Iosa, thoir dhomh gràs a' mhathanas,
 Iosa, thoir dhomh gràs na h-umhlachd,
 Iosa, thoir dhomh gràs na dùrachd,
 Iosa, thoir dhomh gràs na h-irisleachd,
 Gu aideachadh saor a dhèanamh an tràth,
 Gu mì féin a dhiteadh aig cathair na faosaid,
 Mun téid mo dhiteadh aig cathair a' bhreitheanas;
 Ios, thoir dhomh neart agus misneach
 Mì féin a dhiteadh aig cathair na faosaid,
 Mun téid mo dhiteadh aig cathair a' bhreitheanas.
 Is fusa dhomh dol fo smàig tràth ùine bhig
 Na dhol gu bàs an dàil na siorraidheachd.
 Iosa, thoir dhomh gun aicich mì mo chionta
 Cho lìoda agus ge b'e seo mínaid mo bhàis.

Iosa, gabh truas dhomh,
 Iosa, deam trècùir orm,
 Iosa, gabh thugad mì,
 Iosa, fòir m'anam.

PRAYER BEFORE CONFESSION

woman in Lochaber, and she made special mention to the priest of her pride, which she said she found it difficult to subdue. The priest advised her. The woman listened till the priest was done, and then with an air of dignity said: 'Tha fios aig Dia agus aig rìghine gu bheil càir agam aig leòrn a bhith orm. Is Dòmhnachach mi!'—'God and men know that I have a right to be proud—I am a MacDonald!' The good priest could scarcely restrain his laughter, as much at the manner as at the words of the woman.

Jesu, give me forgiveness of sins,
 Jesu, keep my guilt in my memory,
 Jesu, give me the grace of repentance,
 Jesu, give me the grace of forgiveness,
 Jesu, give me the grace of submission,
 Jesu, give me the grace of earnestness,
 Jesu, give me the grace of lowliness,
 To make a free confession at this time,
 To condemn myself at the chair of confession
 Lest I be condemned at the chair of judgment ;
 Jesu, give me strength and courage
 To condemn myself at the chair of confession
 Lest I be condemned at the chair of judgment.
 It is easier for me to go under subjection for a brief while
 Than to go to death during eternity.
 Jesu, give me to confess my guilt
 As earnestly as were this the moment of my death.

Jesu, take pity upon me,
 Jesu, have mercy upon me,
 Jesu, take me to Thee,
 Jesu, aid my soul.

Is adhbhar dòlais am peacadh,
 Is adhbhar déraion am bás,
 Is adhbhar sólais an t-aidheachas
 Agus glanadh ann an abhainn na slàint.

* * * * *

Bithidh aighear air sìnglean nèamh
 Mo ligheadh ann an linne na faosaid.

O m'anam, bitheadh aiteas ort,
 Tha Dia deònach réite riut,
 Glac a lámh 's í sìnte mach
 Gu réite ghráidh a ghlaodhadh dhuit.

Na diùlt do lámh dhomh, O mo Dhia,
 Na diùlt do lámh, a Thriath nan criath,
 An sgàth mo Sòlàn' eir Iosa Crìosd,
 Na teig gu bàs stòrraidh mi.

A cause of grief is sin,
A cause of anguish is death,
A cause of joy is repentance
And cleansing in the river of health.

e c * * †

There will be joy among the angels of heaven
That I am saved in the pool of confession.

O my soul, be joyful,
God is willing to be reconciled to thee,
Seize His hand while it is stretched out
To announce to thee a loving reconciliation.

Refuse not Thy hand to me, O my God,
Refuse not Thy hand, O Lord of lords,
For the sake of my Saviour Jesus Christ,
Let me not go to death everlasting.

AN CEUSADH

AN BALG SÉIMH

O — Dhionduallaich, bhanaicheard, Balg Mhic Nill, Bainsidh

AN déidh daibh Críosa chur ris a' chrois thug iad ma-near nach robh tairnean aos a chuirte ris, agus nach mutha bha balg sea leis an séide an teine chon an t-iarann a bhruich a chon tairnean a dhéanamh. Cha robh fuis fé'n ghréin ghlé 'd é thuirte na dhéante agus an t-éileach a bh'ann. Ach thog s' bhanaicheard a sguird agus shéid i an teine, agus bhruichheadh an t-iarann, agus rinn an ceard na tairnean le'n do thairneicheard Críosa ris a' chram rheusda. Is ann a sin a thubhairt Iúda Críosa Mar an Dé bheo agus bhioráibhuas shuas air a' chrois ris a' bhanaicheard shíos air a' bhonn, 'Bithidh tuis agus do sheorsa bho tinn gu tinn, bho shaozhal gu saozhal, a' síubhal slighe agus a' falbh fásairi, gun taimh oídiche gun fois láthra, an leas do lámh agus an agáth do glunomh.'

Chas chéir cromhadh le nle na tóir le druidh glunomh gu do dh'iarre uirion agus ge do reachuadh againis air; chas chéir idir (aer an seanclaidh).

AN CEARD

Der a bha Críosa 'ga chur ris a' cluain cheusaidh, leis a' chabhraig dhíochuimhneach na h-údsáich dhubha tarraigean a chur air dóigh. Chaidh iad far an robh an gobha agus dh'iar iad air tarraigean a dhéanamh a cluain láislean agus casan an tSlánaighcír a thairneachadh ris a' chram. Ach dhíolt an gobha tarraigean a dhéanamh air son a léiridh sin a ghnóthach. Chaidh na h-údsáich an sin far an robh an ceard agus dh'iar iad air a' cheard tarraigean a dhéanamh a cluain láislean agus casan an tSlánaighcír a thairneachadh ris a' chram. Rinn an ceard an obair mar a dh'iar na h-údsáich air, agus thairneachadh lámhan agus casan Críosa Slánaighcír na buadh ris a' chram cheusda. Is ann uaidh seo the meas agus urant air a' ghobha agus dléasa agus tarcais air a' cheard a meag dháoiné, agus is ann uaidh seo a sgarileadh agus a sgaruadh síochd a' cheard thall agus a bhus feadh an t-saoghail rabóir.

THE CRUCIFIXION

THE BELLOW

From — MacDonald, a tinker woman, Castlesay, Barra

AFTER they had brought Christ to the cross they found that they had no nails to put into Him, and that neither had they bellows with which to blow the fire to heat the iron to make nails. There was no knowing under the white sun what to say or what to do in the confusion that was there. But the tinker woman lifted her skirt and blew the fire, and the iron was heated, and the tinker made the nails with which Christ was nailed to the tree of crucifixion. It was then that Jesus Christ the Son of the living and eternal God, up on the cross, said to the tinker woman down at the foot, 'Thou and thy kind from generation to generation, from age to age, shall be walking the ways and travelling the wilderness, without rest of night, without peace of day, because of the work of thy hand and thine ill deed.'

It is not right to aid evil nor to help in ill-doing even though we should be asked and though we could do it; no, not at all (said the narrator).

In consequence of the tinker woman's action, it is forbidden in the Isles to blow the fire with one's skirt or apron. It is also forbidden to turn the peat burning side upwards in the fire, for the smith who made the nails did so.

THE WHITESMITH

When Christ was being taken to the tree of crucifixion, in the hurry the black Jews forgot to provide themselves with nails. They went to the blacksmith and asked him to make nails to nail the hands and the feet of the Saviour to the cross. But the blacksmith refused to make nails for such a purpose. The Jews went to the whitesmith (unusually, tinker) and asked him to make nails to nail the hands and the feet of the Saviour to the cross. The whitesmith did the work as the Jews asked of him, and the hands and the feet of Christ the blessed Saviour were nailed to the tree of crucifixion. This is why the blacksmith is esteemed and honoured among men, while the whitesmith is contemned and despised, and this is why the race of the whitesmith is spread and scattered here and there throughout the great world.

CROSS OF PROSTRATION

Crosses of prostration were common throughout the Highlands and Islands. These were called 'crois sleachdaidh,' or 'sliachdaidh.' They had a special purpose. The cross stood afar from all buildings and habitations, and was a conspicuous feature in the landscape. When he reached the cross the pilgrim was in sight of a temple of worship or of sanctuary. He prostrated himself at the cross and sang his pilgrim-song or hymn; thereafter he went to the church within sight and there made his offering and said his prayer.

There is a 'crois sleachdaidh' at Croca Breaca, South Uist. People from the south end of the island prostrated themselves there, being within sight of the churches at Hèigh Mòr. There was another on Sunnamal, a small sandy tidal island between Benbecula and North Uist. When the

CROIS CHRÌOSDA

[297]

Beulaiche : Mòr Nic Nill, coitear, Haile Mhìr Nill, Barraidh



ROIS Chrìosd eadar mì 's na sìth
Ta stìgadh a mach na stèach,
Crois Chrìosd eadar mì 's gach nì,
Gach mì-rùn, gach ceach.

[frid

Ainglean flathais dha mo dhìon,
Ainglean flathais a nochd,
Ainglean flathais dha mo dhìon
Eadar anam agus corp.

Caim Chrìosda dha mo chuartadh
O gach suath, o gach ole,
O gach tàir ta tighinn maithéal
An duathar, ann an tort.

Caim eumhard Chrìosda
Dha mo dhìon o gach luchd,
Dha mo chumail o gach dìheil
Ta tighinn an dìth dhomh a nochd.

traveller came to Sunnamal (which was formerly not an island) he was within sight of Teampall na Tríanaid, the Temple of the Trinity, at Cháinis.

There was another 'crois slenchdaidh' at Dalnally. Another stood on the hill from Inveraray to Clachaich, Clatich, which could be seen from afar by travellers from Inveraray. When the cross was reached the church on the island of Innis Eil could be seen.

Innis Eil is a small low grassy island towards the northern end of Luch Awe. A house of nuns stood here, and there is a burial place containing singularly beautiful carved stones. Until the early half of last century there was a change-house, which was perhaps established for the convenience of those attending funerals on the island after the house of nuns had been dissolved.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

Reciter : Mór Mac Neil, cottar, Castleday, Barra

Be the cross of Christ between me and the fays
 That move occultly out or in,
 Be the cross of Christ between me and all ill, [each
 All ill will, and ill mishap, guone

Be the angels of heaven shielding me,
 The angels of heaven this night,
 Be the angels of heaven keeping me
 Soul and body alike.

Be the compassing of Christ around me
 From every spectre, from every evil,
 From every shame that is coming harmfully
 In darkness, in power to hurt.

Be the compassing of the might of Christ
 Shielding me from every harm,
 Be keeping me from everything ruinous
 Coming destructively towards me this night.



SÌTH

[290]

ÌTH Dhé dhomb, sìth dhaoine,
 Sìth Chalum Chille chaomha,
 Sìth Mhàire mhìn na gaoldachd,
 Sìth Chrìosda Rìgh na daondachd,
 Sìth Chrìosda Rìgh na daondachd,

Air gach uinnicig, air gach duras,
 Air gach toll a icigas solas,
 Air ceithir oiscannan mo thaighe,
 Air ceithir oiscannan mo leaba,
 Air ceithir oiscannan mo leaba ;

Air gach nà a thè mo shùil,
 Air gach sìon a tha dha m' bhàr,
 Air mo chorp a tha dh'an ùir
 Is air m'anam thàin os cionn,
 Air mo chorp a tha dh'an ùir
 Is air m'anam thàin os cionn.

PEACE

The peace of God, the peace of men,
The peace of Columba kindly,
The peace of Mary mild, the loving,
The peace of Christ, King of tenderness,
The peace of Christ, King of tenderness,

Be upon each window, upon each door,
Upon each hole that lets in light,
Upon the four corners of my house,
Upon the four corners of my bed,
Upon the four corners of my bed ;

Upon each thing my eye takes in,
Upon each thing my mouth takes in,
Upon my body that is of earth
And upon my soul that came from on high,
Upon my body that is of earth
And upon my soul that came from on high.

SÍTH

[299]



O Mháiri Nic Leóid, Nást, Gearloch

ÍTH eadar ná bannaí,
 Síth eadar charlannan,
 Síth eadar leannanan,
 An grádh Rígh nan dól.

Síth eadar neach agus neach,
 Síth eadar bean agus fear,
 Síth eadar bean agus clann,
 Síth Chríosa dhar gach síth a th'ann.

Beannaich, a Chríosa, dha m' ghnóis,
 Beannaich eadh mo ghnóis gach ní ;
 Beannaich, a Chríosa, dha m' shúil,
 Beannaich eadh mo shúil na chí.

PEACE

From Mary MacLeod, Naast, Cairloch

PEACE between neighbours,
Peace between kindred,
Peace between lovers,
 In love of the King of life.

Peace between person and person,
Peace between wife and husband,
Peace between woman and children,
The peace of Christ above all peace.

Bless, O Christ, my face,
 Let my face bless every thing ;
Bless, O Christ, mine eye,
 Let mine eye bless all its sees,



SITH

[300]

ÌTH nan sonas,
Sith nan solas,
Sith nan sòlas.

Sith nan anam,
Sith nam fathas,
Sith nan òigbean.

Sith nan sìothùrugh,
Sith na sìothchainn,
Sith na sìorraidheactal.

PEACE

THE peace of joys,
The peace of lights,
The peace of consolations.

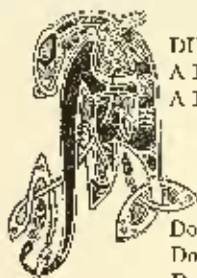
The peace of souls,
The peace of heaven,
The peace of the virgins.

The peace of the fairy bowers,
The peace of peacefulness,
The peace of everlasting.

GUTH NA TORAINN

[301]

T'fhuair an beulaiche : Bha orrachan aig na seann daoine dha na taibhsean u bha tàmh agus a' mhuir agus agus a' lbeim, agus a' ghaoilb agus agus a' chuartaig, agus an dealan agus agus na torainn, agus a' ghréin agus agus a' ghealaich agus ann an teula nan néamh. Cha toib mise cáil ach 'nam mbéagart (mbéagart) mullaich san am. Ach tha cuimhne n-lach agus air d'òigheannan nan seann daoine. Thàinig an sin hairinn agus losgadh agus imirich, agus sgapadh agus sgaoileadh na danine feadh an domhain, agus chaochail na seann d'òigheannan cuimhle ris na seann daoine. Chaochail cheana, u chaochail, agus cha tàinig cho math 'nan àite—cha tàinig, a ghréidheir, agus gu bràth cha tig.



DHÉ nan dhla,
 A Dhé nan rùna,
 A Dhé nan rùla,
 A Rìgh nan rìgh !
 A Rìgh nan rìgh !

[cùra

Do sholas an sonas,
 Do sholas an solas,
 Do chogadh an cogadh,
 Do shìth an t-sìth,
 Do shìth an t-sìth.

Do chràdh an cràdh,
 Do ghràdh an gràdh,
 A mhaircas gu bràth,
 Gu crìoch nan crìoch,
 Gu crìoch nan crìoch.

THE VOICE OF THUNDER

The reciter said : The old people had runes which they sang to the spirits dwelling in the sea and in the mountain, in the wind and in the whirlwind, in the lightning and in the thunder, in the sun and in the moon and in the stars of heaven. I was as yet but a toddling child at the time, but I remember well the ways of the old people. Then came notice of eviction, and burning, and emigration, and the people were scattered and sundered over the world, and the old ways disappeared with the old people. Oh, they disappeared indeed, and nothing so good is come in their stead—naught so good is come, my beloved one, nor ever will come.

O God of the elements,
 O God of the mysteries,
 O God of the stars (?), [fountains ?
 O King of kings !
 O King of kings !

Thy joy the joy,
 Thy light the light,
 Thy war the war,
 Thy peace the peace,
 Thy peace the peace.

Thy pain the pain,
 Thy love the love,
 That lasts for aye,
 To the end of ends,
 To the end of ends.

Thu sìleadh nan às
 Air muinntir an sàs,
 Air muinntir an càs,
 Gun tàmh gun dìth,
 Gun tàmh gun dìth.

[àis, gràs

Mhíe Mhoire na Páis,
 Mhíe Mhoire na bàis,
 Mhíe Mhoire na gráis,
 A blútheas 's a bhàth's
 Rì tràghadh 's rì lìonadh ;
 A blútheas 's a bhàth's
 Rì tràghadh 's rì lìonadh !

TORANN

[302]

Guth an Dé mhóir,
 Agus cha mhór ach e.

Thou pourest Thy grace
On those in distress,
On those in straits,
 Without stop or stint,
 Without stop or stint.

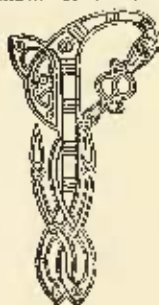
Thou Son of Mary of the Pasch,
Thou Son of Mary of the death,
Thou Son of Mary of the grace,
Who wast and shalt be
 With ebb and with flow ;
Who wast and shalt be
 With ebb and with flow !

THUNDER

THE voice of the great God,
And none is great but He,

ÀILLEAGAN FIONN NA FÈIL [303]

The people addressed invocations to the sun, moon, and stars. Men and women saluted the morning sun and hailed the new moon. The practice prevailed over the British Isles, nor is it yet obsolete, though now a matter of form more than of belief. The people hailed the morning sun as they would a great person come back to their land; and they hailed the new moon, 'lùctran mòr an àigh,' 'the great lamp of grace,' with joyous welcome and acclaim. The sun was to them a matter of great awe, but the moon was a friend of great love, guiding their course upon land and sea, and their path wherever they went. The reciter, Mòr MacNeill of Barra, said:—*Ri linn a' father agus mo mhàthar cha robh fear am Barraidh nach toireadh dìoch a bhòineid do ghréin glùil nam buadh, no bean am Barraidh nach clònaidh a colann do ghealach g'ùl nam tràil. Cha robh, a Inaidh, fear no bean am Barraidh. Agus bithidh seann daoine ris a seo fathast, agus bithidh mi féin ris air na tridh. Bithidh clann a' magadh ort, ach na bhàileas, 'g' é cha sin! Nach mòr is còra dh'obhs na colann a clònaidh dh'an ghréin agus dh'an ghealach agus dha na ceartaibh a chruthaich Dia mòr nan dh'è dha na rogha seach do mhac no do nighean taobhadh tuar nu féin?—In the time of my father and of my mother there was no man in Barra who would not take off his bonnet to the white sun of power, nor a woman in Barra who would not bend her body to the white moon of the seasons. No, my dear, not a man nor woman in Barra. And old persons will be doing this still, and I will be doing it myself sometimes. Children mock at me, but if they do, what of that? Is it not much matter for me to bend my body to the sun and to the*



ÀILT ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan ìidil nan speur;
 Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan fionn na fèil.

Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan ìidil nan ceul;
 Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan rùn mo chléibh.

BEAUTEOUS FAIR ONE OF GRACE

moon and to the stars, that the great God of life made for my good, than to the son or daughter of earth like myself?

Mór MacNeill was poor and old and alone, but she was bright of mind and clean of person, and she was full of old songs and hymns, of old runes and traditions. She was capable, wise, and could give an account of the faith that was in her.

In leaving the Isles, the writer went to say good-bye to the people who had all been so good and kind, so courteous and hospitable, to him, and of whom the poorest of the poor were not the least dear to his heart. When saying good-bye to me, Mór MacNeill ceased speaking, and taking my hand in her two hands, kissed it and watered it with her tears, and curtsying low, said:—*Agus tha sibh a nis a' falbh agus a' fágail bhur daoine agus bhur dùbaich, a haidh mo chridhe! O ma ta, gunna slàn a bhithas sibh agus gunna h-innich a dh'èireas dhuibh gach aon taubh dh'an t-èid sibh, gach aon cheum dh'an siubhail sibh. Agus an bheannachd fèin leibh, agus beannachd Dhé leibh, agus beannachd M'Àire Mhàthar leibh, gach tràth dh'èireas sibh a suas agus gach uair a laigheas sibh a sios, gus an laigh sibh a sios an muin ann an glacaidh Iosa. Crìodas nam buadh agus nam beannachd—nam buadh agus nam beannachd!—And you are now going away and leaving your people and your country, dear one of my heart! Well, then, whole may you be, and well may it go with you, every way you go and every step you travel. And my own blessing go with you, and the blessing of God go with you, and the blessing of the Mary Mother go with you, every time you rise up and every time you lie down, until you lie down in sleep upon the arm of Jesus Christ of the virtues and of the blessings—of the virtues and of the blessings!*

Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous guidant of the sky;
 Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous fair one of grace.

Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous guidant of the stars;
 Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous loved one of my heart.

Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan idil nan neul ;
Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan cùmh nan néamh !

Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous guidant of the clouds ;
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous dear one of the heavens !

GEASLANACHD NA GEALACH [304]

THERE are many traces of moon beliefs and of moon homage still current in the Western Isles. An old man surnamed Robertson in Eigg said :—*Cha mbarbhadh na sean daoine rionn na caora, gollhar no hó làmbhaig agus an carra-dhubh. Tha fàil beathaich gun lùdas gun librig, gun sult gun saill, agus an carra-dhubh. Cha mhó a bhuicicadh iad caol cuil? no caol seilich a chon chliabh no chraicleg no craobh ghiuthais chon daraich ann an carra-dhubh na gealaiche. Tha brìgh an stùidta a' dol dh'ann fhèisich agus an fiodh a' fàs bruanach brìg, gun bhladh gun urbath. Bha na sean daoine ris a h-uile seò y linnadh no ri ainne na gealaiche. Tha na seanraidh beachdaid agus na nithuan nàdarra, mar nach libel ógraich an latha an diugh.—The men of old would not kill a pig nor sheep nor goat nor axe-cow at the wane of the moon. The flesh of an animal is then without taste, without sap, without plumpness, without fat. Neither would they cut wicks of hazel or willow for creels or baskets, nor would they cut tree of pine to make a boat, in the black wane of the moon. The sap of the wood goes down into the root, and the wood becomes brittle and crumbly, without pitch, without good. The old people did all these things at the waxing or at the full of the moon. The men of old were observant of the facts of nature, as the young folk of to-day are not.*

He continued :—*Bha a' ghealach ùr sùimheil gu bearaidh urda agus gu gearradh mòine, gu buain arbhair, gu lomadh chaorach, agus gu ionadh rùd eile de'n leithid sin. Ri fàicinn na gealach ùir tha neach ag cur a làrdh ucas ma' n'òis rùd agus a' dèanamh crois Chrìstid air a bhòis le mugaid a bhòid, agus ag ràdh—*

An ainm namh an Arhar,
An ainm namh a' Mhìc,
An ainm namh an Spicuid,
Teòra namh na h-iorchd.



TOUR dhòit féin gu bràth,
A ghealach gheal, a nochd ;
Is tu féin gu bràth
Lòchran àigh nam bochd.

MOON WORSHIP

The new moon was propitious for clipping hair, for cutting peats, for reaping corn, for sleaving sheep, and for many things of that nature. Upon seeing the new moon a person puts the right hand round the left foot and makes the cross of Christ upon his palm with the spittle of his mouth, saying—

In the holy name of the Father,
In the holy name of the Son,
In the holy name of the Spirit,
The holy Three of mercy.

In some districts old and young kept a coin in their pocket to hail 'floghairn na h-oidhche,' the queen of the night. The coin was called 'peighinn pisich,' propitius penny, and was turned thrice in the pocket when the new moon was seen.

Any journey or undertaking was hurried on or delayed in order to be under the influences of the moon—'rath gealsich.' Men and women went to the highest hill or knoll near them to look for 'éiteag nan reid' or 'floghairn na h-oidhche.' They began their scrutiny in the west, turning slowly sunwise upon the right heel, till the object of their search was seen. Then they called out—'Thaic! thaic! thaic!' 'See! see! see!' There was much emulation as to who should see the new moon first. Herdboys and herdgirls were wont to whisper softly in the ear of the cows—'Sud a' ghealach úr, a rúnag nam bà.' 'There is the new moon, thou beloved one among cows!'

When a man comes out at night, 'feuch 'd é thu an oidhche dèasanda,' to see what the night is doing, he looks at the moon and at the stars, especially the constellations, and says: -

Glorious to thee for ever,
Thou bright moon, this night;
Thyself art ever
The glorious lamp of the poor.

GEALACH UR

[305]

To sea-faring people like those of the Western Isles the light and guidance of the moon is a matter of much interest and importance, often indeed a matter of life or death. Sun, moon and stars are all addressed for practical purposes. The moon was of more concern than the sun, for by day, whether the sun was visible or not, the people could thread their way through their intricate tortuous reefs and rocks, fords and channels. But they could not do this on a moonless night except at the peril of their lives. This is one reason for the many odes and hymns addressed to the gracious luminary of the night. In the extremity of danger at sea an old man at



E mo rùn a' gbealach ùr,
 Is Dia nan dùl 'ga sunnachadh ; [suidh-
 Bitheadh agamsa deagh rùn eachadh,
 Do gach dhùil sa chruthachadh. bunachadh

Bitheadh mo ghuidhe, a Dhé,
 A réir do naomhachaidh ;
 Bitheadh mo chridhe, a Dhé,
 A réir do chaomhachaidh.

Bitheadh mo ghnèmh air tìr
 A réir do riarachaidh ;
 Bitheadh mo mhian air tìr
 A réir do rianachaidh. [dhianadais

Bitheadh mo dhùil an ard
 A réir t'iaratais ;
 Bitheadh mo rùn a bhàn
 A réir do riarachaidh.

NEW MOON

the helm may be heard reasoning to himself ;

Glóir dhúh éin, a Dhé nua éil,
 Air son léchean íoil a' chinnin ;
 Do lámh féin air féilín mo sáidre,
 Agus do ríó air chúl mo stugla.

Glory be to Thee, O God of life,
 For the guiding leap of ocean ;
 Be Thine own hand on my rudder's helm,
 And Thy love behind the billows.

She of my love is the new moon,
 The God of life illuming her ; [establishing
 Be mine a good purpose
 Towards each creature in the creation.

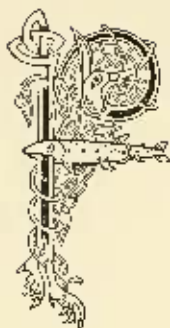
Be my prayer, O God,
 In accord with Thy sanctifying ;
 Be my heart, O God,
 In accord with Thy loving care.

Be my deed on land
 In accord with Thy satisfying ;
 Be my wish on sea
 In accord with Thy directing. [working

Be my hope on high
 In accord with Thy requiring ;
 Be my purpose below
 In accord with Thy satisfying.

Bitheadh mo thoil, a Dhé,
An deidh do shuaimhinnis ;
Bitheadh m'fhois, a Dhé,
Le Mac do shuaimhinnis.

Let my desire, O God,
 Seek after Thy repose ;
Be my rest, O God,
 With the Son of Thy tranquillity.



A' GHEALACH ÛR

[306]

AILTE dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 Ailleagan ìoil na h-àidh !
 Tha mi lùbadh dhut mo ghùn,
 Tha mi curmadh dhut mo ghràidh.

'Ta mi lùbadh dhut mo ghùn,
 'Ta mi tiubhradh dhut mo làmh,
 Tha mi togaid dhut mo shùil,
 A ghealach ùr nan tràth.

Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 A mhoineag mo ghràidh !
 Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 A mhoineag nan gràs !

Tha thu siubhal 'na do chùis,
 Tha thu stiùradh nan làn ;
 Tha thu suilseadh dhuinn do ghnùis,
 A ghealach ùr nan tràth.

A rìoghainn an ìoil,
 A rìoghainn an àigh,
 A rìoghainn mo rèin,
 A ghealach ùr nan tràth !

THE NEW MOON

Hail, to thee, thou new moon,
Guiding jewel of gentleness !
I am bending to thee my knee,
I am offering thee my love.

I am bending to thee my knee,
I am giving thee my hand,
I am filling to thee mine eye,
O new moon of the seasons,

Hail to thee, thou new moon,
Joyful maiden of my love !
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
Joyful maiden of the graces !

Thou art travelling in thy course,
Thou art steering the full tides ;
Thou art illumining to us thy face,
O new moon of the seasons,

Thou queen-maiden of guidance,
Thou queen-maiden of good fortune,
Thou queen-maiden my beloved,
Thou new moon of the seasons !

GEALACH ÛR

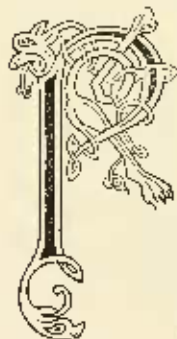
[307]

Beulaiche : Isabal Nic Nill, coitcar, Ceann Tangabball, Barraidh

TRUHAIRT am beulaiche : Ri faicinn domh an t-solas ùir, ta cuir agam mo shùil a thogail, mo cheann a chomadh, agus mo ghlùn a lèbadh, a' toir clù do Dhia nan dùl gum fàca mi ré nan ré ann sair eile. Is iomadh neach a chaidh a null thar abhainn duòb a' bhàis o thàinig thu rinnhe, ged tha mise an seo air m'fhàgail fathast ann an sroghal nan beò, ann an talamh an aithreachais ; is iomadh neach sin, a ghealach gheal nan tràch !

Ri linn m'athar cha robh fear ann Barraidh uach toireadh dheth a chomhadh eim do ghréin ghil an latha, no té am Barraidh nach clausadh a colann do ré ghil na h-oidhche. Tha seann daoine ann an dùthaich fathast a bhios ris a seo. Bidh mi féin ris air uaireibh, ged a bhios a' chlaran a' fanaid orm.

Nacillidh mi féin gura ni cainneil grian òingheal nam buadh a' toir dhuinn blàthais agus solais ri là, agus gealach gheal nan tràch a' toir dhuinn iail agus trèid ri oidhche.



I faicinn domh na gealaidh ùir,
Is dùth domh mo shùil a thogail,
Is dùth domh mo ghlùn a leagail,
Is dùth domh mo cheann a bhogadh,

Toir clù dhuit féin, a ré nan iùl,
Gum fàca mi thù a rìchist,
Gum fàca mi a' ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan iùil na slighe.

Is iomadh neach a chaidh a null
Eadar ùine an dà ghealaidh,
Ged tha mise a' mealtainn fàino,
A ré nan ré 's nam beannachd !

NEW MOON

Reciter : Isabel MacNeill, cottar, Czann Tangabhall, Barra

THE reciter said : When I see the new light, I am right to raise my eyes, to bend my head, and to bow my knee, giving praise to the God of life that I have seen the moon of moons once more. Many a one has crossed over the black river of death since thou didst come before, though I am left here still in the world of the living, on the earth of repentance ; many a one that, O white moon of the seasons !

In my father's time there was not a man in Barra but would take off his head-covering to the white sun of the day, nor a woman in Barra but would incline her body to the white moon of the night. Old men in this countryside do so still. I myself do so at times, though the children make fun of me.

I think myself that it is a matter for thankfulness, the golden-bright sun of virtues giving us warmth and light by day, and the white moon of the seasons giving us guidance and leading by night.

WHEN I see the new moon,
It becomes me to lift mine eye,
It becomes me to bend my knee,
It becomes me to bow my head,

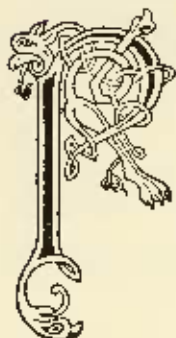
Giving thee praise, thou moon of guidance,
That I have seen thee again,
That I have seen the new moon,
The lovely leader of the way.

Many a one has passed beyond
In the time between the two moons,
Though I am still enjoying earth,
Thou moon of moons and of blessings !

A' GHEALACH ÙR

[308]

O Anna Nic Ghùl-Fhaolain, croitear, Meallaig Mhór, Mòrar



I faicinn dhomh na gealaich ùir,
 Is dùch dhomh mo rùn a chanail ;
 Is dùth dhomh cliù thoír a Thì nan dùl,
 Air sgàth a chùmh 's a mbathais ;

'S a liutha fear is té chaidh null
 'Thar abhainn doibh an aibheis,
 Bho na dhealraich dhomh do ghnùis,
 A ghealach ùr nam lathas !

THE NEW MOON

From Ann Maclellan, crafter, Meallaig Mhór, Morar

WHEN I see the new moon,
It becomes me to say my rune ;
It becomes me to praise the Being of life
For His kindness and His goodness ;

Seeing how many a man and woman have gone hence
Over the black river of the abyss,
Since last thy countenance shone on me,
Thou new moon of the heavens !

GEALACH ÙR

[309]



A mi togail duit mo làmh,
 'Ta mi bogadh dhuit mo chinn,
 Ta mi tabhairt duit mo ghràidh,
 Àilleagain àigh nan linn.

Ta mi togail duit mo shòil,
 'Ta mi cromadh dhuit mo chinn,
 Ta mi tiubhradh dhuit mo rùn,
 A ghealach ùr nan linn !

NEW MOON

I AM lifting to thee my hands,
I am bowing to thee my head,
I am giving thee my love,
Thou glorious jewel of all the ages.

I am raising to thee mine eye,
I am bending to thee my head,
I am offering thee my love,
Thou new moon of all the ages !

GEALACH ÛR

[310]

From Una MacDonaidh, crofter, Buidé Dhruith, Iochdar, South Uist

The following verses were addressed to the new moon which first observed. They were sung by the company of women, maidens, and perhaps men and boys, with impressive effect. At the summer shielings there might be a dozen or two dozen women and girls, with a sprinkling of men and boys, singing and dancing, carolling and prancing, upon the green grass under the shining light of the moon, the moonbeams shimmering upon the clear



JOD agsibh a' ghealach ùr,
Is Rìgh nan dùl 'ga beannachadh ;
Bithcadh gach oidhche cubhr
Air an soillsich i l

Bithcadh a lùthe làn
Do gach feumanach ;
Bithcadh a slighe slàn
Do gach tenguhalach.

Bithcadh a h-ial sluras
Aig gach eigeannach ;
Bithcadh a h-ùl a nuas
Aig gach feumanach.

Gun robh ré nan ré
Tighinn troimh neulaibh tiugh
Orms is air gach té
Tighinn troimh dheuraibh dubh.

NEW MOON

lake below, while the fleecy clouds moved slowly above, showing the blue, beautiful sky in the far-away distance, with the projecting rocks and the heath-clad everlasting hills at hand. The 'hooching' of the men, the clapping of the girls, the mouth-music of the women, and the reverberations in the rocks combined with the surroundings to make up a picture that can neither be described nor forgotten.

THEEK, see, the new moon,
 The King of life blessing her ;
 Fragrant be every night
 Whereun she shall shine !

Be her lustre full
 To each one in need ;
 Be her course complete
 To each one beset.

Be her light above
 With every one in straits ;
 Be her guidance below
 With every one in need.

May the moon of moons
 Be coming through thick clouds
 On me and on every one
 Coming through dark tears.

Lámh Dhé bliadh ornas a' támh
Annas gach càs an tachair mî,
Nis agus gu uair mo bhàis,
Agus gu là m'aiscirigh.

May God's hand on me dwell
In every strait that me befalls,
Now and till the hour of my death,
And till the day of my resurrection.



GEALACH ÙR

[311]

IOD, sìod, a' ghealach ùr |
 Is Rìgh nam dùl d'a gealadh duinn ;
 Bitheadh agamsa deagh rùn
 Do gach sùil a sheallas dhí.

Bitheadh mo shùil an àird
 Rì Athair àigh nam beannaichdan,
 Is bitheadh mo chridhe bhàn
 Do Chrìosda gluaidh a cheannaich mì.

Bitheadh mo ghèin a sìos
 Do riochdairn na màisealachd ;
 Bitheadh mo ghuth a nìos
 Do'n 'I' a rinn 's a bheannaich i.

NEW MOON

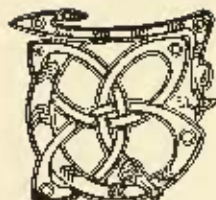
THERE, there, the new moon !
The King of life making her bright for us ;
Be mine a good intent
Towards all who look on her.

Be mine eye upward
To the gracious Father of blessings,
And be my heart below
To the dear Christ Who purchased me.

Be my knee bent down
To the queen of loveliness ;
Be my voice raised up
To Him Who made and blessed her.

A' GHEALACHÌ ÛR

[312]



É mo rùin a' ghealach ùr,
Is Rìgh nan dùl 'ga beannachadh ;
Bithheadh agamsa deagh rùin
Dha gach dùil a' chruthachaidh.

Bithheadh gach nì naomh
Air an soillsich í ;
Bithheadh gach nì caomh
Ta í foillseachadh.

Bithheadh a h-ìùl air tìr
Aig gach teugnhalach ;
Bithheadh a h-ìùl air lùr
Aig gach eigeannach.

Gun robh ré nan ré
Tighinn tre neulaibh tìugh
Ormsa 's air gach cré
Tighinn tre theannachadh.

Gun robh òigh mo ghaoid
Tighinn tre chaoba dubh
Dhomsa 's dha gach aon
Ann an teinneachadh.

Gun robh Rìgh nan gràs
Le mo tàimh a' cur
Nis agus gu bráth
Gu lá m'aiseirigh.

THE NEW MOON

SHE of my love is the new moon,
The King of all creatures blessing her ;
Be mine a good purpose
Towards each creature of creation.

Holy be each thing
Which she illumines ;
Kindly be each deed
Which she reveals.

Be her guidance on land
With all beset ones ;
Be her guidance on the sea
With all distressed ones.

May the moon of moons
Be coming through thick clouds
On me and on every mortal
Who is coming through affliction.

May the virgin of my love
Be coming through dense dark clouds
To me and to each one
Who is in tribulation.

May the King of grace
Be helping my hand
Now and for ever
Till my resurrection day.

RÌOGILAINN NA H-OIDHICHE

[313]



AILTE dhuit féin,
Éiteag na h-oidhiche !

Ailleachd nan speur,
Éiteag na h-oidhiche !

Máthair nan reul,
Éiteag na h-oidhiche !

Dalta na gréine,
Éiteag na h-oidhiche !

Mórachd nan reul,
Éiteag na h-oidhiche !

QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

HAIL unto thee,
Jewel of the night !

Beauty of the heavens,
Jewel of the night !

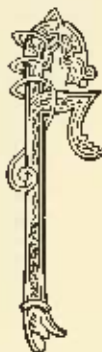
Mother of the stars,
Jewel of the night !

Fosterling of the sun,
Jewel of the night !

Majesty of the stars,
Jewel of the night !

AILLEAGAN NAM BUADH [3*4]

O Mháiri Nic an Tóisich, nó Smíochach, Leth Máeadhónach,
Uíbhlist a Deas



AILTE dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 Ailleagan ìuil na h-oidhche !
 Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 Ailleagan ìuil nan stuagh !
 Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 Ailleagan ìuil a' chuain !
 Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 Ailleagan ìuil nam buadh !
 Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 Ailleagan ìuil mo luaidh !
 Ailleagan nan néamh !

JEWEL OF VIRTUES

From Mary Mackintosh, *née* Smith. Leth Micadhonnach, South Uist

HAIL to thee, thou new moon,
Jewel of guidance in the night !
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
Jewel of guidance on the billows !
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
Jewel of guidance on the ocean !
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
Jewel of guidance of the virtues !
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
Jewel of guidance of my love !
Thou jewel of heaven !

GEALACH ÛR

[315]

THUHAIRT an sean saochaidh :—An nair a dh'neach a' ghealach ùr,
 is còir dha umhlachd a dhèanamh dhi agus crois Chriosda chur an clàr
 a chriche agus an rann a ghabhsil ann an sùil Dhè na gèire dh'an t-èir
 gach rà.



UMA geal do sholas dhomh !
 Guma rèidh do thuras dhomh !
 Mas math do thoiseach dhomh,
 Seachd fearr do dheireadh dhomh,
 A ghealach ùr nan tràth,
 A lèchraim mhóir nan gràs !

Am fear a chruthaich thusa,
 Chruthaich e mise os barr ;
 Am fear thug dhutsa seagh is solas,
 Thug e dhomhsa beatha 's bàs,
 Agus sonas nan seachd sàth,
 A lèchraim mhóir nan gràs,
 A ghealach gheal nan tràth.

NEW MOON

The aged reciter said : When a person sees the new moon, he ought to make reverence to it, and to make the cross of Christ over the tablet of his heart, and to say the rune in the eye of the God of glory Who sees all.

MAY thy light be fair to me !
May thy course be smooth to me !
If good to me is thy beginning,
Seven times better be thine end,
Thou fair moon of the seasons,
Thou great lamp of grace !

He Who created thee
Created me likewise ;
He Who gave thee weight and light,
Gave to me life and death,
And the joy of the seven satisfactions,
Thou great lamp of grace,
Thou fair moon of the seasons.

GRIAN

[1916]

Old men in the Isles still uncover their heads when they first see the sun on coming out in the morning. They have a hymn not easily taught up



ÙIL Dhé mhóir,
 Sùil Dhé na glóir,
 Sùil Rìgh nan slògh,
 Sùil Rìgh nam beò,
 Dòrtadh oirne
 Gach òil agus ial,
 Dòrtadh oirne
 Gu fòill agus gu lial.

Gloir dhuìt fhéin,
 A ghréin an àigh.

Gloir dhuìt fhéin, a ghréin,
 A ghnáis Dhé nan dól.

SUN

and not easily got from them. The following fragments were obtained from a man of ninety-nine years in the south end of South Uist, and from another in Mingulay, one of the outer isles of Barra.

THE eye of the great God,
The eye of the God of glory,
The eye of the King of hosts,
The eye of the King of the living,
Pouring upon us
At each time and season,
Pouring upon us
Gently and generously.

Glory to thee,
Thou glorious sun.

Glory to thee, thou sun,
Face of the God of life.

AN URNAIGH GHIRÉINE

TROSTAIR an seachaidh:—Bha duine ann an Àrasaig agus bha e fuathasach sean, agus bhíodh e ag adhradh do'n gcríon agus do'n ghluaisich agus do na reultaibh. Dar a dh'áiríodh a' ghrian air bharr na banna bheiradh e dhocht a chomhdach cinn, agus chròmadh e sìne a cheann, a' luib glóir do Dha mór nan dhì air son glóir na gréine agus mathas a soinis do chleam nan daoine agus do bhreathachaisibh an t-aoighail. Dar a rachadh a' ghrian fo dhe sa chuan an iar, bheiradh an sean duine dhocht a sùil a chomhdach cinn, agus chròmadh e a cheann gu iar, agus cheiradh e—

Tha mise an dòighe 'na chéit
 Nach cuir Dia mór nan ágh
 As domha solas nan gréine
 Mar thà theas dha m'fhàgail a nochd.

Bha an sean duine ag ràdh gun d'ionnsaich e seo lita utuair agus bha shearn daoine a' bhuile dar a bha e 'na leanabh beag. Bhíodh clann gun mball a' magadh air Iain, an duil nach robh e uile gu léir ann, ach cha léir d'bonn fhéin gun robh Iain hochd a' dèanamh dad earr.

THE SUN PRAYER

THE reciter said :—There was a man in Arasaig, and he was extremely old, and he would make adoration to the sun and to the moon and to the stars. When the sun would rise on the tops of the peaks he would put off his head-covering and he would bow down his head, giving glory to the great God of life for the glory of the sun and for the goodness of its light to the children of men and to the animals of the world. When the sun set in the western ocean the old man would again take off his head-covering, and he would bow his head to the ground and say—

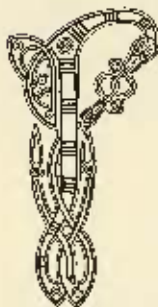
I am in hope, in its proper time,
That the great and gracious God
Will not put out for me the light of grace
Even as thou dost leave me this night.

The old man said that he had learned this from his father and from the old men of the village when he was a small child. Mannerless children would be mocking Iain, thinking that he was not all there, but it is not clear to me that poor Iain was doing anything wrong.

A' GHRIAN

[317]

O Iain Mac Nill, coisear, Buailte uera Budsch, Easraibh



AILTE ort féin, a ghrian nan tràth,
 'S tu síubhal ard nan speur ;
 Do cheumaibh treun air sgéith nan ard,
 'S tu màthair àigh nan reul.

Thu laighe sìos an cuan na dìth
 Gun dìobhail is gun sgàth ;
 Thu 'g éirigh suas air stuagh na sìth,
 Mar rioghainn òg fò bhlàth.

THE SUN

From John MacNeill, cottar, Busle nam Bodach, Barra

HAIL to thee, thou sun of the seasons,
As thou traversest the skies aloft ;
Thy steps are strong on the wing of the heavens,
Thou art the glorious mother of the stars.

Thou liest down in the destructive ocean
Without impairment and without fear ;
Thou risest up on the peaceful wave-crest
Like a queenly maiden in bloom.

AN GARBHAN

[318]



HOIR dhuinn, a Dhé, dhe'n gharbhan mhadainn,
 Tairbh a' chuirp is deilbh an anama ;
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, dhe'n t-saoidhanh aran
 Tacar mbath an dàil an anamoch.

Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, dhe'n bhraunach mheala,
 Bladh is blachd nan gabhal cubbraidh,
 'S thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, an cois do chadaif,
 Fois fo sgàth du Charraig chumhant.

Thoir dhuinn a nochd dhe'n iudh a mhaircas,
 Thoir dhuinn a nochd dhe'n dibh nach cùraich ;
 Thoir dhuinn a nochd an taic nam slachas
 Cailis Mhoire mhìn na ciùine.

Bi leinn a là, bi leinn a dh'oidheh,
 Bi leinn a sboille agus dhubhradh,
 A' laighe sìos 's ag òirigh suas,
 An caint, an ghlasad agus urnaigh.

THE MEAL

GIVE us, O God, of the morning meal,
Benefit to the body, the frame of the soul ;
Give us, O God, of the seventh bread,
Enough for our need at evening close.

Give us, O God, of the honey-sweet foaming milk,
The sap and milk of the fragrant farus,
And give us, O God, along with Thy sleep,
Rest in the shade of Thy covenant Rock.

Give us this night of the corn that shall last,
Give us this night of the drink that shall hurt not ;
Give us this night, anear to the heavens,
The chalice of Mary mild, the tender.

Be with us by day, be with us by night,
Be with us by light and by dark,
In our lying down and in our rising up,
In speech, in walk, in prayer.

BEANNACHADH BITHIDH

[310]

Beulaiche : Calua Mac Glille Mhaoil, ceannaiche,
Baile Mhonaich, Binnne Bhadhla



I liom, a Dhé, aig bristeadh arain,
Bí liom, a Dhé, ri crích mo léin ;
Na leig-sa sur a síos mo chlainn [chlainn
A ní dúbháil dha m'anam bróin.
O sur a síos mo chlainn
Ní dúbháil dha m'anam bróin.

GRACE BEFORE FOOD

Reciter : Malcolm Macmillan, merchant, Saltwaterich, Benbecula

Be with me, O God, at breaking of bread,

Be with me, O God, at the close of my meal ;

Let no whit adown my body

That may hurt my sorrowing soul.

O na whit adown my body

That may hurt my sorrowing soul.

BUIDHEACIAS BITHIDH

[320]

Bualairhe : Cathum Mac Ghille Aluail, ceannsaiche,
Baile Mheasaich, Beinn Bhadrula



AING dhut, a Dhé,
Moladh dhut, a Dhé,
Urram díut, a Dhé,
An déidh na thug thu dhomh.

Mar thug thu beatha chorporra
Chom cosnaidh dhomh mo lóin,
Thoir dhomh beatha mhaircannacá
Chom taisbeanaidh do ghlóir.

Thoir dhomh grás an dáil mo bheatha,
Thoir dhomh beatha an dáil mo bháis ;
Bí liom, a Dhé, an tilgealach m'anail,
Dhé, bí le m'anam anns na strithean ard.

O ! an tilgealach na h-anail,
O ! le m'anam anns na strithean ard.
Dhé, bí le m'anam a' grunnachadh nan áth,
Dol thar nan tairrainn ard.

THANKS AFTER FOOD

Reciter : Malcolm Macmillan, merchant, Balvaanich, Bembecota

THANKS be to Thee, O God,
Praise be to Thee, O God,
Reverence be to Thee, O God,
For all Thou hast given me.

As Thou hast given life corporeal
To earn me my worldly food,
So grant me life eternal
To show forth Thy glory.

Grant me grace throughout my life,
Grant me life at the hour of my death ;
Be with me, O God, in casting off my breath,
O God, be with me in the deep currents.

O ! in the parting of the breath,
O ! be with my soul in the deep currents.
O God, be with my soul in sounding the fords,
In crossing the deep floods.

EÓLAS EAGAIL OIDIICHE

[321]

THIS rune is said by travellers at night. Any person saying it from the heart will be saved and safeguarded from harm. He will not be molested by the 'fuath,' the 'geangach,' the 'peaslag,' the 'bar-sith,' the 'bean-uigfidh,' nor by 'fríoch naí creag,' nor by any spirit in the air, in the earth, under the earth, in the sea, nor under the sea. The incantation, 'Gum h-annoch dhuit!' 'May you be late!' is still reckoned as specially evil.

'An faic thu dad, a mhicéin?' 'Chan fhaic mé dad, a chair.' 'An faic thu dad a nis, a mhicéin?' 'Ní faic mé dad, a chair.' 'An faic thu dad féir a nis, a mhicéin?' 'Chan fhaic mí gíar, a chair.' 'A Mhoire, éan fhaic! Chan éil an uiread sin de thuine; 'tus du cheann tu do shíoch no do shúil gan faiceadh tusa bócan no dad eile de dhíoch obair na h-oidhche!'—'Do you see anything, little son?' 'I see nothing, father.' 'Do you see anything now, little son?' 'I see nothing, father.' 'Do you see anything at all now, little son?' 'I see nothing at all, father.' 'By



IA romham, Dia dhcogham,
Dia tharam, Dia fódham ;
Mise air slighe Dhia,
Dia air mo luig.

[faram

Go sud air fainn ?
Go sud air tuinn ?
Go sud air luinn ?
Go sud air suinn ?
Go tha cuide ruinn ?
Dia agus Domhnach.

Mis an seo an céin,
Mis an seo an éis,
Mis an seo an péin,
Mis an seo an teim,
Mis an seo liom féin,
Dhé, déan mo chomhadh.

CHARM FOR FEAR BY NIGHT

Mary, you see nothing! There is not so much sense in your head or in your stout or in your eye that you would see a bogle or anything else of the ill work of the night!

This conversation took place between a father and the little son on his back as they were passing through a spot of evil reputation. When the father passed the dreaded hollow he put down his boy and ran as hard as he could. The boy overtook and passed him. When he reached home, the boy fell in the door exhausted. Immediately after the father came up and stumbled over the motionless boy lying in the doorway. Thinking that this was the bogle at last, the father yelled, rousing the boy without and the mother within. The frightened man gave his son a ruffing and a severe scolding for leaving him to the mercy of the bogles. 'A plúastaí phéallaidh, dol a dh'fhágáil r'achar 'ga ítheadh aig bóenín Léig Onair agus aig gearúg na h-oidhche!'—'You little sack of hide, to go and leave your father to be eaten by the bogles of Léig Onair and the marsh-spirits of the night!'

God before me, God behind me,
 God above me, God below me;
 I on the path of God,
 God upon my track.

Who is there on land?
 Who is there on wave?
 Who is there on billow?
 Who is there by door-post?
 Who is along with us?
 God and Lord.

I am here abroad,
 I am here in need,
 I am here in pain,
 I am here in straits,
 I am here alone,
 O God, aid me.

COMARAIG NAN DEÒR

[322]



HA mì cur m'anama 's mo chorp
 Fo do chumaraig a nochd, a Bhrighid,
 A Mhoime bhith Chrìosda gun lochd,
 A Mhoime bhith Chrìosda nan creuchda.

Tha mì cur m'anama 's mo chorp
 Fo do chumaraig a nochd, a Mhoire,
 A Mhàthair mhìn Chrìosda nam bochd,
 A Mhàthair mhìn Chrìosda nan deura.

Tha mì cur m'anama 's mo chorp
 Fo do chomaraig a nochd, a Chrìosda,
 A Mhic nan deur, nan creuchd 's nan lot,
 Bitheadh do chrois a nochd dha m' dhìona.

Tha mì cur m'anama 's mo chorp
 Fo do chomaraig a nochd, a Dhé,
 Athair chobhair nan deòra diblidh bochd,
 Comhaidair talmhainn agus nèamha,
 Comhnadair talmhainn agus nèamha.

THE PILGRIMS' SAFEGUARDING

I AM placing my soul and my body
Under thy guarding this night, O Brigit,
O calm Foster-mother of the Christ without sin,
O calm Foster-mother of the Christ of wounds,

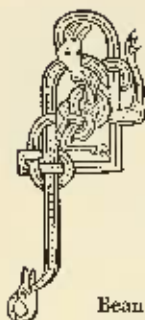
I am placing my soul and my body
Under thy guarding this night, O Mary,
O tender Mother of the Christ of the poor,
O tender Mother of the Christ of tears.

I am placing my soul and my body
Under Thy guarding this night, O Christ,
O Thou Son of the tears, of the wounds, of the piercings,
May Thy cross this night be shielding me.

I am placing my soul and my body
Under Thy guarding this night, O God,
O Thou Father of help to the poor feeble pilgrims,
Protector of earth and of heaven,
Protector of earth and of heaven.

DÌON DÈ

[323]



THIGHEARNA agus a Dhia nam feart,
 Dion agus riaraich mi a nochd, [diabhaich
 A Thighearna, a Dhia nam feart,
 A nochd agus gach oidhche.

Seun agus saor mi bho lochd,
 Seun agus saor mi bho thort, [nic
 Seun m'anam agus mo chorp,
 Gach durcha agus gach suille.

Beannaich dhomh an tìr ann bheil mo dhùil,
 Beannaich dhomh an nì a chù mo shùil,
 Beannaich dhomh an nì a chù mo rùn,
 A Dhé nan dùl, beannaich mo chor.

Beannaich an turas ann bheil mi dol,
 Beannaich an talamh ta fo m' chois,
 Beannaich a' chùis air ann bheil mo thòir,
 A Rìgh na glòire, beannaich mo chor.

SHIELDING OF GOD

Thou Lord and God of power,
Shield and sustain me this night,
Thou Lord, Thou God of power,
This night and every night.

Save and deliver me from fault,
Save and deliver me from sin,
Save my soul and my body,
Each dark and each light.

Bless to me the land whither I am bound,
Bless to me the thing mine eye shall see,
Bless to me the thing my purpose discerns,
Thou God of life, bless my condition.

Bless the journey whereon I go,
Bless the earth that is under my foot,
Bless the matter which I seek,
Thou King of glory, bless my condition.

SMURADH AN TULA

[324]



MURADH mí an tula
 Mar a smuradh Brìghde Muime,
 Ainm naomh na Muime
 Bhìth mu'n tula, bhìth mu'n tòn,
 Bhìth mu'n ardraich uile.

SMALADH AN TEINE

[325]

SMALAM a nochd mo theine
 Mar smaladh Mac na Muine ;
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's dh'an teine,
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's gach duine ;
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's dh'an tulaich,
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's dh'an làr,
 Is air gach trend is tòn,
 Is air an ardraich uile.

SMOORING THE HEARTH

I WILL smoor the hearth
As Brigit the Fostermother would smoor,
The Fostermother's holy name
Be on the hearth, be on the herd,
Be on the household all.

SMOORING THE FIRE

I SMOOR this night my fire
As Mary's Son would smoor ;
God's compassing be to myself and the fire,
God's compassing to myself and to all ;
God's compassing to myself and the hearth,
God's compassing to myself and the floor,
And upon each herd and flock,
And upon the household all.



SMÀLADH AN TEINE

[326]

MÀLAM a nochd an teine
 Mar a smàladh Mac na Muire ;
 Caim Dhé a bhith dh'an teine,
 Caim Dhé dh'an chuideachd uile.

Caim Dhé bhith umainn fèin,
 Caim Dhé bhith umainn uile,
 Caim Dhé bhith air an treud,
 Caim Dhé bhith air an tulaich.

Co a tha ri faire nochd ?
 Co ach Crìosda nam bochd,
 Brìghde mìngheal nan nì,
 Muire mìngheal nan clachd.

Guma slàn do thaigh 's do thàn,
 Guma slàn do mhac 's do nighean,
 Guma slàn do bhean, do dhuine,
 Guma slàn do mhuintir uile.

SMOORING THE FIRE

I smoor the fire this night
As the Son of Mary would smoor it ;
The compassing of God be on the fire,
The compassing of God on all the household.

Be God's compassing about ourselves,
Be God's compassing about us all,
Be God's compassing upon the flock,
Be God's compassing upon the hearth.

Who keeps the watch this night ?
Who but the Christ of the poor,
The bright and gentle Brigit of the kine,
The bright and gentle Mary of the ringlets.

Whole be house and herd,
Whole be son and daughter,
Whole be wife and man,
Whole the household all.

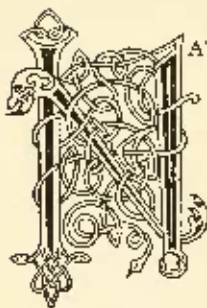
URNAIGH OIÐHCHE

[327]

From Pòigidh Nic Cormaig (Peggy MacCormack), née MacDonald,
Aird Bhuidhe, Loch Buisdale, Uist

The reciter said that this and similar hymns used to be sung in her father's house at Àirigh nam Ban in Uist. Crofters then held the land now occupied by sheep. The people were strong, healthy, and happy, and enjoyed life to the full in their simple homely ways. They had sheep and cattle, corn, potatoes, and poultry, milk, cheese, butter and fish, all in sufficiency. They were good to the poor, kind to the stranger, and helpful to one another, and there was nothing amiss. There were pipers and fiddlers in almost every house, and the people sang and danced in summer time on the green grass without, and in winter time on the clay floor within.

'How we enjoyed ourselves in those faraway days—the old as much as the young. I often saw three and sometimes four generations dancing



A' aiam, los a chaidh a cheusadh,
 Laighim féin a stòs gu tàmh ;
 Caithris mi anns a' chadal chéine,
 Gleidh mi féin air do leth làimh ;
 Caithris mi anns a' chadal chéine,
 Gleidh mi féin air do leth làimh.

Beannsaich dhomh, O mo Chrìosda,
 Bi ad sgiath dhomh dha mna dhìon,
 Fòir mo cheum anns a' chorraich chriaraich,
 Treòraich ionnsaigh na beatha shìor ;
 Fòir mo cheum anns a' chorraich chriaraich,
 Treòraich ionnsaigh na beatha shìor.

NIGHT PRAYER.

together on the green grass in the golden summer sunset. Men and women of fourscore or more—for they lived long in those days—dancing with boys and girls of five on the green grass. These were the happy days and the happy nights, and there was neither sin nor sorrow in the world for us. The thought of those young days makes my old heart both glad and sad even at this distance of time. But the clearances came upon us, destroying all, turning our small crofts into big farms for the stranger, and turning our joy into misery, our gladness into bitterness, our blessing into blasphemy, and our Christianity into mockery. O a dhuine ghaolaich, thig na doir air mo shùilcan le fion suasoinne air us dh'fhuilig sin agus na duib' thàinig sin 'roimhe.—O dear man, the tears come on my eyes when I think of all we suffered and of the sorrows, hardships, oppressions we came through.²

In Thy name, O Jesu Who wast crucified,
 I lie down to rest ;
 Watch Thou me in sleep remote,
 Hold Thou me in Thy one hand ;
 Watch Thou me in sleep remote,
 Hold Thou me in Thy one hand.

Bless me, O my Christ,
 Be Thou my shield protecting me,
 Aid my steps in the pitful swamp,
 Lead Thou me to the life eternal ;
 Aid my steps in the pitful swamp,
 Lead Thou me to the life eternal.

Cum mi féin am fianais Dé,
A dheagh Mhúic Éibhlin na hÓigh,
Is guidhim déin do chomhnadh treun
Bho m' laighe céire gu m'éirigh ló ;
Is guidhim déin do chomhnadh treun
Bho m' laighe céire gu m'éirigh lá.

Keep Thou me in the presence of God,
O good and gracious Son of the Virgin,
And fervently I pray Thy strong protection
From my lying down at dusk to my rising at day ;
And fervently I pray Thy strong protection
From my lying down at dusk to my rising at day.

LAIGHIM SIOS A NOCHD

[328]



LAIGHIM sìos a nochd le Dia,
 Is laighidh Dia a sìos lionn ;
 Laighim sìos a nochd le Crìosd,
 Is laighidh Crìosd a sìos lionn ;
 Laighim sìos a nochd le Spìorad,
 Is laighidh Spìorad sìos lionn ;
 Dia agus Crìosd agus Spìorad
 A sìos a' laighe lionn.

I LIE DOWN THIS NIGHT

I lie down this night with God,
And God will lie down with me ;
I lie down this night with Christ,
And Christ will lie down with me ;
I lie down this night with Spirit,
And the Spirit will lie down with me ;
God and Christ and the Spirit
Be lying down with me.

ACHAN CHADAIL

[329]



AIGBIM sìos a nochd
 Le Brìghde nam brot,
 Le Muire nan sìth,
 Le Iosa nam hochd,

Laighim sìos a nochd
 Le Brìghde na cùin,
 Le Muire na toirt,
 Le Mìcheal mo cùin.

Laighim sìos a nochd
 Am fochair Rìgh nan dùl,
 Am fochair Crìosd nan nochd,
 Am fochair Spioraid Nàmh.

Laighim sìos a nochd
 Le na naoi croisean fionn,
 O bharr a mo chinn
 Gu traighean mo bhonn ;
 O bharr a mo chinn
 Gu traighean mo bhonn.

[aigcèil]

SLEEP INVOCATION

I lie down this night
 With Brigit of the mantles,
 With Mary of peace,
 With Jesus of the poor.

I lie down this night
 With Brigit of calmness,
 With Mary revered,
 With Michael of my love.

I lie down this night
 Near the King of life,
 Near Christ of the destitute,
 Near the Holy Spirit.

I lie down this night
 With the nine crosses holy,
 From the crown of my head
 To the soles of my feet ;
 From the crown of my head
 To the soles of my feet.

[angels]

GABHAIL MU THÌAMH

[330]

THUCHADH an seann bheanlaiche, bean aosda bhocht agus i 'na h-aois san t-saoghal : Tha mi dèanadh a nis mar a chumaid mi mo ndèanadh a' dèanadh dar a bha mi am leanaban. Mha téid mi a laighe tha mi cur a' chroinn air còmhla an t-òraib, agus tha mi dèanadh crois Chrìosda air a' chrann agus air a' chumbla, agus tha mi ag seòl ri Dia mar an cùl, A' chuir nan uile bheò, dìon agus comhfhurtachd a thoirt dhomh a nochd.



ARA tigeadh thugam eucoir,
Tre chrann chusaidh Chrìosd ;
Nara tigeadh thugam reubann,
Tre shuil cùchdach Ios.

Nara tigeadh thugam dòbheairt
Tre chomhla na tre chrann ;
Nara faicinn foirneart,
Is Rìgh na glòir ri m' cheann.

'Na dheugaidh sin tha mi cur as mo sholas agus tha mi sin a' dol dha m' feabaidh, agus dha a phius mi 'nam laigh air mo chusaidh tha mi a' dèanadh crois Chrìosda air mo bhroilleach, air clàr mo chridhe cruidh, agus tha mi a' guidhe ri Dia beò an domhain—

Gun tigeadh Solas nan solas
Dha m' chridhe doilleir o t' àite ; [at ?
Gun tigeadh às an Spioraid
Air clàr mo chridhe bho m' Shlàn'ear.

Sith Spioraid dhomh féin a nochd,
Sith Mic dhomh féin a nochd,
Sith Athar dhomh féin a nochd,
Sith nan sith dhomh féin a nochd,
Gach noch agus anamoch dha m' shaoghal.

GOING TO REST

THE poor, aged, and lonely reciter said : I do now as I saw my mother doing when I was a child. Before going to my bed I place the bar upon the leaf of the door, and I make the cross of Christ on the bar and on the door, and I supplicate the great God of life, the Father of all living, to protect and comfort me this night,

MAY no wrong come unto me,
 Through the crucifying-tree of Christ ;
 May no rapine come to me,
 Through the precious blood of Jesus.

May no ill-doing come to me
 Through door-leaf nor through bar ;
 Nor may I see oppression,
 While the King of glory leads me.

After that I put out my light, and then I go to bed, and when I lie down on my pillow I make the cross of Christ upon my breast, over the tablet of my hard heart, and I beseech the living God of the universe—

May the Light of lights come
 To my dark heart from Thy place ; [in thy stead
 May the Spirit's wisdom come
 To my heart's tablet from my Saviour.

Be the peace of the Spirit mine this night,
 Be the peace of the Son mine this night,
 Be the peace of the Father mine this night,
 The peace of all peace be mine this night,
 Each morning and evening of my life.

BEANNACHADH TAIMH

[331]

Beataiche : Dìghall Mar Ardlaith, coitear, Haclet, Beinne B'hadha



HÉ, beannaich dhomh 'n ré ta os mo chionn,
 Dhé, beannaich dhomh 'n cé ta fos mo bhonn,
 Beannaich dhomh féin mo chéile 's mo chfann,
 'S beannaich, a Dhé, dhomh féin ta air an ceann ;
 Beannaich dhomh féin mo chéile 's mo chlann,
 'S beannaich, a Dhé, dhomh féin ta air an ceann.

Dhé, beannaich dh'an nì dh'a bheil mo shùil,
 Dhé, beannaich dh'an nì dh'a bheil mo dhùil,
 Beannaich, a Dhé, dha m' chéill agus dha m' ròn,
 Beannaich, O beannaich féin, a Dhé nan dùl ;
 Beannaich, a Dhé, dha m' chéill agus dha m' rùn,
 Beannaich, O beannaich féin, a Dhé nan dùl.

Beannaich dhomh cainntleapach mo dhàimh,
 Beannaich dhomh làimhsachadh mo làimh,
 Beannaich, O beannaich, a Dhé, dhomh caimcachadh mo
 chaim,
 'S beannaich, O beannaich dhomh aingeachadh mo thàimh ;
 Beannaich, O beannaich, a Dhé, dhomh caimcachadh
 mo chaim,
 'S beannaich, O beannaich dhomh aingeachadh mo
 thàimh.

REST BENEDICTION

Reciter : Dugall MacAulay, cottar, Hacleit, Benbecula

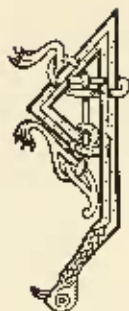
Bless to me, O God, the moon that is above me,
 Bless to me, O God, the earth that is beneath me,
 Bless to me, O God, my wife and my children,
 And bless, O God, myself who have care of them ;
 Bless to me my wife and my children,
 And bless, O God, myself who have care of them.

Bless, O God, the thing on which mine eye doth rest,
 Bless, O God, the thing on which my hope doth rest,
 Bless, O God, my reason and my purpose,
 Bless, O bless 'Thou them, 'Thou God of life ;
 Bless, O God, my reason and my purpose,
 Bless, O bless 'thou them, 'Thou God of life.

Bless to me the bed-companion of my love,
 Bless to me the handling of my hands,
 Bless, O bless 'Thou to me, O God, the fencing of my defence,
 And bless, O bless to me the angeling of my rest ;
 Bless, O bless 'Thou to me, O God, the fencing of my
 defence,
 And bless, O bless to me the angeling of my rest.

FOIS

[332]



THÌ nam feart,
 Dìon mi le neart,
 A Thì nam reachd
 Agus nan roille.

[roille

Caimich mi a nochd,
 Anam agus corp,
 Caimich mi a nochd
 Agus gach oidhche.

Caimich mi ceart
 Eadar ùir agus earc,
 Eadar ròn do reachd
 Agus dearc mu dhoille ;

[earc]

Eadar na chì
 Agus nach lì mo shùil ;
 Eadar nas léir
 Agus nach léir dha m' ròn.

REPOSE

THOU Being of marvels,
Shield me with might,
Thou Being of statutes
And of laws.

Compass me this night,
Both soul and body,
Compass me this night
And on every night.

Compass me aright
Between earth and sky,
Between the mystery of Thy laws
And mine eye of blindness ;

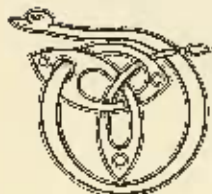
Both that which mine eye sees
And that which it reads not ;
Both that which is clear
And is not clear to my devotion.

CLOS CADAIL

[333]

Beulsicbe : Màiri Nic Rath, coitist, Cairas Luinge, Cinn 'Pàile

Aas an beulsicbe : Aas dèidh dhuinn mo chàmhla a dhùnadh agus mo chrúisgein a smàladh agus mo dhèl dha m' fèalsaidh, tha mi guillec air '13 nan dhèl agus air Dia nan gràs, agus ag ràdh ris—



HÈ nan dùl, na dubhr dhomh do shòlas,
 Dhé nan dùl, na dùin dhomh do shòlas,
 Dhé nan dùl, na druid dhomh do dhoras,
 Dhé nan dùl, na diùlt dhomh do thòrcair,
 Dhé nan dùl, mùch dhomh do dhòlas,
 Agus a Dhé nan dùl, crùn dhomh do shòlas,
 Agus a Dhé nan dùl, crùn dhomh do shòlas.

REPOSE OF SLEEP

Reciter : Mary MacRae, cottar, Camas Luinge, Kintail

THE reciter said : After I have closed my door and put out my cruise (lamp) and gone to my bed, I beseech the Being of life and the God of grace, and say to Him —

- O God of life, darken not to me Thy light,
O God of life, close not to me Thy joy,
O God of life, shut not to me Thy door,
 O God of life, refuse not to me Thy mercy,
 O God of life, quench Thou to me Thy wrath,
 And O God of life, crown Thou to me Thy gladness,
O God of life, crown Thou to me Thy gladness.



DHÈ MHÓIR

[334]

HÈ mhóir, thoir dhomhsa do sholas,
 Dhé mhóir, thoir dhomhsa do ghràs,
 Dhé mhóir, thoir dhomhsa do shonas,
 Agus mo thodhar ann an tobar do shláint.

Tog dhìom, a Dhé, mo dhórainn,
 Tog dhìom, a Dhé, mo ghràin,

Tog dhìom, a Dhé, gach amaí,
 Agus soillsich dha m'anam an soiltse do bhàidh.

[arrais

Mar thia mìse a' cur dhlom m'fhallainn,
 Thoir dhomh fèin cur dhìom mo spàirn ;
 Mar thogas an carr thar bharr nam beannaibh,
 Tog thusa dha m'anam o anaíl a' bhàis.

Iosa Chrìosd, a Mhic na Moire,
 Iosa Chrìosd, a Mhic na Pàis,
 Dìon dha n' chalamh an dìnnadh t'fhalfainn,
 Agus todhraich dha m'anam ann an todhraich do ghràis.

THOU GREAT GOD

Thou great God, grant me Thy light,
Thou great God, grant me Thy grace,
Thou great God, grant me Thy joy,
And let me be made pure in the well of Thy health.

Lift Thou from me, O God, my anguish,
Lift Thou from me, O God, my abhorrence,
Lift Thou from me, O God, all empty pride,
And lighten my soul in the light of Thy love.

As I put off from me my raiment,
Grant me to put off my struggling ;
As the haze rises from off the crest of the mountains,
Raise Thou my soul from the vapour of death.

Jesu Christ, O Son of Mary,
Jesu Christ, O Paschal Sun,
Shield my body in the shielding of Thy mantle,
And make pure my soul in the purifying of Thy grace.

URNAIGH

[355]

THE reciter said that she heard this hymn and many other hymns and songs, tunes and melodies, when a child, from her father John MacNeill and from her mother Mary Maclean. Her parents had innumerable songs and hymns, chants and melodies, which they taught to their children. She, however, was but a child when her parents died, and she remembers but fragments of what they taught to her and her brothers and sisters. The



O Dhia agus mo Thriath,
Iarram dhuit gu moch,
Mo Dhia agus mo Thriath,
Iarram dhuit a nochd.
Tha mi tabhar dhuit mo chiall,
Tha mi tabhar dhuit mo thort,
Tha mi tabhar dhuit mo mhian,
M'anam slorraidh agus mo chorp.

Gun robh thu ad cheannard orm,
Gun robh thu ad mhaighistir dhomh,
Gun robh thu ad chiohair orm,
Gun robh thu ad chomhlach dhomh,
Gun robh thu ad bhuachaill orm,
Gun robh thu ad idlair dhomh,
Gun robh thu liom, a Thriath nan triath,
Athair slorraidh agus a Dhia nan neof.

PRAYER

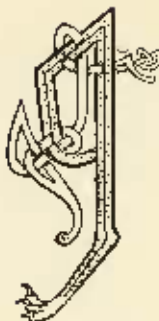
woman taught all that she could remember of her childhood's prayers and hymns and harmonies to her own ten children, most of whom are now dead. The woman said that she often thought over those old songs and airs, hymns and tunes, that she heard in her childhood and never heard again since, and that they appear to her very peculiar and very different from anything that she had ever heard since then. She thinks that most of them must have been very old; they were very weird and very beautiful.

My God and my Chief,
 I seek to Thee in the morning,
 My God and my Chief,
 I seek to Thee this night.
 I am giving Thee my mind,
 I am giving Thee my will,
 I am giving Thee my wish,
 My soul everlasting and my body.

Mayest Thou be chieftain over me,
 Mayest Thou be master unto me,
 Mayest Thou be shepherd over me,
 Mayest Thou be guardian unto me,
 Mayest Thou be herdsman over me,
 Mayest Thou be guide unto me,
 Mayest Thou be with me, O Chief of chiefs,
 Father everlasting and God of the heavens.

URNAIGH

[336]



THAIR, beannaich mi 'nam chorp,
 Athair, beannaich mi 'nam anam ;
 Athair, beannaich mi a nochd
 'Nam chorp agus 'nam anam.

Athair, beannaich mi 'nam bheatha,
 Athair, beannaich mi 'nam chreideamh ;
 Athair, beannaich mi 'nam cheangal
 Ri m' bheatha agus ri mo chreideamh.

Athair, naomhaich dhomh mo chainn,
 Athair, naomhaich dhomh mo chridhe ;
 Athair, naomhaich dhomh gach eang
 'Na mo chainn agus 'na mo chridhe.

PRAYER

FATHER, bless me in my body,
Father, bless me in my soul ;
Father, bless me this night
In my body and in my soul.

Father, bless me in my life,
Father, bless me in my creed ;
Father, bless me in my tie
To my life and to my creed.

Father, sanctify to me my speech,
Father, sanctify to me my heart ;
Father, sanctify to me every whit
In my speech and in my heart.

CAIMEACHIADH TEACHLAICH [337]

Tharraist am beulaiche, Cairiona Nic-a-Phè, nàicear, Aird Mhór, Iarúdar, Uiltist : Is ionadh rud a chomais mi ri mo lathas agus ri mo lios. Is ionadh rud sin, a Mhoire Mhàthair an duibh bhreia ! Chumais mi na bailtean fearainn air an spualbhadh, agus na gabhalaichean nàra dh'an ùdhanan dhùibh, an tuath dh'an sgìreada a' an dùibhaich gu stràidean G'èasacho agus gu fàssichean Chanada, a' chuid dhùibh nach do bhàgaich le acras agus plàigh agus hanaidhaich a' dol a null air a' chuan. Chomais mi na muschian a' cur na clòiche agus na cuirtean a libh dh'an cur o Ìheime Dhadhla agus o'n Iochdar gu Loch Baghasdaill, agus an fìr pòsta ceangailte ann a' chrò agus a' gal ri'n tanbh, gun chomas lèmh cho-còraidh a thuir d'ùibh, ged a libh iad fèin ag èigheach agus an clàan lèag a' fàisich ion dol a co-chall an euidhe. Chomais mi na fir mhòra làidir, diùtraich na dùibha, ceatharnaich an t-aoighail, dh'an ceangal air euidhe Loch Baghasdaill agus dh'an tìlguil anas an tuing mar a dh'èir air pragan each na còraidh ann an cathar, na bàillidhean agus na maoir agus na constabail agus na *polizmen* 'nan dìonal na an deoghaidh 'nan tòir os an cinn. Aig Dia nan dàid agus aige-san a mhàin tha fòs air obair ghraicil dhaoinè an là ud.

Bhiodh na mnathan a' gabhail nan rann seo an ann a dh'ol dh'an cadal. Bha daoine an là ud làn laoidhean agus achas, làn coimh agus òran, làn muinn agus màmairn agus àbhaich gu clòran. A Leubhas fhèin, chan iarradh sibh ach a bhith dh'an eiseachd, air fàidead na h-oidhe, air gairhhead nan sìon, air sàilthead na slighe, air doirthe na h-aidheud dol dachaidh. B'i sin an sgoil ag àine, agus chis robh againn ach i. Cha robh ach son sgoil anns a' Cheana a Deas cadar Stac Èiriagaidh agus Eilean Fhèrdaidh, fàig air dà fhichead mille dh'astar, agus trì aiseagan ri rathadh, trì chuid ri turas. Chas ionann dha sin agus do chlan an lathas an diugh, sgoil an doira gach taighe.

Ach bha daoine an là ud làidir fallan, gnìomhach rosanta, mar nach bhàil daoine an là an diugh, anna chuid fìr mo tual. Chan eil, a ghraicidhean ; tha mi fèin a' toir t'aire dha sin. Tha rabhadh mòr beatha air tighinn a srach dh'an dùibhaich ta chuire nach a' gabhail beachd air a sìon. Ta mòran ri 'ga h-òl agus mòran fèin 'ga h-èideadh an diugh. Cha robh dad de sin ann ri mo lathas fèin no ri lios mo mhàthar. Cha robh dad ach tra is eàis is gnìthim, bhòchd agus ùaine, agus beir barr an sbranich, anas coirce, còras, agus sragail, brachan agus laimhe, fèid agus sìthean, casan agus ùaraidh. Nis bhèil dad de sin a' dol an diugh.

ENCOMPASSING OF FAMILY

THE reciter, Catherine Macphèr, cottar, Aird Mhòr, Lochdar, Uist, said : Many a thing I have seen in my own day and generation. Many a thing, O Mary Mother of the black sorrow ! I have seen the townships swept, and the big holdings being made of them, the people being driven out of the countryside to the streets of Glasgow and to the wilds of Canada, such of them as did not die of hunger and plague and smallpox while going across the ocean. I have seen the women putting the children in the carts which were being sent from Benbecula and the Lochdar to Loch Boisdale, while their husbands lay bound in the pen and were weeping beside them, without power to give them a helping hand, though the women themselves were crying aloud and their little children wailing like to break their hearts. I have seen the big strong men, the champions of the countryside, the stalwarts of the world, being bound on Loch Boisdale quay and cast into the ship as would be done to a batch of horses or cattle in the boat, the bailiffs and the ground-officers and the constables and the policemen gathered behind them in pursuit of them. The God of life and He only knows all the loathsome work of Uist on that day.

The women would be singing these verses at time of going to sleep. The people of that day were full of hymns and prayers, full of music and songs, full of joy and melody and innocent merriment. By the Bank itself, you would not ask but to be hearing them, however long the night, however wild the weather, however wily the road, however dark the night going homeward. That was our school, and we had no other. There was but one school in South Uist between the Stack of Eriskay and the Isle of Finlay, near forty miles' journey, with three ferries to make, three sounds to cross. That was very different from the children of to-day—a school at every door.

But the people of that day were strong and healthy, active and industrious, in a way that those of to-day are not, whether men or women. They are not, my dear ; I myself draw your notice to that. A great change of life has come into the countryside—everyone observes that. Much tea is drunk and much flour is eaten nowadays. There was nothing of that in my own time or in my mother's time. There was nothing but butter and cheese and crowdie, dairy-produce and milk, and beer of heather-tops, oat-bread, barley-bread and rye-bread, porridge and milk, meat and fish, gruel and broth. That is all changed to-day, my dear, and this has

nim bheil, a ghràidheìn, agus tha a bhàrth agus a bhàil. Is ann a tha choile d'ad an diugh 'gsa chreic an adhbhar b'icib Gallda gun bhladh gun b'arigh. Saoid a bheil seòrsa sili ann baile Ghlasachò nach f'ighear an diugh ann an Uibhist? Nar bheil seòrsa! Ri mo latha-sa cha robh sili ann ach an seòrsa sin a ch'èanadh sinn fhèin air na dearca druis, air na dearca fraoich, agus air na dearca dubh agus dearg againn fhìn. Chan 'eil fiù an ròs fèin aig daoin an diugh. 'Tha na fir air dol gu leisg, agus chan 'eil càl no currain ann, nu f'òs linn. Bhu thilgeadh an sluaigh a nasel gu stràidean Ghlasachò agus gu coilltean Chanada agus gu na pollaiche mòine, agus na f'ogran.

A Mhoire Mhàthair, tha a bhladh agus a bhàil! Is ann a tha clann nighean an là an diugh gun clannaid: gun chom, gun chinneas boireannaich. Ma bheir iad sgrìob gu Galldachè, tillich iad d'achaidh làn linn de lethm agus pòis, agus cò ach iad? Thèid iad dh'an Aifrican agus a dh'caglais Di-Domusaich dh'an sealltainn fèin, agus cò ach iad? C'not air an broilach, p'òid air an druim, guir air an ceann, agus *unshade* 'nan làimh na an cionn, agus a Mhoire Mhàthair, cò ach iad-san?—a' coimhead a sìca air na màthraichean a rug iad, a chionn nach robh d'ad de'n t-seòrsa sin aca-san agus nach robh e ann ri'n linn! (Sun trèasadh Dia t'ainig dh'uibh! Is iad-san a dh'èanadh sin, agus a dh'fhuasadh: a dh'òl chon a' ctuic feuch an t'òradh a' b'ean-shùla às agus gràs na banachd dh'uibh.

Ri linn mo mhàthar agus ri mo linn fèin cha robh brùg no boireid, curran nu curac, a' dol air cas no air ceann gille no n'ghion an dàlaidh gun am biodh iad 'osa gugaraidh mhòra agus 'nan stiallanaich ard. Cha d'èaghadh, nu r'na d'èaghadh ceannabhar no caiseart air gille no air nighean an Uibhist ach latha fèile no iatha Domhaich no latha s'uaichte mar sin. Cha robh troidhe aodaich no stac'g feachrach a' tighinn dh'an d'èrhuich, ach a ctuile teughlach a' dèanadh s'òdaich agus anairt, leatirach agus b'òg, dh'uibh fhèin. A Leobias fhèin, bu bhrisg sin ch'air an làmh!

Bha gach geargach san d'èrhuich a' dol a mach latha fèile agus Domhaich gun churac gun chomhadh cinn ach air mhòr 'usa cùl agus sìca s'òil mu'n cluis, a' nochdadh de shluagh an t-èaghadh gun ròidh iad an fathast a'òr o phòsadh agus o bh'airtadh agus dragh teughlach. Nam biodh nighean agus a ch'ail a' bhàil 'na maighdein agus nach d'fhuas a' bhàil 'na r'nsai (ach b'èinig sin, a luidh), cha bhiodh aona chuid sìom m'a cluis no qual m'a ceann. (Chan shandadh e bhith. Bh'achar cruidh cruidh air nighean duraghl a' r'nsai-shòrlain.

Kathadh maschan na f'ùilcha nach latha fèile agus Domhaich le luidh sin mu'n ceann cò gille ri canach an t-èilibe, no le curac anairt cò gille ri aneaidh an anairt. Bhiodh g'uitcan mu'n ceann agus cleòcan mu'n g'uillean de stull no ionairt no tartan, obair fh'asaidh an làmh an fhèin. Agus a Mhoire Mhàthair, b'èlainn an sealladh iad seach h'ideagan l'umneach f'èilidheach an là an diugh! Bhiodh br'casan gh'uillean no bearcain m'èadhuin de'm f'ue fèin air gach nighean òig, agus an'òl aona

its visible effect and its result. Everything nowadays is sold for the sake of lowland food without worth or pith. 'Think you is there any kind of jam in the town of Glasgow that is not fumm'd to-day in Oist? Not one! In my day there was no jam except the kind that we made ourselves of brambles, of blackberries, and of our own black and red currants. The people of to-day have not so much as a rusc-bush. The men have taken to slosh, and they have neither hall nor carrots, nor even a garden. Since the folk were cast out to the streets of Glasgow and to the woods of Canada and to the peat-hags, the gardens have snipped.

O Mary Mother, we see the effect and the result! The young women of to-day have neither bone nor body, nor the growth proper to women. If they make a trip to the lowlands they come home stuffed full of airs and grinds, and who but they? They go to Mass and to church to show themselves off, and who but they? With a knot on their breast, a 'pofon-aise' (fancy gown) on their back, a picture-hat on their head, and a sunshade in their hand held above their head, and Mary Mother! who but they?—looking down on the mothers that bore them, because they had nothing of that sort and it did not exist in their time? May God give them sense! It is themselves who would need that, and who would need to go to the knoll to see if the fairy woman would bestow the wisdom and grace of womanhood upon them.

In my mother's time and in my own time no shoe nor bummer, no skin-sandal nor cap went on foot or on head of lad nor of lass in the countryside until they were big gawds of girls or tall striplings of lads. No, nor would headgear nor fougear go on lad nor on lass save on holiday or Sunday or special day like that. Not a rag of clothing nor a shred of leather was coming into the countryside, but each family making clothes and linen, leather and shoes, for themselves. By the look itself, beautiful was that, the work of their hands!

Every maiden in the countryside went forth on holiday and Sunday without cap or head-covering save a big comb in the back of her hair and a satin sash from ear to ear, showing the world's people that she was still free of wedlock and of hapiness and the cares of a family. If there was a young woman who had just being a maiden without becoming a wife (but rare was that, my dear), there would be neither smoo about her ears nor fillet about her head. It might not be. They were hard, hard, on the wretched young women of misfortune.

The goodwives of the countryside went forth on holiday and on Sunday with a coil of linen about their heads, as white as the mountain cotton, or with a cap of linen as white as the snow of the hill. They wore gowns on their persons and cloaks about their shoulders of stuff or of 'iomairt' * or of tarten, the wage-work of their own hands. And Mary Mother, they were a beautiful sight compared with the half-clad slovenly rag-covered

* Cloth striped lengthwise (see i. 302).

ro caol agus fimealt agus daithean co glan grìom agus aodach co buiagh
masaill agus a còir-theidh sibh le bhur stèil.

A Rìgh na gile 's na grèine, is iontach atharrachadh a thèinig air an
dìtènaich ri mo linn féin. Is cruinne òrda dar a hainleib dzuine na
dèitheas dol sìon na h'òda ann an Àird Mhìcheil latha na Fèil Mhìcheil.
Bha tui Òrda ann aig an Oda turas agus turas; agus is ann an sin bha
an sealladh cluaise! Daoine na gach beinn agus baile, roinnteach agus
machair, eilean agus ruda san dèthaich, agus an saughal fèin a dh'èicil!
Cha rubh fàos co ast a thèinig iad no co ast a bha iad a' rìghinn. Cha
robh fo ghèin glèil na buadh. O a Mhòire ran gràs, an latha gròdhach
a bh'againn an sin! le marachd agus curraicteadh agus carraicteachadh,
le còlagan agus currain, le faileachada agus le fursin dhaoine!

Agus nàidhe na FÈIL Mhìcheil! B'ì sin an vichela sholasach an Uibhà!
Bal agus damasadh, còil agus òraic, beùir agus uilem an ceua gach ursann.
Agus na fàichean aig a' chlaic, rùgbean! agus gun thòs fo'n phàir. Cuih
no càit an d'fhair iad na currain— cha robh òs!



BEANNAICH, a Dhé, dh'an teine,
Mar a bheannaich dh'an Òighe;
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'ao teallach,
Mar a bheannaich dh'an Domhnach.

Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an chuideachd,
Mar a thubhairt Iosa;
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an bhuidhinn,
Mar bu còmhlaidh dhuinn iobradh.

Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an saigh,
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an teine,
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an tulach;
Bì féin 'nat urradh dlunne.

Beannaichcadh 'Il nan dùl,
Beannaichcadh Ceòlra cùmh,
Beannaichcadh Spiorad Nùmh
Gach ùn agus gach uile,
Gach ùn agus gach uile.

women of the present day ! Each young girl wore a shoulder-plaid or a waist-plaid of her own clan, of thread as slender and fine, and of colours as bright and pleasing, and cloth as beautiful and tasteful as you could see with your eye.

O King of the moon and the sun, many is the change that has come on the country in my own time. I remember when the folk of the countryside would be going to the ' Oda ' held at St Michael's Point on the day of St Michael's Feast. I myself was at the ' Oda ' time and time again ; and 'tis there was the sight of people. Folk from every hill and township, moor and plain, island and headland in the countryside, and the world itself of horses ! There was no knowing whence they were come or from what places they were still coming—no knowing under the bright sun of powers. O Mary of grace, what a dear day we had there : with horse-riding and circuiting and wrestling, with youngsters getting seats behind the rider, with giving of carrots, with greeting and welcome of folk !

And the night of St Michael's Feast ! That was the delightful night in Uist ! A ball and dancing, music and songs, beer and feast-fare by every door-post. And the young girls' hidden stores ! and no knowing under the sun when or where they had got the carrots—no knowing !

Bless, O God, the fire,
As Thou didst bless the Virgin ;
Bless, O God, the hearth,
As Thou didst bless the Sabbath.

Bless, O God, the household,
According as Jesus said ;
Bless, O God, the family,
As becomes us to offer it.

Bless, O God, the house,
Bless, O God, the fire,
Bless, O God, the hearth ;
Be Thyself our stay.

May the Being of life bless,
May the Christ of love bless,
May the Spirit Holy bless
Each one and all,
Every one and all.



BEANNACHADH TÀIMH

[338]

BEANNAICH, a Dhé, an ardrach,
 Is gach neach ta tàmh innn a nochd ;
 Beannaich, a Dhé, mo chairdean
 Aonns gach àit ann bheil an torch ;

[clos

Air an oidhche th'ann a nochd,
 Agus air gach aon oidhche ;
 Air an latha th'ann an diugh,
 Agus air gach aon latha.

REST BLESSING

BLESS Thou, O God, the dwelling,
And each who rests hereat this night ;
Bless Thou, O God, my dear ones
In every place wherein they sleep ;

[rest

In the night that is to-night,
And every single night ;
In the day that is to-day,
And every single day.

AN TEAGHLACH

[339]

DHÉ, beannaich mo bhonntaigh,
Beannaich féin na bheil ann.

A Dhé, beannaich mo chuideachd,
Beannaich féin mo chomradh.

A Dhé, beannaich mo chaint,
Beannaich féin mo chumradh.

A Dhé, beannaich mo thuras,
Beannaich féin mo shiubhal.

A Dhé, iugdaich mo lochd,
Meudaich féin mo dhòchas.

A Dhé, scachainn dhomh tuirim,
Scachainn féin dhomh dóbhcairt. [dòlas

A Dhé, dlón mí bhó chiont,
Líon féin mí le sólas.

Agus, a Dhé, na leig seud dha m' cholann
A ní beud dha m'anam
Tráth théid mí an corraidh
Mhic Mhoire na móraclad.



THE HOMESTEAD

O God, bless my homestead,
Bless Thou all therein.

O God, bless my kindred,
Bless Thou my substance.

O God, bless my words,
Bless Thou my converse.

O God, bless my errand,
Bless Thou my journey.

O God, lessen my sin,
Increase Thou my trust.

O God, ward from me distress,
Ward Thou from me misfortune. [anguish]

O God, shield me from guilt,
Fill Thou me with joy.

And, O God, let naught to my body
That shall do harm to my soul
When I enter the fellowship
Of the great Son of Mary.

BEANNACHADH TAIGHE

[340]

O Alasdair Mac Ghill-Bathain, Manal, Tìrìodh



BEANNAICHEADH TI

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Iosa

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Spiorad

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Tri

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Brìghde

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Mìcheal

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Moire

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Colum

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Eadar chùr agus chùibh,

Eadar chlach agus chran ;

BLESSING OF THE HOUSE

From Alexander Maclean, Manal, 'Tires

May God give blessing
To the house that is here ;

May Jesus give blessing
To the house that is here ;

May Spirit give blessing
To the house that is here ;

May Three give blessing
To the house that is here ;

May Brigit give blessing
To the house that is here ;

May Michael give blessing
To the house that is here ;

May Mary give blessing
To the house that is here ;

May Columba give blessing
To the house that is here :

Both crest and frame,
Both stone and beam ;

Eadar chré agus innich, [chreat
Eadar bharr agus bhonn ;

Eadar sùil agus suimír,
Eadar chas agus cleann ;

Eadar fhear agus bhean,
Eadar bhean agus chlann ;

Eadar òg agus shean,
Eadar òigh agus mann : [mann ?

Pailteas bìthidh,
Pailteas dìbbidh,
Pailteas lighidh,
Pailteas leanu ;

Móran maoinne,
Móran aoibhich,
Móran dhaoine,
Móran saoghail
Daonna ann :

Eadar churaidh agus chlar,
Eadar chré agus chrann ; [chreat

Eadar uighim agus iall,
Eadar bhac agus bhann ;

Eadar ghin agus ghineil,
Eadar lùean agus chlann ;

Eadar òg agus innich,
Eadar òigh agus mann.

Both clay and wattle, [frame
Both summit and foundation ;

Both window and timber,
Both foot and head ;

Both man and woman,
Both wife and children ;

Both young and old,
Both maiden and youth (?) ;

Plenty of food,
Plenty of drink,
Plenty of beds,
Plenty of ale ;

Much of riches,
Much of mirth,
Many of people,
Much of long life
Be ever there ;

Both warrior and poet,
Both clay and beam ; [frame

Both gear and thong,
Both crook and sic ;

Both bairn and begotter,
Both wife and children ;

Both young and mature,
Both maiden and youth (?).

Rìgh nan dùl

A bhùth dh'a chomhmadh,

Rìgh na glòire

Bhùth 'na cheann ;

[thcann

Crìosda cùm

Mac Moire Oighe

Is Spiorad fàill

Bhùth dòrtadh ann ;

Mìcheal mìl-gheal,

Rìgh nan aingal,

Bhùth dh'a chaitheis

Le buadh lann ;

Is Brìghde mhàn-gheal,

'S a li mar charach,

Rìghinn chlanach

Nan cuach òir ;

Moire mhìn-gheal

Bhith 'n cois an teallaich,

'S Colum ceannail

A' toir nam beamachd

An cois gach geallaidh

Air na th'ann,

Air na th'ann !

May the King of the elements
Be its help,
The King of glory
Have charge of it ; [be near it

Christ the beloved,
Son of Mary Virgin,
And the gentle Spirit
Be pouring therein ;

Michael, bright warrior,
King of the angels,
Watch and ward it
With the power of his sword ;

And Brigit, the fair and tender,
Her hue like the cotton-grass,
Rich-tressed maiden
Of ringlets of gold ;

Mary, the fair and tender,
Be nigh the hearth,
And Columba kindly
Giving benediction
In fulfilment of each promise
On those within,
On those within !

BEANNACHADH TAIGHE

[341]

This poem was chanted over a new house, or



ROIS Chrìosd dha bhur n-ùr thulach,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur n-ùr theallach,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur n-ùr thuinidh,
 Dha bhur n-ùr aingeal leusach.

Crois Chrìosd dha bhur gràin mullaich,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur mà torrach,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur mac ionnach,
 Dha bhur marn combach.

Crois Chrìosd dha bhur cumhal mhuinntir,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur glùn gheallauidh,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur . . .
 Dha bhur ni seilbheach. [stéibhteach

Crois Chrìosd dha bhur cuid 's bhur cuibhreann,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur dàimh 's bhur daoine,
 Crois Chrìosd dhuibh gach suirche 's duibhre,
 Gach là 's gach oidhche dh'ur saoghal,
 Gach là agus oidhche dha bhur saoghal.

BLESSING OF A HOUSE

over a new family in a new house.

Be Christ's cross on your new dwelling,
 Be Christ's cross on your new hearth,
 Be Christ's cross on your new abode,
 Upon your new fire blazing.

Be Christ's cross on your topmost grain,
 Be Christ's cross on your fruitful wives,
 Be Christ's cross on your virile sons,
 Upon your conceptive daughters.

Be Christ's cross on your serving-maid,
 Be Christ's cross on your knee of promise, [coming
 Be Christ's cross on your . . . generation
 Upon your prospering cattle. [mountain-
 dwelling

Be Christ's cross on your means and portion,
 Be Christ's cross on your kin and people,
 Be Christ's cross on you each light and darkness,
 Each day and each night of your lives,
 Each day and each night of your lives.

LATHA A' BHÀIS

[342]

BHA dùdh ubór aig na daoine dh'fhalbh air a'ghair mhath aig bás agus aig tòrrach duine. Bha e 'na rionnadaradh math na siannan a bhàitè reidh aig an am sin. Bha dà adhbhar air a seo. Ma bha sìth air talamh bha e 'na rionnadaradh gun robh sìth air nèamh agus faoilte roimh anam an neach a dh'fhalbh agus gun robh Rìgh nan dùl rìidh ris agus a dhà ghàirden treubhach f'fio agaoilte ga glacadh an anam sìùorraidh dharbaidh thulige f'fio. Agus ma bha sìth air fonn agus air fescann bha e toir coilean do chaiticèan agus do dhàibhèirh ùghuic: chon an tòrraidh agus slàn fhàgail aig a' chorp nora an ùr nàdarra agus an uaigh nan adhbharan.

Ma bha na siantan dona bha e 'na chombarradh gun robh fearg air Rìgh nan dùl. Agus bha an droch shìas a' curail cairdean agus dàiridhich gun f'ghinn chon an tòrraidh.

Ma bha an latha fhìch no ceachach bha e 'na chombarradh gun robh Rìgh nan sìas a' sìleadh feirg air an talamh. Ma bha an latha dubh rocha doinearnach bha e sealltainn gun robh Dia dh'ileach nan dùl a' dèanadh feirg dhubh a bhàitè air neam an lùr a dh'fhalbh. Ma bha latha macaich an latha seo 'na chombarradh gun robh feirg gheal Dhé air an anam bhàitè chaidh a null thar abbairean dubh a' bhàis.



HA fearg dhubh Dhé nan dùl

Air anam na mùig a' fàlhbh ;

[nam mùig

'Tha fearg gheal Rìgh nan reul

Air anam nan clèite balbh.

Tha fèith nan eun air muir 's air tìr,

Tha sìth air frith 's air chuan,

[air cé

'Tha fiamh a' ghàire 's fàit an Rìgh

Dh'an dibleadh shìos air chuan.

Latha sìth agus sonais

Latha solais mo bhàis ;

Làmh Mhìcheil dha m'iarraidh

Latha geal grianach mo shlàint.

THE DAY OF DEATH

THE old people had a great desire for good weather at the death and burial of a person. It was a good sign that the elements should be at peace at that time. There were two reasons for this. If there was peace on earth it was a sign that there was peace in heaven and a welcome for him who had gone and that the King of all creatures was at peace with him and His own two mighty arms open to take the immortal soul home to Himself. And if there was peace on earth this gave opportunity to friends and kindred to come to the burial and take farewell of the body in the natural earth and in the grave of the fathers.

If the weather was bad it was a sign that God was wroth. And the bad weather kept friends and kindred from coming to the burial.

If the day was wet or misty it was a sign that the King of the elements was pouring wrath on the earth. If the day was black, dark and stormy it showed that God, the Creator of all creatures, was pouring the black wrath of His grief on the soul of him who had gone. If it was a day of snow this was a sign that the white wrath of God was upon the bruised soul that had gone over the black river of death.

The black wrath of the God of life
 Is upon the soul of gloom as it goes ; [of frowns
 The white wrath of the King of the stars
 Is upon the soul of the dumb concealments.

A perfect calm is on sea and on land,
 Peace is on moor and on meadow, [on earth
 The King's joyful glance and smile
 Are to the feeble one down on ocean.

Day of peace and of joy
 The bright day of my death ;
 May Michael's hand seek me
 On the white sunny day of my salvation.

BÀS SONA

[343]

AM PURGADAIN

AN DÉIDH AN SAOGLAL SEO thàinig thar an t-anam ann an Purgadain, agus chao fhuigh e teach dha na t'Innsas. 'Tha ceithir staidcean, ceithir àitean, anns a' Phurgadain, agus founaidh an t-anam dol troimh na h-mìle h-ann diobh sin an déidh a chéile. Tha an t-anam 'us lubvan diblidh tréagh fhuich fhuir 'ga lathadh le fuachd agus uisge, le sàcachd agus doigh agus le fithis. Agus thà an t-anam mar sin gu bràth gun an toir an saorai as e agus gun an toirear dìoladh air a shon. 'Tha a' Chruaid agus a' Phaidis agus an Àbha Mhàiri 'gan gabhail dar a tha an duine dol air a ghèidh agus ag urraigh air suu an anama a' dol seachad.—After leaving this world the soul is in Purgatory, and cannot get admission to Paradise. There are four gates, four places, in Purgatory, and the soul must pass through each one of these in turn. The soul is a forlorn sad little druggler, wet and cold, numbed with cold and rain, with snow and ice and sleet. And the soul is thus for ever until the priest wits it out and until a ransom is given for it. The Crucial and the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria are recited when the man kneels and prays for the passing soul.

In Barra women leave the house along with the 'gùlan,' the body as it is carried, and go a certain distance. When they resolve to go on further they go upon their knees and pray, lifting the head now and then to look after the departing proffessor, and again intensifying their supplications and crossing themselves. The scene is striking, impressive, and picturesque—a woman here and a woman there and another a little beyond, in tartan gown and tartan 'guailleachan,' shawl-plaid, fastened with a silver or a brass brooch, sometimes a tartan shawl over the head, or a high-crowned hat.

In Tom an tSobhàil, Tomintoul, the horse drawing the cart in which a corpse is laid is taken out of the cart three times on the journey. The horse is then turned round outwize on the road, and re-voiced 'an ainm Aitha, an ainm Mìe, an ainm Spioraid,' in name of Father, in name of Son, in name of Spirit. The cart is then drawn forward a few yards by the horse.

The people of Barra say—

Thàid an leannan buach
Troimh dhuilgèidh a' Phurgadain
Mar an calann cùrsa
Troimh dhuibhre nan speur.

HAPPY DEATH

The lovable little infant
 Will go through the pains of Purgatory
 As the valourous dove
 Through the darkness of the skies.

'They call Purgatory 'Urcain nan aitheachan naorah,' 'the Hell of the holy fathers.' The holy fathers are detained in Purgatory but for a moment of time to be fanned, and firmed, and freed of all earthly contaminations. They are fanned by the white wings of the fair angels of heaven --

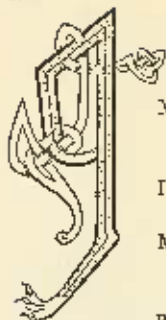
Gum bi iad nas gile na cala nan foinn,
 Gum bi iad nas gile na faoilag nan tonn,
 Gum bi iad nas gile na sreachda nan beann,
 Agus nas gile na grèdh gear nan sànn ;

Till they are whiter than the foam of the surge,
 Till they are whiter than the seagull of the waves,
 Till they are whiter than the snow of the peaks,
 And whiter than the white dove of the loozes.

After that the holy fathers fly through the unseen space like the lightning-fire through the clouds, and sit upon the right hand of the Father of Heaven Whom they served upon earth. 'O that you and I, beloved of my heart, could claim their help in freeing us of the impurities of earth !'

Bàs Sona

In the Roman Catholic communities of the west, 'bàs sona,' 'happy death,' is a phrase frequently heard among the people. When these words are used they imply that the dying person has been confessed and anointed,² and that the death-kyrie has been intoned over him. Under these conditions the consolation of the living in the loss of the loved one is touching. The old people speak of 'bàs sona' with exultant satisfaction, and would wish above all things on earth that 'bàs sona' may be their own portion when the time comes for them to go ('an usir a thèid iad dàchaidh'). The kyrie which follows is one of many which used to be sung by the Catholics of the Western Isles.



DHIÉ mhóir na sláinte,
 Déirt do ghrásan air m'anam
 Mar tha grian nan ardaibh
 A' dórtadh a báidh air mo chalann.

Is feudar domh básachadh,
 Nara fios domh cút no cuin ;
 Ma bhásaicheas mí gun do ghrásan
 Tha mí sin caillte gu tur.

Bàs ol agus aithreachais,
 Bàs sonais agus síth ;
 Bàs gráis agus mathanais,
 Bàs Flathais agus beatha le Criosd.

Thou great God of salvation,
Pour Thy grace on my soul
As the sun of the heights
Pours its love on my body,

I must needs die,
Nor know I where or when ;
If I die without Thy grace
I am thus lost everlastingly.

Death of oil and of repentance,
Death of joy and of peace ;
Death of grace and of forgiveness,
Death of Heaven and life with Christ.

URNAIGH BHÀIS

[344]

Eucarisiche : Barahat Nir-a-Phl, coirear, Dreimeasdal, Uibhist



Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do ghliocas,
 Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do thròcair,
 Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do phàilteas,
 Agus dha do thròrachadh an geall gach càs.

Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do naomhachd,
 Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do chomhraidh,
 Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do chuartachadh,
 Agus dha do shuamhainneachd an dual mo
 bhàis.

O dha do chuartachadh,
 O dha do shuamhainneachd aig uair
 mo bhàis !

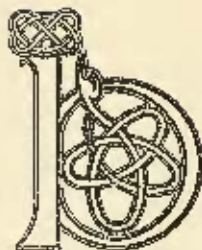
DEATH PRAYER

Reciter : Barbara Matthews, author, Drimsdale, Uffet

O God, give me of Thy wisdom,
O God, give me of Thy mercy,
O God, give me of Thy fullness,
And of Thy guidance in face of every strait.

O God, give me of Thy holiness,
O God, give me of Thy shielding,
O God, give me of Thy surrounding,
And of Thy peace in the knot of my death.

Oh give me of Thy surrounding,
And of Thy peace at the hour of my death !



BÁS OLA

[345]

AS ola agus aithreachais,
 Bás sonais agus maitheanais,
 Bás gun sgráth gun sgreatlachd,
 Bás gun sgáth gun mheatachd.

Básachadh bás na naomh,
 Léigh m'anama ri mo thaobh,
 Bás na síth agus na slothchaint,
 'S deagh là tiodhlaicidh gum faighinn,

Seachd ainglean an Spioraid Naomh
 Agus dithis aingéal coimhídeachd
 Dha m' dhinn, 's gum bí a nochd an oidhch
 Gun tig soills agus sambráidheachd !

DEATH OF UNCTION

DEATH with unction and with penitence,
Death with joy and with forgiveness,
Death without horror or repulsion,
Death without fear or shrieking.

Dying the death of the saints,
The Healer of my soul by my side,
The death of peace and tranquillity,
And grant Thou me a good day of burial.

The seven angels of the Holy Spirit
And two attendant angels
Be shielding me, and be this night the night
Till brightness and summer-tide shall come !

THA MI DOL DACHAIDH LEAT [1946]

I OBTAINED four or five versions of this poem in Lewis. A sacred hymn and a secular song, through being sung to the same air, had become confused. The following are some of the lines of the secular song :—

Beinid is it agus beann is fèile,
 Beinid is it agus beann is fèile,
 Beinid is it agus beann is fèile,
 Au beannidh thig sgùbalt air Clanna nan Gàidheal.

Chì thu ! chì thu ! chì thu dhathas e,
 Chì thu ! chì thu ! chì thu feathast e,
 Chì thu, chì thu fathast a bhuanachd,
 Rubainn gan' agus dearg mu d' chruasann.



THA mi dol dachaidh leat
 Go do thaigh ! go do thaigh !
 Tha mi dol dachaidh leat
 Go do thaigh gearhraidh.

Tha mi dol dachaidh leat
 Go do thaigh ! go do thaigh !
 Tha mi dol dachaidh leat
 Go do thaigh fòglair is earraich is samhraidh.

Tha mi dol dachaidh leat,
 A leanuibh mo luaidh,
 Dha do leaba bhìoth-nhaireann,
 Dha do chadal bhìoth-bhuan.

I AM GOING HOME WITH THEE

Bonnet and feather and tartan and plaid,
 Bonnet and feather and tartan and plaid,
 Bonnet and feather and tartan and plaid,
 The dress that sits bravely on the bosom of the Gael.

Yet ! yet ! yet shalt thou see it,
 Yet ! yet ! yet shalt thou see it,
 Yet shalt thou see the pride and the joy of it,
 White and red ribbons about thine ears streaming.

The tune was played at funerals in Lewis, Harris and Skye down to Disruption times. I spoke to people who had heard it played at a funeral at Aoidh, in Lewis. They said that the scene and the tune were singularly impressive—the moaning of the sea, the mourning of the women, and the lament of the pipes over all as the body was carried to its home of winter, to its home of autumn, of spring and of summer ; never could they forget the solemnity of the occasion, where all was so natural and so beautiful, and nature seemed to join in the feelings of humanity.

I am going home with thee
 To thy home ! to thy home !

I am going home with thee
 To thy home of winter.

I am going home with thee
 To thy home ! to thy home !

I am going home with thee
 To thy home of autumn, of spring and of summer.

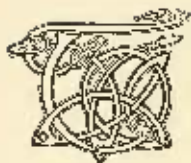
I am going home with thee,
 Thou child of my love,
 To thine eternal bed,
 To thy perpetual sleep.

Tha mi dol dachaidh leat,
A leanaidh mo luaidh,
Go Macan nam beannachd,
Go Athair nam buadh.

I am going home with thee,
Thou child of my love,
To the dear Son of blessings,
To the Father of grace.

AN 'TUIREAM BÀIS

[347]



HU dol dachaidh a nochd dha do thaigh
 gearhraidh,
 Dha do thaigh foghair is carraich is samhraidh ;
 Thu dol dachaidh a nochd dha do dhachaidh
 bhioth-bhuan,
 Dha do leabaidh bhioth-mhaircann, dha do
 chadal bhioth-shuain.

Caidil-sa, caidil, agus dhiot am bròn,
 Caidil-sa, caidil, agus dhiot am bròn,
 Caidil-sa, caidil, agus dhiot am bròn ;
 Caidil, a chagair, an Carraig na crò.

Caidil a nochd ann an uchd do Mhàthar,
 Caidil, a luaidh, 's i fèin 'ga do thàlarth ;
 Caidil a nochd ann an glac na h'Òighe,
 Caidil, a ghaoil, 's i fèin 'ga do phògadh.

Cadal mòr Ìosa, cadal corr Ìosa,
 Cadal lòn Ìosa, cadal bròn Ìosa,
 Cadal òg Ìosa, cadal lòn Ìosa,
 Cadal pòg Ìosa na sìthe 's na glòire.

Cadal nan seachd solas dhut, a luaidh,
 Cadal nan seachd sonas dhut, a luaidh,
 Cadal nan seachd cadal dhut, a luaidh,
 An glac Ìosa nam beannachd, an glac Crìosda nam buadh.

THE DEATH DIRGE

Thou goest home this night to thy home of winter,
 To thy home of autumn, of spring, and of summer ;
 Thou goest home this night to thy perpetual home,
 To thine eternal bed, to thine eternal slumber.

Sleep thou, sleep, and away with thy sorrow,
 Sleep thou, sleep, and away with thy sorrow,
 Sleep thou, sleep, and away with thy sorrow ;
 Sleep, thou beloved, in the Rock of the fold.

Sleep this night in the breast of thy Mother,
 Sleep, thou beloved, while she herself soothes thee ;
 Sleep thou this night on the Virgin's arm,
 Sleep, thou beloved, while she herself kisses thee.

The great sleep of Jesus, the surpassing sleep of Jesus,
 The sleep of Jesus' wound, the sleep of Jesus' grief,
 The young sleep of Jesus, the restoring sleep of Jesus,
 The sleep of the kiss of Jesus of peace and of glory.

The sleep of the seven lights be thine, beloved,
 The sleep of the seven joys be thine, beloved,
 The sleep of the seven slumbers be thine, beloved,
 On the arm of the Jesus of blessings, the Christ of grace.

Tha sgàil a' bhàis, a ghràidh, air do ghuais,
 Ach tha Iosa nan gràs 's a làmh ann do chùl ;
 An dàil na Triana slàn dha do phiana,
 Tha Crìosd ann fianais agus fiath `na òidh.

Caidil, O caidil ann an cùin nan cùin,
 Caidil, O caidil ann an iùl nan iùl,
 Caidil, O caidil ann an rùn nan rùn,
 Caidil, a chiall, ann an Triath nan dùl,
 Caidil, a chiall, ann an Dia nan dùl !

The shade of death lies upon thy face, beloved,
But the Jesus of grace has His hand round about thee ;
 In nearness to the Trinity farewell to thy pains,
Christ stands before thee and peace is in His mind.

Sleep, O sleep in the calm of all calm,
Sleep, O sleep in the guidance of guidance,
Sleep, O sleep in the love of all loves ;
 Sleep, O beloved, in the Lord of life,
 Sleep, O beloved, in the God of life !

BÁS SONA

[348]

O Chalum Mac Ghille Mhaol, croitear, Crívuís, Beinne Bhadhla



HOIR dhuinn, a Dhé, feumalachd cuirp,
 Thoir dhoinn, a Dhé, feumalachd anama ;
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, céircin léighe cuirp,
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, céircin léighe anama.

Thoir dhoinn, a Dhé, sonas an aithreachais,
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, sonas a' mhathanas,
 Nigh féin naimn druaid na truaillalachd,
 Glan féin naimn ruaim na salchaireachd.

A Dhé mhóir a tha sa chathair,
 Thoir dhuinn an t-aithreachas fíor,
 Thoir dhuinn am mathanas peacaidh,—
 Peacaidh gin agus gníomh.

Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, rún láidir,
 Agus crùn sláinn an Rìgh ;
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, dachaidh na sláinte
 An gcatachaibh áillidh do rìogf'chd.

Bithheadh Micheil mìl-ghil nan aingeal
 Cumail nàimhdean an arrais a sìos ;
 Bithheadh Iosa Crìosda Mac Dhàibhidh
 Toir dhuinn aoigheachd an soille na sìth,

JOYOUS DEATH

From Malcolm Macmillan, crofter, Griminish, Benbecula

GIVE us, O God, the needs of the body,
 Give us, O God, the needs of the soul ;
 Give us, O God, the healing balsam of the body,
 Give us, O God, the healing balsam of the soul.

Give us, O God, the joy of repentance,
 Give us, O God, the joy of forgiveness,
 Wash Thou from us the lees of corruption,
 Cleanse Thou from us the stain of uncleanness.

O great God, Who art on the throne,
 Give to us the true repentance,
 Give to us the forgiveness of sin,—
 Sin inborn and actual sin.

Give to us, O God, strong love,
 And that beautiful crown of the King ;
 Give us, O God, the home of salvation
 Within the beauteous gates of Thy kingdom.

May Michael, bright warrior of the angels,
 Be keeping the evil enemies down ;
 May Jesus Christ the Son of David
 Be giving us hospitality in the brightness of peace.

BÁS SONA

[349]

O Anam Dhombhallaich, bantachá Abrach



BHEIR dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Gach gné tha feumail dha m' chorp ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Gach leas tha feumail dha m'iontinn ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Gach céircin tha feumail dha m'anam.

Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Aillreachtas treidhíreach ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Aithreachas treichrítheach ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Aithreachas treamhaircach.

Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Bás na h-ola gun phérs ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Léigh m'anama bhíth 'm tr ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Bás na sonais is na síth.

Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Bás Chríost aidaefhadh ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Grádh Chríost a mhcolhrachadh ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Grádh Chríost a thoódhachadh.

JOYOUS DEATH

From Ann MacDonall, widow, from Luchaber

Give Thou to me, O God,
 Each food that is needful for my body ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 Each light that is needful for my mind ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 Each salve that is needful for my soul.

Give Thou to me, O God,
 Sincere repentance ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 Whole-hearted repentance ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 Lasting repentance.

Give Thou to me, O God,
 The death of the priceless oil ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 That the Healer of my soul be near me ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 The death of joy and of peace.

Give Thou to me, O God,
 To confess the death of Christ ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 To meditate the agony of Christ ;
 Give Thou to me, O God,
 To make warm the love of Christ.

A Dhé mhóir nam Flathas,
 Tarraing m'anam riut féin,
 Chum gun gabh mí aithreachas
 Le cridhe ceart agus treun,
 Le cridhe brist agus brúite,
 Nach móthi nach lób nach géill.

A Dhé mhóir nan aingeal,
 Tabhair mise gu támhaich na síth ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan aingeal,
 Teastaig mise bhó arrais nan sídh ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan aingeal,
 Lighích mis ann an ligheadh do li.

A Dhé mhóir nan grás,
 Bheir dhomha Spiorad láidir nam buadh ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan grás,
 Bheir dhomha Spiorad neo-bhásmhor bíoch-bhuan ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan grás,
 Bheir dhomha Spiorad grádbach an Uain.

O great God of Heaven,
Draw Thou my soul to Thyself,
That I may make repentance
With a right and a strong heart,
With a heart broken and contrite,
That shall not change nor bend nor yield.

O great God of the angels,
Bring Thou me to the dwelling of peace ;

O great God of the angels,
Preserve me from the evil of the fairies ;

O great God of the angels,
Bathe me in the bathing of Thy pool.

O great God of grace,
Give Thou to me the strong Spirit of powers ;

O great God of grace,
Give Thou to me the Spirit undying, everlasting ;

O great God of grace,
Give Thou to me the loving Spirit of the Lamb.

BÀS SONA

[350]



AS ola,
 Bàs sona,
 Bàs solais,
 Bàs sòlais,
 Bàs aithreachais.

Bàs gun chràdh,
 Bàs gun sgàth,
 Bàs gun bhàs,
 Bàs gun sgràth,
 Bàs gun dòlactas.

Seachd ainglean an Spioraid Naomh
 Agus an dithis aingeal choimheadachd
 Dha m' dhìon-sa nochd agus gach oidhch
 Gun tig soills is camhanachd ;

Dha m' dhìon-sa nochd agus gach oidhch
 Gun tig soills is camhanachd.

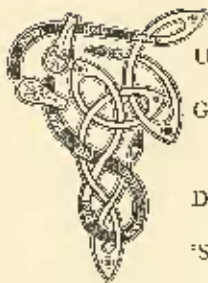
JOYOUS DEATH

DEATH with oil,
Death with joy,
Death with light,
Death with gladness,
Death with penitence.

Death without pain,
Death without fear,
Death without death,
Death without horror,
Death without grieving.

May the seven angels of the Holy Spirit
And the two guardian angels
Shield me this night and every night
Till light and dawn shall come ;

Shield me this night and every night
Till light and dawn shall come.



ACHAINE

[351]

UIDHIM Peardail, guidhim Pól,
 Guidhim Óigh, guidhim Mac,
 Guidhim dá Ostal deng na fóill
 Gun mise dlíol dóbh a nochd.

Dar a dhealaicneas an t-anam
 Ris na colúna claona,
 'S a dlí'ialbfias e 'na ghlumagan solais
 Suas as a cholum daonna,

* * * *
 * * * *

Dhia naomha na storraidheachel,
 Thig dha m'iarraidh 's dha m'fhaotainn.

Dia agus Iosa dha m' chombnadh,
 Dia agus Iosa dha m' chaombnadh ;
 Dia agus Iosa go s'iorraidh
 Dha m'iarraidh agus dha m'fhaotainn.

SUPPLICATION

I pray Peter, I pray Paul,
 I pray Virgin, I pray Son,
 I pray the twelve kindly Apostles
 That I go not to ruin this night.

When the soul separates
 From the perverse body,
 And goes in bursts of light
 Up from out its human frame,

* * * *
 * * * *

Thou holy God of eternity,
 Come to seek me and to find me.

May God and Jesus aid me,
 May God and Jesus protect me ;
 May God and Jesus eternally
 Seek me and find me.

ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL
AND HIS WIFE MARY FRANCES MACDEAN :
THEIR DAUGHTER ELIZABETH CATHERINE
CARMICHAEL AND HER SON ALEXANDER
CARMICHAEL WATSON ; THE SOULS OF THE
RIGHTEOUS ARE IN THE HAND OF GOD AND
THERE SHALL NO TORMENT TOUCH THEM :
IN THE SIGHT OF THE UNWISE THEY
SEEMED TO DIE : BUT THEY ARE IN PEACE



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DUNDEE



THE first two volumes of *Carmina Gadelica*, published in 1900, made so profound an impression in this and many other countries that they soon ran out of print, and became scarce and costly. Dr Carmichael's daughter, Mrs W. J. Watson, prepared a second edition, which appeared in 1928, and contains all the matter in the original, along with some small corrections and additions.

The present volume, which is uniform with the new edition of Volumes I and II, is a direct continuation of the work. It is edited by Dr Carmichael's grandson, James Carmichael Watson, Professor of Celtic in the University of Edinburgh, who in his note writes: "In the fifth volume I hope to explain fully how I have dealt with the material and to what extent I am responsible for the final form of the work. But lest the opportunity should be withheld, I say now without reserve that I have made as little change as possible. To the Gaelic text no word has been added, and, save that a few broken lines or stanzas have been omitted, no word has been taken away. In translating I have tried to follow, as best I could, my grandfather's usage in the first two volumes."

The many new ornamental initial letters, head-pieces and tailpieces are the beautiful work and generous gift of Mr Robert Burns.