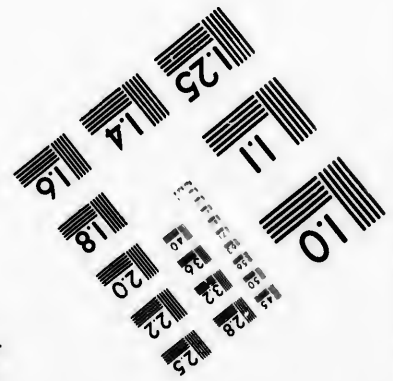
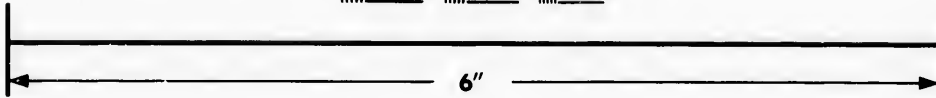
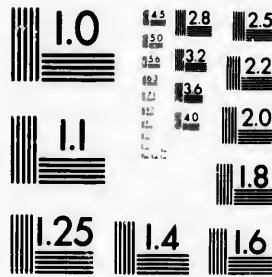


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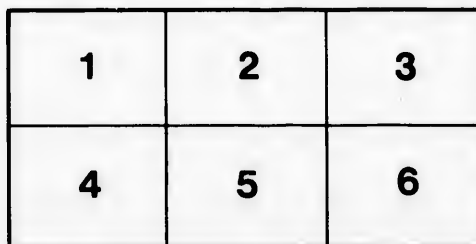
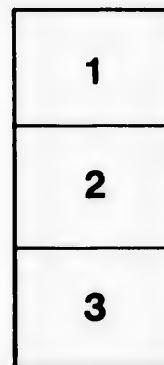
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Duanagan Seidgeulach.

Gospel Sonnets

BEING

TRANSLATED INTO GAELIC,

WITH THE

ENGLISH ORIGINALS,

By REV. D. B. BLAIR.

1881:

S. M. MACKENZIE, JOB PRINTER,
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The Missionary's Death.

Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the skye ;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high ;
Weep not for the spirit now crown'd
With the garlands to martyrs given ;
O weep not for him he has found
His reward and his refuge in Heaven.

But weep for their sorrow who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave,—
Who sigh when they pass on the land
Of their home, far away o'er the wave ;—
Who sigh when they think that the strife
And the toil and the perils before them
Must fill up the moments of life
Till the anguish of death shall come over them.

And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone,
Where the anthems of praise never swell
And the love of the Lamb is not known,
O weep !—for the herald that came
To proclaim in their dwelling the story
Of Jesus, and life through his name,
Has been summon'd away to his glory.

Weep not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the skye ;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high ;
But weep for the mother who stand
By the grave of their brother in sadness ;
And weep for the heathen whose land
Still must wait for the daypring of gladness.

—Barlow

Song of Praise.

O God ! unending praise be thine,
Whose mercy full and free
Invites the weary soul like mine
To seek its rest in thee.

For O ! had not eternal love
The generous mantle given,
That hearts which earth could never fill
Should lift the voice to heaven ;—

These thoughts like meteor fires that sweep
Athwart the midnight skye ;
And these heart longings wild and deep
For joys that cannot die,—

Without an aim, without an end,
Might reason's self have hur'd
Down from her throne and made this heart
The ruin of a world.

But thou, all perfect God ! wilt be
My strength and portion ever ;
Keep thou my soul, for thine alone
The truth that faileth never.

Das an Naomh-theachdairc.--3th, Jan. 1821.

Na caoinibh an naomh a chaidh naird
 Gu comh-pàirt ann an aobhneas nan speur ;
 Na caoinibh an searach a ta
 Deanamh aoraidh le arid-chuidreachd Neimh ;
 Na caoinibh an t-anam a thaoir
 O' naon a' cur bh-nam fannisean beo ;
 O' naon a' cur bh-nam fannisean beo ;
 O' naon a' cur bh-nam fannisean beo ;
 O' naon a' cur bh-nam fannisean beo ;

Ach caoinibh an dream a tha caoidh
 Thobh an fhr' tha na shineadh san uaigh ;--
 A tha caoinibh le osna' chuibh mall
 Tir an graidh fada thall thar a' chuain ;--
 A tha caoinibh le osna' chuibh mall
 Tir an graidh fada thall thar a' chuain ;--
 A tha caoinibh le osna' chuibh mall
 Tir an graidh fada thall thar a' chuain ;--
 A tha caoinibh le osna' chuibh mall
 Tir an graidh fada thall thar a' chuain ;--

Agus caoinibh na Cinnich tha tamh
 Far nach ch'ainnig f'abl se'us bho shuas,
 Far nach ch'ainnig f'abl se'us bho shuas,
 Far nach ch'ainnig f'abl se'us bho shuas ;
 O caoinibh ! oir teachdair an aigh
 A thug se'us na stainte ; n' n' ciuais
 Ma' fos' agus beatha trid ainm
 Chaidh a' ghairm n's air falbh chum a dhuais.

Na caoinibh an naomh a chaidh naird
 Gu comh-pàirt ann an aobhneas nan speur ;
 Na caoinibh an searach a ta
 Deanamh aoraidh le arid-chuideachd neimh ;
 Ach caoinibh a' l' sin tha ri bron
 Caoidh an brathar le deoir aig an uaigh ;
 Agus caoinibh na cinnich 's gach tìr
 Air nach d'èirich an fhuor--mhadaidh nuadh.

Dan Molaich.--12th May, 1837.

O m'òrdh sìorruidh dhuit, a Thriath !
 T'ò threac' tha neo-chrìochnach, buan ;
 O' annd gheill an t-anam sgith
 Sar th'ò' us didean bho gach truaigh.

Mur b' eibh gun d' orduich Rìgh nan gras,
 A' doimhreachd mhoir a' gbraidh do dhaoin',
 An t-anam sin a' shealltuinn suas
 Nach f'ac' ach suarach gloir an t-scogh' !

Na sma'nican so tha tric a' 'snamh
 Treach m' inntim-sa gun tamh, gun chlos ;
 'S na h-ea'rtuis dheimhain so 'nam chrìdh'
 An geall air sonas sìorruidh, 's fois ;

Seadh d'hearadh iad mo chiall thoirt bhuan,
 Mo reusan thilgeadh nuas as ait,
 M'èil' inntim chuireadh bun os ceann,
 S' mo chridhe thionndadh iad an aird.

Ach thusa, Thighearn nile-naoimh,
 Mo neart, 's mo chuibhriom thu gu brath ;
 Bho's leat-sa 'n fhirinn bhuan nach geill
 O' m'anam gleidh-sa anns gach cas.

Rock of Ages.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Foul I to the fountain fly :
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgment throne ;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

The Fountain Opened.--Zechariah XIII, 1.

There is a fountain open'd wide,
 And fill'd with water pur'
 For all uncleanness, and of sin
 To be the double cure.

The streams which issued from the wound
 Of Jesus on the cross
 Shall take away the guilt of sin,
 And all its filth and dross.

The Sacred Fountain ever will
 With living waters flow,
 Where sinners wash their scarlet sins
 And make them white as snow.

There David's house will cleanse their souls
 From ev'ry stain of sin,
 Jerusalem's inhabitants
 Shall wash themselves therein.

The fountain is for ever full
 Of purifying grace
 For all the nations of the world,
 And men of ev'ry race.

The vilest sinners are made pure
 Of ev'ry tongue and tribe ;
 Give glory to the Lamb of God
 And praise to him ascribe.

Carraig nan Al.

Charraig bhuan nan al bho chein,
Annad folaicheam mi fein !
Leis an uisge 's leis an fhuil
Bho do thaobh-sa shil mar thuil,
Ciont' a' pheacaidh dubh a mach,
Glan mo thruaillidheachd a steach.

Cha dean siothair mo dha laimh
Umhlachd thoirt do d' lagh gu brath ;
Ged bhiodh m'eud ro dhian gach la,
Ged a shileadh deoir gun tadh,
Sud cha diol mo chionta chaidh,
'S tusa mhain a shaoras mi.

Duais am laimh cha toirear leam
Crann a' cheusaidh glacam teann ;
Lomnochd, thoir dhomh trusgan nuadh ;
Lag, ach cum le d' ghras mi suas ;
Neo-ghlan, anns an tobar aigh
Glan mi' Chrìost, no gheibh mi las.

Feadh bhios anail ann am chre ;
Nuair thig orm-sa susin an eig ;
Nuair a thogar mise suas
Gu do chaitheir bhreith nach gluais ;
Charraig bhuan nan al bho chein,
Annad folaicheam mi fein !

An Tobar Fosgailte.--Zechar, XIII, 1.

Chaidh tobar fhosgadh a ta lan
De dh-uisge fallain fuar,
Air son gach salchar agus lochd
A ghlanadh buileach bhuainn.

An fhuil 's an t-uisge shruth a mach
Bho'n lot fhuair Crìost 'nathaobh,
Bheir sin air falbh ar n-uile chiont'
'S ar truailidheachd mhi-naomh.

Tha'n tobar naomh a 'ruith gun sgar
Le uisge fìorghlan beo,
Ni sin ar peacadh dearg cho geal
Ri sneachd air beinn a 'cheo.

Tigh Dhaibhidh glanar leis gu tur
Bho'm peacannaibh gu leir ;
Luchd aiteachaidh Jerusalem
Leis ionnlaididh iad fein.

Tha 'n tobar so gu sìorruidh lan
De dh-sheartan glanaidh treun
Air son gach neach de'n chinne-daonn',
'S gach fine ta fo'n ghrein.

Na daoine 's truailidh nithear naomh
Am measg gach treubh us dream ;
Do dh-Uan De thugaibh gloir gu brath,
U's cliu air feadh gach am.

The Brazen Serpent.—John iii, 14, 15.

As Moses lifted on a pole
The brazen serpent high ;
So Christ was lifted on the cross
That sinners may not die,

The people stung by serpents look'd,
The look did life restore ;
So they who look to Christ with faith
Shall live forever more.

He's now exalted on his throne
That he may par'lon give ;
And sinners by the Dragon stung
May look to him and live.

For God so lov'd the sons of men,
He gave his Son to die,
That all who may believe in him
Shall live eternally.

God sent his Son into the world
Not to condemn our race,
But to redeem and set them free
And save them by his grace.

That man is justified whose faith
Upon the Son relies ;
But unbelievers are condemn'd
Because they him despise.

The Friend Above all Others.

One there is above all others,
Oh, how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's,—
Oh, how he loves !
Earthly friends may fail or leave us ;
One day soothe, the next day day grieve us ;
But *this Friend* will ne'er deceive us,—
Oh, how he loves !

'Tis eternal life to know him,
Oh, how he loves !
Think, O think how much we owe him,
Oh, how he loves !
With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us ;
To his fold he safely brought us :
Oh, how he loves !

We have found a friend in Jesus—
Oh, how he loves !
'Tis his great delight to bless us !
Oh, how he loves !
How our hearts delight to hear him
Bid us dwell in safety near him ;
Wy should we distrust or fear him—
Oh, how he loves !

Through his name we are forgiven—
Oh, how he loves !
Backward all our foes are driven—
Oh, how he loves !
Best of blessings he'll provide us
Nought but good shall e'er betide us
Safe to glory he will guide us
Oh, how he loves !

An Nathair Umha.--Eoin III : 14-15.

Mar thoga'n suas an nathair phrais
 Le Maoin san thasach chruaidh ;
 Chialh Críost a thogail nír a chruinn
 Mar sín an áit an t-sluaigh.

An dream a lét an nathair dbeare,
 'S chialh tad as o'n bhás ;
 Mar sín na sheolas suas ri Críost
 B'íh iadsan beo gu brath.

Ní's tha e ardaicte mór Rígh
 Gu maíhemas th-áit duinn ;
 Na lét an Dragon sealladh ris
 'S mairídh beo gach linn.

Oir ghradháil Dia an cinne-daonn'
 'S thug e Mae a ghraídh,
 A chum gach neach a chreideas ann
 Nach sgríosar e gu brath.

Chas-ran a dhiteadh cilann nan daoim'
 Chuir Dia an t-Aon-ghin uaith,
 Ach 's ain a chum an deanaíh saor
 'S an teamaíh as gach truaigh.

An tí a chreideas ann gu fíor
 Cha dítear e ran feadh ;
 Ach dítear mí chreidimhich gu feir
 Nach tabhar r geill d'a reachd.

An Caraíd os Ceann Gach Caraíd.

Caraíd tha os ceann gach caraíd,
 O! 's mor a ghradh!
 Air gach gaol a ghaol thug barrachd,
 O! 's mor a ghradh
 Paodaidh cairdean feola geilleadh ;
 Uair 'gar pógadh 's uair 'gar leireadh ;
 Ach an caraíd so cha treig sinn,—
 O! 's mor a ghradh!

Eolas air is beatha shíorraídh,
 O! 's mor a ghradh!
 Chuir e coma u oírn nach díol sinn,
 O! 's mor a ghradh!
 Le fáil cheannaíh e bho'n bhás sinn ;
 Shír e mach san feadh an thasaíh ;
 Thug e dhachaídh sinn gu sabhaíh ;
 O! 's mor a ghradh!

Ann an fosa fhuair sinn caraíd,—
 O! 's mor a ghradh!
 Is taitneach leis gun bí sinn, beannaíh,—
 O! 's mor a ghradh!
 Is mor ar solas nuair a théir e,
 Gabhaíbh comhuídh leam gun deireas ;
 Carson nach eadhó sinn ris gun eagal?
 O! 's mor a ghradh!

Gheibh sinn maítheanas tre ainm-san,
 O! 's mor a ghradh!
 Fograídh e gach namb air falbh uaíon ;
 O! 's mor a ghradh!
 Bheir e sochairean na slainte,
 Cha tig dad ach maíh gu brath oírn,
 Treoirídh e sinn gu Párras :
 O! 's mor a ghradh!

Christ and the Little Ones.

- 1 "The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the Mother, one day,
"He is healing the people who throng him
With a touch of his finger they say,
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."
- 2 The father look'd at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smil'd ;
"Now who but a doated mother
Would think of a thing so wild ?
If the children were tortur'd by demons
Or dying of fever,—'twere well ;
Or had they the taint of the leper
Like many in Israel."
- 3 "Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care,—
If I carry it to the Master
Perhaps I shall leave it there,
If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter I know ;
For a blessing for ever and ever,
Will follow them as they go."
- 4 So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between ;
'Mong the people who hung on his teaching
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees list'ning
She press'd to the feet of the Lord.
- 5 "Now why should'st thou hinder the Master,
Said Peter, "with children like these ?
Seest not how from morning till ev'ning,
He teacheth and healeth disease ?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me !"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee.
- 6 And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers
And bless'd them with tenderest love ;
As he said of the babes in his bosom
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"—
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

The Song of Simeon.--Luke II : 29-32.

- 1 Now Lord, according to thy Word,
Let me depart in peace ;
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen ;
Let all my sorrows cease.
- 2 This great salvation long ago
By thee prepar'd of old,
Before all people now appears
As in thy word was told.
- 3 A light to shine in ev'ry land
On Gentiles far and near ;
The glory of thine Israel,
Thy chosen people dear.

Criosd agus a' chiann bheag.

- 1 "Tha 'm Maighstir air tighinn thar Jordan,"
 Ars' Hannah, an og-mhathair chaomh,
 "A' leigheas na dream thig 'na choir-san
 Le beanait le 'mheoirean ri'n taobh.
 Nis bheir mi a' chlann bheag air laimh leam,
 Seadh Rachel, us Samuel us Eoin,
 Us giulaineam Esther am Paisdean
 An lathair an t-Slanuigheir mhoir."
- 2 An t-athair dhearc oirre le cairdeas,
 A cheann chrath us ghair e gu caoin;
 "Co ach mathair dheòthasach, mhuirneach,
 A smuainich air cuis tha cho faoin?
 Nam biodh iad le deamhain 'gam pianadh,
 No basach' le fiabhrus,—bu cheart;
 Le luilhre nam bitheadh iad breoite
 Nar mhoran an Israel gun neart."
- 3 "Ni h-eadb, ach na bac mise, Natain,
 Tha 'n curam 'gam sharuch' gu trom,—
 Ma bheir mi e dh' ionnsuidh a' Mhaighstir,
 Ma dh'bhaoide 'n sin fagar e leam,
 Ma chuireas e lamh air na maothrain,
 Mo chridhe bidh aotrom gun cheisd;
 Thig beannachd bho Ard-Rìgh na gloire
 A leanas ri 'm beo iad am feasd."
- 4 'Nsin thairis air beanntainnean Judah,
 Feadh shreathan nan ur-chranna fion,
 Le Ester 'na suain air a gairdean,
 A braithrean le Rachel bheag chrion;
 Tre 'n t-sluagh a bha 'g eisdeachd r' a theagasg,
 No feithcamh ri leigheas am pian,
 Troimh mheadhon nam Phariseach uaibhreach,
 Ruith ise gu luath chum an Triath."
- 5 "Carson chuir thu dragh air a' Mhaighstir,"
 Thuir Peadar. le cloinn bhig mar so?
 Nach faic thu bho mhaduinn gu feasgar,
 E teagasg 's a'leigheas nan lot?"
 Thuir Iosa "Na b'acaibh an og-chlann;
 Ach leigibh leo dhomh-sa tigh'nn dluth!"
 Ghrad-thog e'n sin Ester 'na ghairdean,
 Us Rachel bheag chuir air a ghluin."
- 6 Chaidh cridhe trom tiamhaidh na mathar
 A thogail anaird thar gach leon,
 Nuair chuir e a lamh air na braithrean
 'S a bheannaich le gradh iad gu mor;
 Nuair thuir e nu thimchioll nan naoidhean
 'Dhe'n dream so tha rioghachd nan neamh,—"
 A cridhe fhuair neart anns an uair sin
 Fa chomhair gach buairidh us feum.

Oran Shimeion.--Lucas II : 29-33.

- 1 Reir d'fhocail leig a nis, a Thriath,
 Do d' oglach triall an sith,
 Oir chunnaic mi do shlainte mhor
 A bheir mò bhron gu crìch.
- 2 Tha ' t-slainte so a dh' ullaich thu
 San am a bh'ann o chein
 A nise soilleur do gath sluagh,
 A reir do gheallaidh fein.
- 3 So Griann an aigh a shoillsicheas
 Na Cinnich anns gach tìr,
 Us gloir do phobuill Israeil,
 A roghnaich thu gu fìor.

Missionary Hymn.

From Greenland's icy mountains
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river
 From many a palmy plain
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! O salvation !

The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nation
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Hold the Fort.

CHORUS.—“ Hold the Fort, for I am coming”
 Jesus signals still
 Wave the answer back to heaven
 “ By thy grace we will.”

Ho ! my comrades, see the signal
 Waving in the skye !
 Re-inforcements now appearing,
 Victory is nigh !

See the mighty host advancing,
 Satan leading on ;
 Mighty men around us falling
 Courage almost gone !

See the glorious banner waving
 Hear the trumpet blow !
 In our Leader's name we'll triumph
 Over every foe !

Fierce and long the battle rages,
 But our help is near ;
 Onward comes our great Commander,
 Cheer, my comrades- cheer !

Craobh-sgaoileadh an T-soisgeil.

O bheanntaibh deigh na Fuar-thir,
O bhruaich na h-Induis moir ;
Bho Africa nam fuaran
Bho'n gluais a ghainneamh oir,
Bho iomad abhainn aosmhoir,
Bho raointibh nam pailm chrann,
Tha goirm againn a shaoradh
Chlann daoin' o mhearachd teann.

Ged sheikleas gaoth nan spic-eadh
Thar *Ceylon* I nam buadh ;
Ged tha gach sealladh rionbhach
Tha dhaoine millte truagh ;
Tha tiodhlaic Dhe an diubhain
Gu lionmhor air gach taobh,
Na cinnich dhal tha strìochdadh
Do dhiathan chlach us chraobh.

Bhon thugadh solus iuil duinn
Le gliocas ur a' ghras,
An lochran beath' an diult sinn
Do dhoill an dubhra bhais ?
An t-slaite ! O an t-slaite !
An naidheachd aghmhor seirm,
Gun cluinn iad anns gach aite,
Messiah ghraidh 'gan gairm.

Sgaoil, sgaoil, O ghaoth, a sgeula,
A thuil ruith reis gu teann,
Gun bi e mar chuan eibhneis,
Mu'n-che bho cheann gu ceann ;
Gun tig an t-Uan a shaor sinn,
Le fuil ro dhaor a chrìdh
'S gun dean gach neach dha aoradh
Fear-saoraidh, Cruithear, Rìgh.

Gleidh an Dun.

Co-sheirm. "Gleidh an Dun, oir tha mi tighinn,"
So their Josa 'n tras ;
Cuiribh fios air ais gu flaitheas,
"Ni sinn sin le d' ghras."

Hò ! mo chairdean faicibh bratach
Crathadh os ar cionn,
Nis tha cuideachadh ri fhaicinn.
Buaidh tha'm fagus duinn.—Co-sheirm.

Faicibh treun-fheachd oirnn a'teannadh,
Satan air an ceann ;
Gaisgich timchioll oirnn 'gan leagail,
Misneach, lag us fann.—Co-sheirm.

Faicibh sgaoilt' a' bhratach loinnreach,
Fuaim na trompaid cluinn,
Ann an ainm ar Ceannaird aghmhoir
Theid gach namh fo'r cuing.—Co-sheirm.

Ged is fada, searbh, an cogadh,
Cobhair thig gun dail,
Thig ar Ceannaird Mor a chlisgeadh
Biodh bhur misneach ard.—Co-sheirm.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

What means this eager, anxious throng
Which moves with busy hast along?
These wondrous gathering day by day,
What means this strange commotion pray?
In accents hush' the throng reply;
"Jesus of Nazereth passeth by".

Who is this Jesus? why should He
The City move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply;
"Jesus of Narazeth passeth by."

Jesus! tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod mid pain and woe;
And burden'd ones where'r He came,
Brought out there sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoice to hear the cry;
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Again He comes from place to place
His holy foot-prints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold nay,
He enters condescends to stay,
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon—comfort, rest and home.
Ye Wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace,
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn,
"Too late, too late?" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

Unbelievers.

Fools in their hearts believe and say,
That all religion's vain,
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds the affairs of men.

From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

Their tongues are used to speak deceit
Their slander never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace.

Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In all their hearts are found:
Nor can it bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

Iosa O Nasaret a' Dol Seach.

Ciod e a's ciall do'n deifir chruaidh?
Do'n iomgain mhoir so feadh an t-sluaigh?
Na tionail so bho la' gu la' ?
Carson tha'n iomairt so gun tamh?
Le guth ciuin iosal their gach neach,
"Tha Ios' o Nasaret dol seach."

Co e an t-Iosa so? An aom
E'm baile mor gu leir maraon?
An coigreach so an aithne dha
An sluagh a ghluasad mar is aill?
Aris le h-arl-ghuth their gach neach,
"Tha Ios' o Nasaret dol seach."

Iosa? bha triall a bhos aon uair.
Air slighe dhaoine, bronach, truagh,
D'a icnnsuidh thugadh leo 'ran teinn,
A'mhuinntir bhodhar, bhacach, thinn;
Na doill bha ait nuair ghlaodh gach neach
"Tha Ios' o Nasaret dol seach."

Thig e a ris? A lorgan naomh
Chi sinn bho ait gu h-ait gach taobh;
A cheuman air an stairsnich chuinn,
Seadh,-tha e steach,-us fanaidh leinn;
Gu h-ait nach glaodh sinn uile mach?—
"Tha Ios' o Nasaret dol seach."

O? thigibh tha fo'r n callaich sgith
Gu dachaidh, saorsa, fois us sith;
Us sibhse threig bhur n-Athair gaoil,
Thigibh us gabhaibh ghras gu saor:
Nuair bhuairear sibh so dìon gach neach,
"Tha Ios' o Nasaret dol seach"?

Ach fos a' ghairn ma dhiultas sibh,
'S mi-bhuil d'a ghras ma nithear leibh,
Gu bronach pillidh uaibh gun dail
Bhur n-urnuigh diultaidh e le tair;
"Ro anmoch"! gladhaidh sibh a mach,
"Tha Jos' o Nasaret air dol seach"!

Ana Creidmhich.

Nan cridh' their amadain gun ghras,
A ta gach crabhadh faoin,
Cha-n 'eil ann Dia 'na Rìgh gu h-ard,
No 'g amharc gnathan dhaoin'.

Bho smuain cho mi-naomh uamhasach.
Tha comhradh truaillidh teachd;
Tha'n lamhan neo-ghlan aingidh lan
Le grainealachd gu beachd.

An teangadh chleachd bhi mealladh cha'ich
Cha sguir de chaineadh chaoidh;
Cia luath an cas chum uile a' leum
Cha-n eol doibh ceum na sith.

Le siol a' pheacaidh (freumh ro shearbh)
Tha 'n cridhe cealgach lan,
'Us meas nas fearr cha toir e bhuaith
Mur teid ath-nuadhach' le gras.

The Song of Mary.—Luke I : 46-55.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God my Saviour and my King ;
 For He of me made choice.

He graciously regarded hath
 His handmaid's low estate ;
 From henceforth, generations all
 Shall call him bless'd and great.

The Mighty One, the God of love,
 Has done great things for me ;
 His name is holy, and it shall
 For ever holy be.

To them that fear and worship him,
 His mercy is most sure,
 His faithfulness forever doth
 From age to age endure.

Strength with his arm Jehovah shew'd
 The proud in heart abas'd ;
 He cast the mighty from their thrones
 The meek and lowly rais'd.

The hungry with good things he fill'd,
 The rich he empty made ;
 His servant Israel he help'd,
 As in his word he said.

His mercy he remembers now,
 As to our fathers told,
 To Abraham and to his seed
 Whom he did choose of old.

Dominion Hymn.

From ocean unto ocean
 Our land shall own thee Lord,
 And, fill'd with true devotion,
 Obey thy sovereign word :
 Our prairies and our mountains,
 Forest and fertile field,
 Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,
 To Thee shall tribute yield.

O Christ, for thine own glory,
 And for our country's weal,
 We humbly plead before Thee,
 Thyself in us reveal ;
 And may we know, Lord Jesus,
 The touch of thy dear hand ;
 And, healed of our diseases,
 The Tempter's power withstand.

Where error smites with blindness,
 Enslaves and leads astray,
 Do thou in loving kindness,
 Proclaim the gospel day ;
 Till all the tribes and races
 That dwell in this fair land,
 Adorned with christian graces,
 Within thy courts shall stand.

Our Saviour King, defend us,
 And guide where we should go
 Forth with thy message send us,
 Thy love and light to show ;
 Till fired with true devotion,
 Enkindled by thy word,
 From ocean unto ocean,
 Our land shall own thee Lord.

Oran Mhoire.—Lucas I: 46-55.

Bheir m'anam ard-mholadh do'n Triath,
 Mo shlanuighear, mo Lhia, 's ma Rìgh,
 Mo spiorad nì ann aoibhneas moì,
 Bho'n roghnuich e 'na throcair 'mì.
 Oir dh'amhaire e bho neamh a nuas,
 Air inbhe shuarraich 'Innilt fein ;
 Feuch goiridh sona mi gach neach
 Air feadh nan linn ri teachd 'nar deigh.
 An cumhachdach, Ard-Thriath na gloir',
 Rinn nithean mora dhomh an tras' ;
 Tha ainm-san urramach, ro naomh,
 Us bidh e naomh mar sin gu brath.
 Do'n dream d'an eagal e gu fìor
 Tha throcair dileas agus dearbh,
 'S a' thairisneachd air feadh gach al
 Dhoibh sin a thug dha gradh gun chealg.
 Le ghairdean nochd Iehobhah neart,
 Na h-uuibhrich sgap nan smuaintibh ard
 Na h-uaislean thilg o'n cathair sìos
 'S a' mhuinntir ìosal thog o'n lar.
 An t-ocrach shasaich e le maith
 An saobhir chuir e falamb uath ;
 Us thug e cuideachadh us treòir
 D'a oglach, Israel nam buadh.
 A' cuimhneachadh a throcair fein
 D'ar n-aithrichibh a reir mar gheall,
 Do Abraham 's d'a shliochd gu brath
 A roghnuich e le gradh gun sheall.

Laoidh Tighearnais Chanada.

Bho chuan gu cuan, an tìr so,
 A Dhe, nì strìochdadh dhuit,
 Nuair bhithas i lan shìrean
 Bheir umhlachd fhìor do d' ghuth ;
 Gach reidh-shrath agus f-ar-bheinn,
 Gach coille bhuan us raon,
 Gach abhainn, loch us fuaran
 Bheir dhuit gach uair am maoin.
 A Chrìosd, is e ar n-urnuigh
 Gun nochd thu dhuinn thu fein,
 Bidh so gu gloir as ur dhuit,
 Dh'ar duthaich nì e feum ;
 O Josa, Leigh nan grasan,
 Le d' lamhan bean-sa ruinn,
 Nuair leighsear bho gach cradh sinn,
 Ar namhaid saltrar leipn.
 An aite mhearachd basmhor
 Rinn traillean dall de dhaoìn',
 Cuir solus soisgeil ghrasmoir
 Do chaoimhneis ghradhaich chaoìn ;
 Gu-n tig gach dream us seorsa,
 Tha chomhnuidh anns an tìr,
 A stigh do chuir do ghloir-sa
 Le grasan oirdhearc fìor.
 O Rìgh, a shaor sinn, gleidh sinn,
 Us stuir ar ceum gach la,
 Us seol dhuinn far an teid sinn
 A chur an ceill do ghraidh :
 Gu-n lionar le luchd-urnuigh,
 A dhuisgear le do ghuth,
 Bho chuan gu cuan an duthaich,
 A thabhairt umhlachd dhuit.





