

Carmina Gadelica

Hymns and Incantations

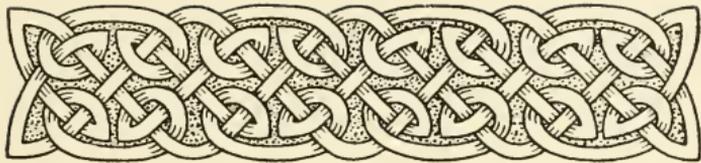
*With Illustrative Notes on Words, Rites, and Customs,
Dying and Obsolete : Orally Collected in the Highlands
and Islands of Scotland*

By Alexander Carmichael

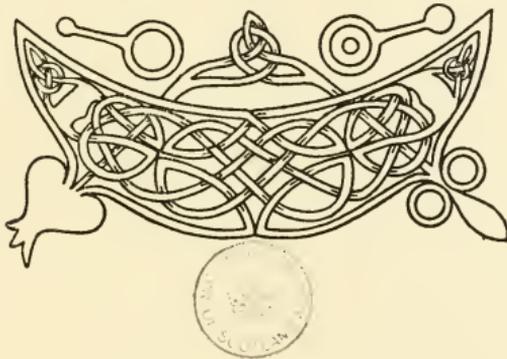


Edinburgh : Oliver and Boyd





CARMINA GADELICA
ORTHA NAN GAIDHEAL





S. C. Carmichael

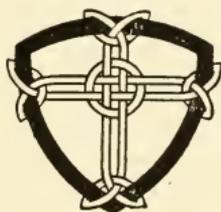
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By Alexander Carmichael

Volume III



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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 Braon beag an Athar	Birth Baptism The little drop of the Father	7
218	Baisteadh Breith An ainm Athar	Birth Baptism In name of Father	11
219	Òr an Tonnaidh Tonnan beag do chruth	The Prayer of Baptism The little wavelet for thy form	13
220	Baisteadh Ban-Ghlùin An ainm Dhé	The Baptism by the Knee- Woman In name of God	17
221	Braon Beag Burn Braon beag burn	A Small Drop of Water A small drop of water	21
	URNAIGHEAN MAIDNE	MORNING PRAYERS	
222	Urnaigh Cur Umainn Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé	Prayer at Dressing Bless to me, O God	25
223	Achan Éirigh A Rìgh na gile 's na gréine	Prayer at Rising Thou King of moon and sun	29
224	Urnaigh Taing dhut daonnan	Prayer Thanks to Thee ever	29
225	Toirt Taing Taing dhuit, a Dhé	Thanksgiving Thanks to Thee, O God	31
226	Urnaigh Éirigh Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé	Prayer at Rising Bless to me, O God	33

AIR.			PAGE
227	Altachadh Éirigh Athair naomhe na firinn	Petition at Rising Thou holy Father of verity	35
228	Urnaigh Mhadainn Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia	Morning Prayer I believe, O God of all gods	41
229	Ceum na Còrach Mo cheum an diugh le Dia	The Path of Right My walk this day with God	49
230	Smaointean Toil Dhé dhianam	Thoughts God's will would I do	51
231	Comhnadh Dhé Dia dha mo chaim	God's Aid God to enfold me	53
232	Altachadh Thì na bì !	Supplication O Being of life !	55
233	Eòlas Gonaidh Sùil Dhé eadar mi	Charm against Venom Be the eye of God	57
234	Urnaigh Guidheam an diugh	Prayer Pray I this day	59
235	An Tri An ainm Athar	The Three In name of Father	63

ÒRACHAN DÌONA

PRAYERS FOR
PROTECTION

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

CONTENTS

xi

AIR.		PAGE
239	Òra na hAnshocair Crois na craoibhe ceusda	73
	Prayer of Distress May the cross of the crucifixion tree	
240	Ìos an Cuartaiche Ìos ! Aon-ghin Mhic Dhé	77
	Jesus the Encompasser Jesu ! Only-begotten Son	
241	Achan Ìosa Canam an achan o m' bheul	79
	Prayer to Jesus I say the prayer from my mouth	
242	Léigh m'Anama A Léigh m'anama	85
	Thou, my Soul's Healer Thou, my soul's Healer	
243	Fuidheall An Spiorad Naomh a bhraonadh orm	87
	Fragment May the Holy Spirit distil on me	
244	Spiorad Naomh A Spioraid Naoimh	89
	Holy Spirit O Holy Spirit	
245	An Teòr An Teòr tha os mo chionn	93
	The Three The Three Who are over me	
246	Seun Sàbhalaidh Seun a chuir Brighid	95
	Charm of Protection The charm placed of Brigit	
247	Achan Tha mi ag achan ri Dia	99
	Prayer I am appealing to God	
248	Caim Caim Dhé agus a làmh dheas	103
	Encompassing The compassing of God	
249	Caim Caim Dhé bhith umad	105
	Encompassing The compassing of God be on thee	
250	Caim Caim nan Ostal naomha	107
	Encompassment The holy Apostles' guarding	
251	Òra Dìona A Mhicheil na mil	109
	Prayer of Protection Thou Michael of militance	

AIR.			PAGE
	AN NOLLAIG MHÓR	THE NATIVITY	
252	Duan Nollaig Nochd an oidhche fhada	Christmas Carol This night is the long night	111
253	An Òigh Chunnacas an Òigh a' teachd	The Virgin The Virgin was beheld approaching	115
254	Leanabh an Àigh Leanabh an àigh	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 Gabham an urnaigh	Praise of Mary I say the prayer	127
257	Moladh Moire Blàth-fhliosg 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	Micheil Mil A Mhicheil Mhil	Michael Militant O Michael Militant	145
260	Micheal nan Aingeal A Mhicheil nan aingeal	Michael of the Angels O Michael of the angels	149
261	Aingeal Coimhreachd Aingil choimhidich mo làimhe dheise	Angel Guardian O Angel guardian of my right hand	151
262	Guidhe Guidhim is acham	Prayer I pray and supplicate	153
263	Banas Brighde Brighde nam brat	Womanhood of Brigit Brigit of the mantles	155

CONTENTS

xiii

ÀIR.			PAGE
264	Beannachadh Brighde Gach latha agus gach oidhche	Blessing of Brigit Each day and each night	161
265	Rann Tobair Caim na Màthar Moire	Rune of the Well The shelter of Mary Mother	169

GUIDHEACHAN TURAIS

JOURNEY PRAYERS

266	Achan Bi 'na do ró réidh romham	Petition Be Thou a smooth way before me	171
267	An Guidhe Tha mi guidhe agus ag achan	The Prayer I am praying and appealing	173
268	An Comhnadh Gun dìonadh Brighde mi	The Aiding May Brigit shield me	175
269	Achan Dhé, fuasgail féin	Prayer Relieve Thou, O God	177
270	Guidhe Turais Dhé, beannaich dhomh an latha	The Journey Prayer God, bless to me this day	179
271	Am Beannachadh Turais Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé	The Journey Blessing Bless to me, O God	181
272	Soisgeul Chrìosd Gum beannaicheadh Dia do chrois	The Gospel of Christ May God bless thy cross	183
273	Soisgeul Dhé nan Dùl Soisgeul Dhé nan dùl	The Gospel of the God of Life The Gospel of the God of life	191
274	Soisgeul Chrìosd Cuirim comraich Chrìosd umad	The Gospel of Christ I set the keeping of Christ about thee	193
275	Comhnadh nan Deòr Dia bhith leat	The Pilgrims' Aiding God be with thee	195
276	Sian Sàbhalaidh Gabhaidh tu ri Dia	Charm for Protection Thou shalt take to God	197

AIR.			PAGE
	BEANNACHDAN	BLESSINGS	
277	Beannachdan	Blessings	201
	ÒRACHAN BUADHA	INVOCATION OF THE GRACES	
278	Òra Buadh Buadh a chuir Brighid	Invocation of the Graces The grace placed by Brigit	213
279	Sian Bhuadha An sian a chuir Brighde	Charm of Grace The charm placed by Brigit	217
280	Òra Aodann Nighinn Tha féil Dhé air th'aghaidh	Charm for the Face of a Maiden The beauty of God is in thy face	227
281	Buadh Buadh rùna dhut	Grace Grace of love be thine	229
	DÙRACHDAN	GOOD WISHES	
282	Dùrachd Feart fithich dhuit	Good Wish Power of raven be thine	231
283	Guidhe Gach latha subhach dhuit	Prayer Each day be glad to thee	235
284	Dùrachd Neart abhainn dhuit	Good Wish Thine be the might of river	237
285	Guidhe Feart sùla dhuit	Prayer Power of eye be thine	237
286	Dùrachd Mathas sùla dhuit	Good Wish The good of eye be thine	239
287	Guidhe Guidhim saoghal sona dhuit	Prayer I pray for thee a joyous life	239

CONTENTS

xv

LIB.			PAGE
288	Dùrachd Gìocas beithir dhuit	Good Wish Wisdom of serpent be thine	241
289	Guidhe Gach latha sona dhuit	Prayer Be each day glad for thee	241
290	Guidhe Gràdh na Muire 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 Ionnlaith mise m'aodann	The Pilgrim's Hope I will bathe my face	251
294	Beannachd Màthar Far an toir thu barr do chinn	The Mother's Blessing Where thou shalt bring the crown of thy head	253
295	Am Beannachd Màthar Aoibh Dhé dha t'aghaidh	The Mother's Blessing The joy of God be in thy face	255
URNAIGH ROIMH ÉISDEACHD		PRAYER BEFORE CONFESSION	
296	Urnaigh roimh Éisdeachd Ìosa, thoir dhomh mathanas	Prayer before Confession Jesu, give me forgiveness	257
CROIS CHRÌOSDA		THE CROSS OF CHRIST	
297	Crois Chrìosda Crois Chrìosd eadar mi	The Cross of Christ Be the cross of Christ	263

SÌTH		PEACE	
298	Sith Sith Dhé dhomh, sith dhaoine	Peace The peace of God, the peace of men	265
299	Sith Sith eadar nàbannan	Peace Peace between neighbours	267
300	Sith Sith nan sonas	Peace The peace of joys	269
GUTH NA TORAINN		THE VOICE OF THUNDER	
301	Guth na Torainn A Dhé nan dùla	The Voice of Thunder O God of the elements	271
302	Torann Guth an Dé mhóir	Thunder The voice of the great God	273
GEALACH ÛR		NEW MOON	
303	Àilleagan Fionn na Féil Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr	Beauteous Fair One of Grace Hail to thee, thou new moon	275
304	Geaslanachd na Gealaich Glòir dhuit féin gu bràth	Moon Worship Glory to thee for ever	279
305	Gealach Ûr Té mo rùin a' ghealach ùr	New Moon She of my love is the new moon	281
306	A' Ghealach Ûr Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr	The New Moon Hail to thee, thou new moon	285
307	Gealach Ûr Ri faicinn domh na gealaich ùir	New Moon When I see the new moon	287
308	A' Ghealach Ûr Ri faicinn dhomh na gealaich ùir	The New Moon When I see the new moon	289

CONTENTS

xvii

ÀIR.		PAGE
309	Gealach Ùr Ta mi togail duit mo làmh	New Moon I am lifting to thee my hands 291
310	Gealach Ùr Siod agaibh a' ghealach ùr	New Moon There, see, the new moon 293
311	Gealach Ùr Siod, siod, a' ghealach ùr !	New Moon There, there, the new moon ! 297
312	A' Ghealach Ùr Té mo rùin a' ghealach ùr	The New Moon She of my love is the new moon 299
313	Rìoghainn na hOidhche Fàilte dhuit féin	Queen of the Night Hail unto thee 301
314	Àilleagan nam Buadh Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr	Jewel of Virtues Hail to thee, thou new moon 303
315	Gealach Ùr Guma geal do sholas dhomh	New Moon May thy light be fair to me ! 305

A' GHRIAN

THE SUN

316	Grian Sùil Dhé mhóir	Sun The eye of the great God 307
317	A' Ghrian Fàilte 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	Beannachadh Bithidh Bi liom, a Dhé	Grace before Food Be with me, O God 315
320	Buidheachas Bithidh Taing dhut, a Dhé	Thanks after Food Thanks be to Thee, O God 317

DÌON OIHCHE		NIGHT SHIELDING	
321	Eòlas Eagail Oidhche Dia romham, Dia dheogham	Charm for Fear by Night God before me, God behind me	319
322	Comaraig nan Deòr Tha mi cur m'anama	The Pilgrims' Safeguarding I am placing my soul	321
323	Dion Dé A Thighearna agus a Dhia	Shielding of God Thou Lord and God	323
324	Smùradh an Tula Smùraidh mi an tula	Smoothing the Hearth I will smoor the hearth	325
325	Smàladh an Teine Smàlam a nochd mo theine	Smoothing the Fire I smoor this night my fire	325
326	Smàladh an Teine Smàlam a nochd an teine	Smoothing the Fire I smoor the fire this night	327
327	Urnaigh Oidhche 'Nat ainm, Ìos	Night Prayer In Thy name, O Jesu	329
328	Laighim sìos a Nochd Laighim sìos a nochd le Dia	I Lie down this Night I lie down this night with God	333
329	Achan Chadail Laighim sìos a nochd	Sleep Invocation I lie down this night	335
330	Gabhail mu Thàmh Nara tigeadh thugam eucoir	Going to Rest May no wrong come unto me	337
331	Beannachadh Tàimh Dhé, beannaich dhomh	Rest Benediction Bless to me, O God	339
332	Fois A Thì nam feart	Repose Thou Being of marvels	341
333	Clos Cadail Dhé nan dùl, na dubhr dhomh	Repose of Sleep O God of life, darken not to me	343

CONTENTS

xix

ÀIR.			PAGE
334	Dhé Mhóir Dhé mhóir, thoir dhomhsa	Thou Great God Thou great God, grant me	345
335	Urnaigh Mo Dhia agus mo Thriath	Prayer My God and my Chief	347
336	Urnaigh Athair, beannaich mi	Prayer Father, bless me	349
337	Caimeachadh Teaghlaich Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an teine	Encompassing of Family Bless, O God, the fire	351
338	Beannachadh Tàimh Beannaich, a Dhé, an ardrach	Rest Blessing Bless Thou, O God, the dwelling	357
339	An Teaghlach A Dhé, beannaich mo bhonnaigh	The Homestead O God, bless my homestead	359
340	Beannachadh Taighe Beannaicheadh Ti	Blessing of the House May God give blessing	361
341	Beannachadh Taighe Crois Chrìosd	Blessing of a House Be Christ's cross	367

BÀS

DEATH

342	Latha a' Bhàis Tha fearg dhubb Dhé nan dùl	The Day of Death The black wrath of the God of life	369
343	Bàs Sona A Dhé mhóir na slàinte	Happy Death Thou great God of salvation	371
344	Urnaigh Bhàis Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do ghliocas	Death Prayer O God, give me of Thy wisdom	375
345	Bàs Ola Bàs ola agus aithreachais	Death of Unction Death with unction and with penitence	377
346	Tha Mi Dol Dachaidh Leat Tha mi dol dachaidh leat	I am Going Home with Thee I am going home with thee	379

LIR.		PAGE
347	An Tuiream Bàis Thu dol dachaidh a nochd	The Death Dirge Thou goest home this night 383
348	Bàs Sona Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé	Joyous Death Give us, O God 387
349	Bàs Sona Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé	Joyous Death Give Thou to me, O God 389
350	Bàs Sona Bàs ola	Joyous Death Death with oil 393
351	Achaine Guidhim Peadail, guidhim Pòl	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 unlatched, 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 dhuine 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.

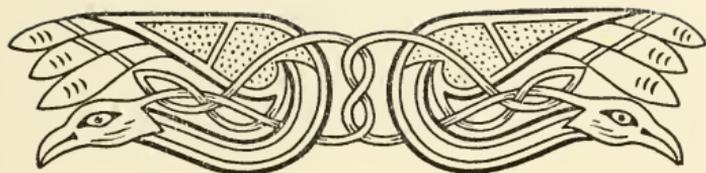
My aim in this record is to give a personal impression of Mrs Watson herself rather than an account of the work which she did ; but it may be said that the *Celtic Review* was a very gallant venture. Among the serious and scholarly periodicals that have appeared at various times to promote Gaelic studies, 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 fro 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 ciad uisg anns an liuthar an leanabh an deoghaidh a bhreith a steach dh'an t-saoghal, tha a' bhean-nighidh a' cur bonn òir no cùinneadh airgid anns a' chuman bhurn am bheilear a' liuthail an leinibh. Agus tha am boireannach dh'a dhèanamh seo air ghaol sith, air ghaol sóigh, air ghaol seilbh, air ghaol sonais a latha agus a dh'oidhche, air bhuaadh mhath, air bhuaadh rath, air bhuaadh làrach anns 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-ghlùin,' knee-woman's baptism.

Thubhairt am beulaiche : Dar a tha cruth Dhé nan dùl 'ga bhreith a steach dh'an t-saoghal tha mi a' cur trì braona beaga burn air urlaigh an leinibh. Tha mi a' cur a' chiad bhraonan an ainm an Athar, agus tha na mnathan-faire a' canail Amen. Agus tha mi a' cur an dara braonan an ainm an Mhic, agus tha na mnathan-faire a' canail Amen. Agus tha mi a' cur an treas braonan an ainm an Spioraid, agus tha na mnathan-faire a' canail Amen. Agus tha mi a' guidhe air an Trithinn Naoimh an leanabh a ligheadh agus a nigheadh agus a ghleidheadh dhaibh fhéin. Agus tha na mnathan-faire ag ràdh Amen. Tha a chuile duine staigh a' togail an guth ann am fianais leis na mnathan-faire gun tugadh thairis an leanabh

dh'an Trianaid bheannaichte. A Leabhra fhéin! cha chuala cluas riamh ceòl is bòidhche na ceòl nam mnathan-faire a' coisreadh gine mhic an duine agus 'ga thoir thairis do Dhia mór nan dùl. Cha tog na siol slodha, cha tog na siol sluagha, cha tog na siol saoghla an suainean sèimh sona dh'an dèanar òra bhoadhach a' bhaistidh; cha laigh sùil air, cha laigh tnuith air, cha laigh farmad air; tha dà làimh Moire mìn nan gràs agus dà làimh Chriosda chaoimh dh'a shaoradh, a' comraig agus a' cuartachadh agus a' comhnadh suainean sòlasach a' bhaistidh.

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 lave and to bathe 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! 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 fairy, no seed of the hosts of the air, no seed of the world's people, can lift away the happy tranquil little sleeper for whom is made the beneficent 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.

Peigidh Nic Cormaig, Peggy MacCormack, *née* MacDonald, is now an old woman, but a fine woman still, mentally and physically. She said: Tha mi dà fhichead bliadhna agus a cóig diag ri banas-ghlùin, agus cha do dh'éirich riamh beud no baoghal do bhoireannach mu'n robh mo dhà làimh; agus a chliù sin do Dhia nan dùl agus chan ann domhsa. Bha mise daonnan a' dèanamh mo dhìcheall, ach bha mi daonnan a' guidhe air Ìosa Mac Moire mo dhà shùil a chumail agus mo dhà làimh a stiùradh anns gach càs agus anns gach ceum. Bha mise lag ach bha esan làidir—a' ghlòir dhà-san agus chan ann do neach eile.—I am two score and fifteen years a knee-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 Lismore was in pre-Presbyterian times the chancel of the Cathedral Church of the See of Argyll and the Isles, and was called Eaglais Mhór Mo-Luag, the Great Church of Mo-Luag. Beside the church are Cill 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 Bhaisteadh, 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 farm of West Cralacan 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 ghath gréine gun ré gile, air oidhche dhubha dhorch, far nach faiceadh súil agus nach tùradh 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 'mac talla,' 'son of rock,' which is the Gaelic term for 'echo.' 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 sprites known as 'fridich 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 fourteen 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 'baisteadh cléirich,' clerical baptism ; 'baisteadh mór,' great baptism ; 'baisteadh eaglais,' church baptism ; 'baisteadh pears eaglais,' baptism of the churchman ; 'baisteadh sagairt,' baptism of the priest ; 'baisteadh ministeir,' 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 'féisd baistidh' and 'cuirm 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 rime. Prose wishes at the clerical baptism are indeed rare ; rimed wishes are most usual.

BAISTEADH BREITH

[217]

Beulaiche : Catrìona Nic Nill, coitear, Breubhaig, Barraidh

THUIRT an seanchaidh, Catrìona Mhurchaidh : Chuala mise an rann seo aig seann chailleachan bho chionn fada an t-saoghail. Dar a bheirte leanabh chuireadh a' bhean-ghlùin trì braona beaga burn air clàr-ung an leanabain an ainm Athar, an ainm Mhic, an ainm Spioraid, agus theireadh i mar seo :—



RAON beag an Athar

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 chomhnadh o'n a sìodh,
Dha do dhìonadh o'n a sluagh ;

Dha do chomhnadh o'n a frìd,
Dha do dhìonadh o'n a fuath ;

Dha do thasgadh dha na Trì,
Dha do dhìonadh, dha do chuairt ;

Dha do ghleidheadh dha na Trì,
Dha do lìonadh le na buaidh ;

Braon beag nan Trì
Dha do lìobhadh le na buaidh.

BIRTH BAPTISM

Reciter : Catherine MacNeill, cottar, Breubhaig, Barra

THE reciter, Catherine daughter of Murdoch, said : I heard this rune 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 sin a' bhean-ghlùin an leanabh do chaillich chloinne chon a nigheadh, agus bheireadh an té chloinne boiseag bheag bhurn air an leanaban bheag bhrònach, agus sheinneadh i ceòl a bu bhinne chuala cluas riagh air thalamh, agus theireadh i mar seo :—



ONNAN dha do chruth,
Tonnan dha do ghuth,
Tonnan dha do mhànrachd ;

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 tonnan dha do ghràsachd.

Bithidh an duan sin air teangaidh na caillich chloinne gus am bi i ullamh a liuthail an leanabain. Is iomadh dòigh neònach a bha measg nan seann daoine ; ach thòisich coigrich air tighinn a steach dh'an dùthaich, agus thòisich iad air magadh air luchd na dùthcha, agus mar sin leigeadh cleachdanan ceanalta na dùthcha uidh air n-uidh air chùl, agus cuid air chall. Cha mhór feadhainn a sheasadh ri magadh feadhainn is fearr ionnsachadh na iad fhéin. Cha mhór idir.

Then the midwife would give the child to a nurse to wash it, and the nurse would put a small palmful 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 rune 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—not many at all.

BAISTEADH BREITH

[218]



N ainm Athar,
Amen

An ainm Mic,
Amen

An ainm Spioraid,
Amen

Trì dha do ligheadh,
Amen

Trì dha do nigheadh,
Amen

Trì dha do ghlidheadh,
Amen

[Teòra

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 lave thee,
Amen

Three to bathe thee,
Amen

Three to save thee,
Amen

Father and Son and Spirit,
Amen

Father and Son and Spirit,
Amen

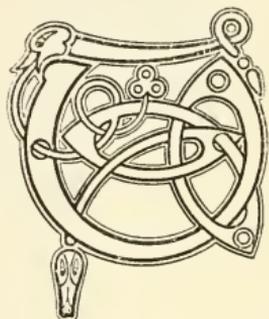
Father and Son and Spirit,
Amen.

OR AN TONNAIDH

[219]

O Mhàiri Nic Néill, croitear

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : An uair a tha am boireannach a' liuthail an leanabain air a bhreith a staigh dh'an t-saoghal, tha i a' cur naoi tonnanan beaga burn air an naoidhean bheag bhòidheach a thàinig dhachaidh a uchd an Athar shiorraidh. Am feadh a tha i ris a seo tha i fhéin agus na mnathan-frithealaidh a' seinn rann an tonnaidh.



ONNAN beag do chruth,
 Tonnan beag do ghuth,
 Tonnan beag do mhànrain.

Tonnan beag do chuid,
 Tonnan beag do bhuig,
 Tonnan beag do chàileachd.

Tonnan beag do mhaoin,
 Tonnan beag do shaoghail,
 Tonnan beag do shlànachd.

Naoi tonn de ghràsa dhuit,
 Tonnan Léigh do shlàinte.

Boisileag do chruth,
 Boisileag do ghuth,
 Boisileag do mhànrain.

Boisileag do ruch,
 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-women 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.

Naoi boisileag do ghràsa,
Tiùra 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-GHLÙIN

[220]

Beulaiche : Bean Dhomhail Eóghain, croitear, Bearnaraidh,
Barraidh

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : Chuala mise seo aig mo mhàthair, sith dh'a h-anam, 'n uair a bha mi òg, 'na mo luidearaig bhig bhrònaich a mach agus a steach an starsach, cho aotrom gòrach ri eòin an adhair. A Mhoire Mhàthair, 's beag fàth a ghabh mi dhiubh anns an am, agus is beag a shaoil mi gun tigeadh sibhse, a luaidh, dh'an iarraidh an diugh, an déidh ceithir fichead bliadhna. Bha mo mhàthair ghràidh ag innse dòighean a' bhaile do bhean a bha sa bheinn, agus bha mise a' cumail cluais ri a cainnt, ged bu bheag ghòrach mi anns an am, agus seo mar a thuir mo mhàthair ghaoil ris a' bhoireannach a thàinig dhachaidh.

Dar a thig an naoidhean a steach dh'an t-saoghal tha a' bhean-ghlùin a' cur trì braona burn air clàr-ung an leanabain bhig bhrònaich a thàinig thugainn dhachaidh bho uchd an Athar shiorraidh. Agus tha am boireannach 'ga dhèanamh seo ann an ainm agus ann an urram na Trianaide chaoimh chumhachdaich, agus ag ràdh mar seo :—



N ainm Dhé,
An ainm Ìos,
An ainm Spioraid,
Triùir innich nam buadh.

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

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

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

Dha do chomhnadh, dha do chaithris,
Dha do chaimeadh, dha do chuairt.

THE BAPTISM BY THE KNEE-WOMAN

Reciter : The wife of Donald, son of Eóghan, crofter,
Bernera (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 urchin out and in at the threshold, as lightsome and foolish as the birds of the air. O Mary Mother, little heed 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 sìodh,
Dha do dhionadh o'n a sluagh.

Dha do choisrig o'n a frìd,
Dha do libhrig o'n a fuath.

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

Braon beag nan Tri
Dha do lìonadh le an suairc.

Braon beag nan Tri
Dha do lìonadh le am buaidh.

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

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

To sain 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]

THUBHAIRT an seanchaidh : Seo seanchas na bramach-inilt, a luaidh, agus saoilim féin gum bu lurach a cainnt agus gum b'álainn a cluinntinn. A Mhoire nan gràs, is iomadh rud àlainn a bha aig na daoine dh'fhalbh, ge nach mór a chnuasaichear dhiubh sin an diugh. Cha chnuasaich, a luaidh, chan 'eil e ann. Dh'fhalbh na Crìosdan còir a bha gabhail suim ann an seanchas math measail an dùthcha. Tha cuimhne agam fhìn, ge bu bheag mi san am, dar a bhitheadh daoine Crìosdail na dùthcha cruinneachadh ann an taighean cach a chéile, ag innseadh sgialachd agus eachdraidh, ach an agus urnaigh, a' seinn laoidh agus luinneag, a' gabhail dhuan agus òran binn bòidheach réidh. Is iomadh rud còir a bh'ann— O is iomadh rud còir a bh'ann aig na seann daoine dh'fhalbh. Cha b'ann air monaban gun dòigh a bha daoine còir an là ud beò—cha b'ann, a luaidh, cha bu diù leo smodal. Bhitheadh na seann daoine seanchas air cor an t-saoghail agus air caochladh nan sian, air gil agus gréin, air reultaidh an adhair, air tràghadh agus lìonadh na mara, air fàs ann an aigeal a' chuain, agus air talamhnan teth agus fuar an t-saoghail. Bhitheamaid-ne 'nar suidhe air clàr lom an ùlair, gun smid a ceann, gun ghluasad air làimh, eagal gun cuirte mach as an taigh sinn mura bitheamaid modhail. A Rìgh ! 's ann an sin a bhitheadh an seanchas ! —agus seanchas fiùghail.

Cha chluinn sibh dad deth sin an diugh, a bhean Dhomhail, arsa mise.

Cha chluinn, a luaidh, cha chluinn, chan 'eil e ann. Is ann tha na Crìosdan caomh aig an robh ùidh dheth sin taobh thall na h-aibhne, far an goirid gum bi mise mi fhìn. O a Mhoire nan gràs, gun toireadh tu dhomhsa do dhà làimh ma m'anam siorraidh a' dol a null air abhainn dubh a' bhàis far an deachaidh mo ghràdhaich gu suain !



RAON beag burn

Dha t'urraigh, a luaidh,
Dùth Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid,
Tiùraidh nam buadh.

Braon beag burn

Ri caimeadh mo luaidh,
Dùth Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid,
Tiùraidh nam buadh.

A SMALL DROP OF WATER

THE reciter said : These, my dear one, were the words of the womb-woman, and lovely, methinks, 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 disdained 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 flat of the floor, not uttering a syllable, nor moving a hand, lest we should be put out of the house were we not mannerly. 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 lionadh le gach buaidh,
Dùth Athar agus Mic agus Spioraid,
Tiùraidh 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 Chatriona Nic Ghill-Fhinnein, *née* Nic Dhomhnaill,
croitear, Achadh nam Breac, Mùideart

THUBHAIRT am boireannach : Bha mo mhàthair daonnan ag obair ré an latha a' cuideachadh le m'athair air an fhearann, agus ré an oidhche ri coill agus calanas, ri aodach laighe agus éirigh dh'an teaghlach. Bhiodh mo mhàthair ag achann oirnn a bhith cùramach anns a chuile, urram a chur air ùine agus cùl a chur ri leisg ; gun robh oidhche tighinn anns nach b'urrainn obair a dhèanamh. Bhiodh i ag innseadh dhuinn mu Mhac Shiamain, agus mar a bha e ag iarraidh a bhith ag obair. Ma bha sinn riamanach a' cur umainn, agus gun gabhamaid leisgeul ar n-urnaighean, theireadh mo mhàthair gun robh Dia a' coimhead air cridhe agus nach ann air cainnt, air mèinn agus nach ann air modh ; agus gum faodamaid ar n-anam a chomhdach le gràs an tràth bha sinn a' comhdach ar colainn le aodach. Dh'ionnsaich mo mhàthair dhuinn an nì bu chòir dhuinn iarraidh anns an achann, mar a chual ise aig a màthair féin, agus mar a chual an té sin aig an té bha roimpe.

Bhiodh mo mhàthair ag iarraidh oirnn ar n-òran madainn a sheinn do Dhia shìos anns a' chùltaigh, mar bha fosgag Mhoire shuas 'ga sheinn anns na neòil, agus mar smeòrach Chriosda 'ga sheinn thall anns a' chraoibh, a' toir glòir do Dhia nan dùil air son fois na h-oidhche, air son soillse an latha, agus air son sòlas na beatha. Theireadh i ruinn gun robh gach dùil air an talamh a bhos agus anns an fhairge shìos agus anns an adhar shuas a' toir glòir do Dhia mòr nan dùil agus nan domhan, nam buadh agus nam beannachd, agus am bitheamaid-ne balbh !

Thog mo mhàthair chaomh a clann ann am biadh agus aodach, ann an gaol agus carthanachd. Is gaolach le mo chridhe an ùir anns a bheil mo mhàthair ghaoil a' tàmh.

PRAYER AT DRESSING

From Catherine MacLennan, *née* MacDonald,
crofter, Achadh nam 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 Shiamain, 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.



EANNAICH dhomh, 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,
Eireireachd mo làimh ;

Tréin agus traing na moich,
Beus agus gleus na stuaim,
Euchd agus céill na smuain,
'S do cheum féin, a Dhé nam buadh,
Gon téid mi 'n suain a nochd ;

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

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

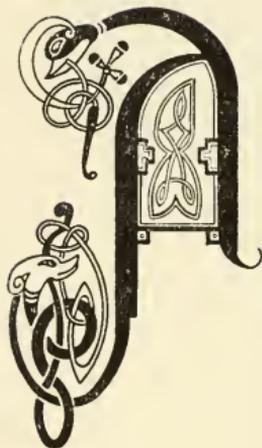
Bless to me, O God,
My heart and my speech,
And bless to me, O God,
The handling of my hand ;

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 ÉIRIGH

[223]



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

[cubhra

Gach là tha sinn a' gluasad,
 Gach uair tha sinn a' dùsgadh,
 Cur smalan agus gruaman
 Air Rìgh nan sluagh thug rùn duinn.

Bi leinn anns gach latha,
 Bi leinn anns gach oidhche ;
 Bi leinn gach oidhche 's latha,
 Bi leinn gach latha 's oidhche.

URNAIGH

[224]

TAING dhut daonnan, a Chrìosda chaoin,
 Gun tug thu saor mì nìos a duibh
 Agus a daoich na h-oidhche raoir
 Go solas caoin an latha 'n diugh.

Cliù dhut féin, a Dhé nan dùl,
 A réir gach biù a bhrùchd thu orm,
 Mo mhiann, mo bhriathar, mo chiall, mo chliù,
 Mo smuain, mo ghnìomh, mo rian, mo thorm.

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 dhuit, a Dhé, gun d'éirich mi 'n diugh
 Gu éirigh na beatha seo féin ;
 Gum b'ann gu d' ghlòir féin, a Dhé na fritheil,
 Agus gu glòir m'anama d'a réir.

Dhé mhóir, dèan comhnadh air m'anam
 Le comhnadh do thròcair féin ;
 Mar tha mis a' comhdach mo chuirp le olainn,
 Comhdaich m'anam le faileas do sgéith.

Cuidich dhomh gach peacadh a sheachnadh,
 Is ceann adhbhair gach peacaidh a thréig ;
 'S mar a sgaoileas an ceò 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 ÉIRIGH

[226]



O Chatrìona Nic Ghill-Eathain, croitear, Nàst, Gearrloch

EANNAICH dhomh, a Dhé,
 Gach seun is léir dha m' shùil ;
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 Gach séis a chluinn mo chluas ;
 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' cheòl,
 Gach leus a théid dha m' threòir,
 Gach seun dh'am bheil mo thòir,
 Gach teum dh'am bheil mo dheòin,
 An t-eud dha m'anam beò,
 An Teòir tha 'n tòir mo chridhe,
 An t-eud dha m'anam beò,
 An Teòir tha 'n tòir mo chridhe.

PRAYER AT RISING

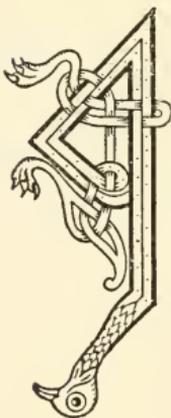
From Catherine Maclean, crofter, Naast, Gairloch

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 ÈIRIGH

[227]

THUBHAIRT an seanchaidh : Ri linn mo latha-sa agus mun do chuireadh sinn as a' Bheinn Mhóir, bha móran seann seanchais agus seann chleachdanna agus seann bheachdanna a measg nan seann daoine—urnan agus ubanan, òrain agus laoidhean, sgial agus ceòl agus dannsadh bho Luan gu Domhnach. Cha robh siana dhèanadh na daoine na car a chuireadh iad dhiùbh nach robh an crònan ciùil 'nam bial. 'N uair a dh'èireadh iad sa mhadainn—agus a Mhoire mhìn, bu mhocheireach madainneach daoin an là sin !—cha chluinnt ach fear shìos agus bean shuas, gille thall agus nighean a bhos, agus an coireall ciùil am bial gach aon ; co dhiùbh bhitheadh iad ri froiseadh san àth no ri fodradh sa bhàthach, a' toir a staigh cuman uisge no a' toir dhachaidh cliabh mòna, bha a chrònan féin a bial gach neach. Is dòcha nach faicte duine, ach chluinnt an guth shìos agus shuas, thall agus a bhos feadh a' bhaile—caithreim ciùil am bial gach fir. O a Mhoire Mhàthair, bu bhriagh fhéin a bhith dh'an cluinntinn moch madainn earraich a' cur surd air obair—an lon shìos sa bhadan, an smeòrach shuas sa chreagach, an fhosgag an aird an adhair, a' ghrian oirdheirc òrbhuidh a' dealtradh creachann nam beann agus a' failceadh cneasach nan tonn, an fhaoileag an déidh an t-sil, agus a' mhuc a' smùidrich agus a' spùtadh thall anns a' Chuan Chanach. O Mhoire 's a Mhic, bu bhriagh ! bu bhriagh bhith dh'am faicinn agus dh'an éisdeachd seach tramasgal agus leumraich sluaigh gun fheum an là 'n diugh, gun cheòl gun òran gun urnaigh gun obair anna, na móran do rud còir air bith, mur bheil smodal seanchais agus sgeodal (sgudal) sgiuchaireachd a bhitheas a' falbh feadh an t-saoghail.



THAIR naoimhe na firinn,
Athair chaoimhe na tròcair,
Tabhair mise bho na gisnean,
Tabhair mise bho na goisnean.

Seun féin mi air an là an diugh,
Agus air gach aon latha ;
Seun féin mi air an oidhche nochd,
Agus air gach aon 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 lore 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 could 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 creel 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 townland—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 mavis yonder in the rock, the lark aloft in the sky, the radiant golden-yellow sun illumining 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 Canna. 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 shìorraidh agus a Dhé nan dùl,
 Tabhair féin do mhathanas dhùinn,
 'Na mo smuain dhòbhaidh,
 'Na mo ghnìomh ghòraich,
 'Na mo sguain ròmaich,
 'Na mo ghlòir dhìomhain.

Athair shìorraidh agus a Dhé nan dùl,
 Tabhair féin do mhathanas dhùinn,
 'Na mo mhiann bhréige,
 'Na mo dhian éitigh,
 'Na mo rian reubaich,
 'Na mo spéis gun 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 baoth.

Athair shìorraidh agus a Dhia nan dùl,
 Seachainn ormsa bù nam ban sìdh.

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

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

Na leig sal dha m'anam,
 Na leig smal dha m'chalann,
 Na leig samh dha m'anail,
 O Athair na daondachd.

[cholann

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 fairy 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 tùs mo bheatha,

Bi thus a rithist

Ri crìoch mo shaoghail :

Nist agus fhathast,

'Na mo bhith, 'na mo bhàs,

A Mhic 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 MHADAINN

[228]

From Mary Gillies, crofter,

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 lore 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



REIDIM, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
 Gur tu Athair sìorraidh nan dùl ;
 Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
 Gur tu Athair sìorraidh nan rùn.

Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
 Gur tu Athair sìorraidh nan naomh ;
 Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
 Gur tu Athair sìorraidh gach aon.

Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
 Gur tu Athair sìorraidh chlann daonn ;
 Creidim, a Dhia nan uile dhia,
 Gur tu Athair sìorraidh an t-saoghail.

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

MORNING PRAYER

Morar, 1st September 190—

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

Mary Gillies 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 dheilbh,
 Gur tu a chruthaich mo chorp a duslach agus luaith,
 Gur tu thug dha m' chorp anail agus dha m'anam
 a sheilbh.

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

Athair shìorraidh agus a Thriath nan sluagh,
 Creidim gun do lighich thu m'anam an Spiorad
 na h-ic,
 Gun tug thu Mac do rùine ann an cumhnant air mo
 shon,
 Gun do cheannaich thu m'anam le fuil bheannaichte
 do Mhic.

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

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

Thug thu nìos mi o'n oidhche 'n raoir
 Gu solas aoibhneach an là an diugh,
 Gu sòlas mór 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, Ìosda Crìosda,
 Lìonmhor tiodhlac a dhiolaich thu arm,
 Gach là agus oidhche, gach muir agus tìr,
 Gach soineann sìde, gach mìn agus garbh.

Tha mi toir adhradh dhuit le m'uire bheatha,
 Tha mi toir aonta dhuit le m'uire bhoadh,
 Tha mi toir molaidh dhuit le m'uire theanga,
 Tha mi toir onair dhuit le m'uire luaidh.

Tha mi toir urram dhuit le m'uire thuigse,
 Tha mi toir uilm dhuit le m'uire smuain,
 Tha mi toir cliù dhuit le m'uire dhùrachd,
 Tha mi toir umhlachd dhuit am fuil an Uain.

Tha mi toir rùn dhuit le m'uire rùnachd,
 Tha mi toir glùnachd dhuit le m'uire mhiann,
 Tha mi toir gaoil dhuit le m'uire chridhe,
 Tha mi toir caoimh dhuit le m'uire rian ;
 Tha mi toir m'anail dhuit le m'uire bharail,
 Tha mi toir m'anam dhuit, a Dhia nan uile dhia.

Mo smuain, mo ghnìomh,
 Mo bhriathar, mo thoil,
 Mo thuigse, mo chiall,
 Mo rian, mo chor.

Tha mi guidh ort
 Mo chumail o olc,
 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 dìonadh Dia mi,
Gun lionadh Dia mi,
Gun gleidheadh Dia mi,
Gum faiceadh Dia mi.

Gun toireadh Dia mi
Gu talamh na sìth,
Gu fearann an Rìgh,
Gu sìth na sìorraidheachd.

Cliù dh'an Athair,
Cliù dh'an Mhac,
Cliù dh'an Spiorad,
An Trì Aont. [Tritheann uile-naomh

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

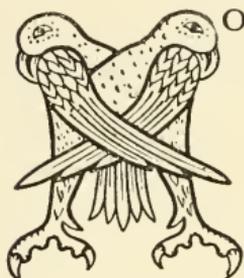
May God bring me
To the land of peace,
To the country of the King,
To the peace of eternity.

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

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 overseen or overheard 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 Criosd,
 Mo cheum an diugh le Spiorad,
 An Trifhill uile-chaomh : [Trifhillt
 Hò ! hò ! hò ! an Trifhill uile-chaomh.

Mo dhìon an diugh o lochd,
 Mo dhìon an oidhche nochd,
 Hò ! hò ! m'anam is mo chorp,
 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 Thri agus mar Aon :
 Hò ! hò ! hò ! mar Thri agus mar Aon.

THE PATH OF RIGHT

a stranger, is seen in the way, the people hum the prayer in an inaudible undertone peculiar to themselves, like the soft murmur of the ever-murmuring 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 thoiream ;

Slighe Dhé siubhlam,
Mo shlighe féin diùltam ;

Bàs Chrìosda smaoineam,
Mo bhàs féin cuimhneam ;

Cràdh Chrìosda meobhram,
Mo ghràdh Dhé teódham ;

Crois Chrìosda giùlnam,
Mo chrois féin timheam (?) ; [timhimeam (?)

Aithreachas pheacaidh gabham,
Aithreachas tràthail tagham ;

Strian ri m' theangaidh cuiream,
Strian ri m' aigne cumam ;

Breitheanas Dhé breithneam,
Mo bhreitheanas 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 DHÉ

[231]



IA dha mo chaim,
 Dia dha mo chuairt,
 Dia dha mo chainn,
 Dia dha mo smuain.

Dia dha mo chadal,
 Dia dha mo dhùsg,
 Dia dha mo chaithris,
 Dia dha mo dhùil.

Dia dha mo bheatha,
 Dia dha mo bhilibh,
 Dia dha m'anam,
 Dia dha mo chridhe.

Dia dha mo riaradh,
 Dia dha mo shuain,
 Dia dha m'anam sìorraidh,
 Dia dha m' bhioth-bhuan.

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.

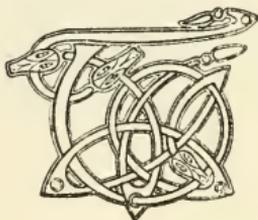
God in my life,
God in my lips,
God in my soul,
God in my heart.

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

ALTACHADH

[232]

THE following poem was taken down from the recitation of Dugall MacAulay, cottar, Creagorry, Benbecula. MacAulay is an old man, full of old songs and hymns, runes 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 'Altach Shomhairle,' Somhairle's or



HÌ na bì !

Thì na sìth !

Thì na tìd !

Thì na sìorrachd !

Thì na sìorrachd !

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

Buachaillich mi an diugh,
 Fuasgail air mo chàs,
 Cuairtich mi a nochd,
 Dòrt orm do ghràs,
 Dòrt orm do ghràs !

Caim dhomh mo ghuth,
 Daing dhomh mo ghràdh,
 Coinnich dhomh an sruth,
 Cobhair dhomh sa bhàs,
 Cobhair dhomh sa bhàs !

SUPPLICATION

Somerled's Petition, and 'Altach Shomhairle Mhic Calmain,' The Supplication of Somhairle or Somerled MacCalman. He said that Somhairle Mac Calmain 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,
Illumine for me the stream,
Succour Thou me in death,
Succour Thou me in death !

EÒLAS GONAI DH

[233]



ÙIL Dhé eadar mi 's gach sùil,
 Rùn Dhé eadar mi 's gach rùn,
 Làmh Dhé eadar mi 's gach làmh,
 Càil Dhé eadar mi 's gach càil,
 Miann Dhé eadar mi 's gach miann,
 Srian Dhé eadar mi 's gach srian,
 'S chan fhaod bial mo mhollachadh.

Cràdh Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach cràdh,
 Gràdh Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach gràdh,
 Gaol Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach gaol,
 Caomh Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach caomh,
 Toigh Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach toigh,
 Toil Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach toil,
 'S chan fhaod goimh mo ghonachadh.

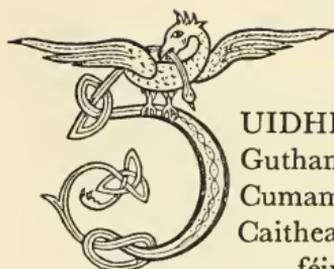
Neart Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach neart,
 Ceart Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach ceart,
 Sileadh Spioraid eadar mi 's gach sileadh,
 Ligheadh Spioraid eadar mi 's gach ligheadh,
 Nigheadh Spioraid eadar mi 's gach nigheadh,
 'S chan fhaod nithe beanachd dhomh.

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 laving of Spirit betwixt me and each laving,
The bathing of Spirit betwixt me and each bathing,
And no ill thing can touch me.



URNAIGH

[234]

UIDHEAM an diugh mo ghuidhe dhuts, a Dhé,
 Gutham an diugh mar a ghuthas guth do bhéil,
 Cumam an diugh mar a chumas luchd nan nèamh,
 Caitheam an diugh mar chaitheas do mhuintir
 féin,

Reacham an diugh a réir do reachd, a Dhé,
 Cuiream an diugh mar chuireas naomh an nèamh.

A Chrìosda chaoimh a cheusadh air a' chrann,
 Gach latha agus gach oidhche cuimhnicheam do bhann ;
 Am laighe agus am éirigh géilleam dha do chrois,
 Am bheatha agus am bhàs mo shlàint thu agus m'fhois.

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

Gach nì a fhuair mi 's ann uat a thàineas,
 Gach nì am bheil 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 naoimh, Athair chaoimh a' bheòil bhioth-bhuain,
 Deòin dhomhs an achan bheò seo fhaotainn uat :
 Soillsich mo thuigse, lasaich mo thoil, tòisich mo ghnìomh,
 Brosnaich mo ghràdh, slànaich mo laighe, caimich mo mhiann.

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,
 Incite my love, strengthen my weakness, enfold my desire.

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

Comaraich m'aighe agus cuartaich mo cholann ;

Mar a labhras mise m'achan o m' bheul,

Fairicheam féin do ghnùis 'nam chridhe.

Agus deònaich féin, a Dhé nan dùl,

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

Thu thoir dhomh m'fheum a réir a' chrùin

A gheall thu dhùinn 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 dhaor

Bhith eadar mi féin 's an saoghal a bhos.

Cuiream mo dhòchas annad, a Dhé,

Mo dhòchas beò ann an Athair nan nèamh,

Mo dhòchas mór a bhith maille riut féin

Anns an t-saoghal chéin ri teachd.

Athair agus Mac agus Spiorad,

Aona Phearsa nan Trì,

Fad saoghal nan saoghal innich,

Gun chaochladh 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.

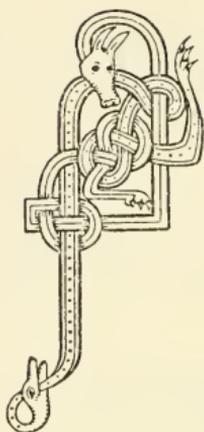
And grant Thou to me, Father beloved,
From Whom each thing that is freely flows,
That no tie over-strict, no tie over-dear
May be between myself and this world below.

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 TRÌ

[235]



N ainm Athar,
 An ainm Mic,
 An ainm Spioraid,
 Trì ann an Aon :

Caomhadh Athair mi,
 Caomhadh Mac mi,
 Caomhadh Spiorad mi,
 Trì uile-chaomh.

Naomhadh Dia mi,
 Naomhadh Crìosda mi,
 Naomhadh Spiorad mi,
 Trì uile-naomh.

Comhnadh Trì mo dhùil,
 Comhnadh Trì mo rùn,
 Comhnadh Trì mo shùil,
 Agus mo ghlùn gun chlaon,
 Agus mo ghlùn 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.

ACHAN

[236]



HÉ naeimhe na firinn,
 Dhé chaoimhe na tròcair,
 Seun mise bho na gisne,
 Seun mise bho na goisne.

Dhé mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Thoir mathanas dhomh,
 'Na mo chainnt bhaoth,
 'Na mo mhionnt bhréig,
 'Na mo ghniomh ghòraich,
 'Na mo ghlòir dhiomhain.

[mhèintich]

Dhé mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban bìth ;
 Dhé mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban baoth ;
 Dhé mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban sìth ;
 Dhé mhèinnich nan dùl,
 Dubhr orm bù nam ban saobh.

Mar bha thusa roimhe
 Ri tùs mo bheatha,
 Biodh tusa rithist
 Ri crìoch mo shaoghail.

[shao'il]

Mar bha thusa cheana
 Ri deilbh m'anam,
 Bi thus, O Athair,
 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 éirigh 's a' laighe,
Bi liom a' cadal
 An caidreabh luchd gaoil.

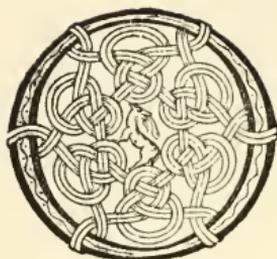
Bi liom a' caithris
Gach feasgar is madainn,
Is tatan mi dhachaidh
 Gu talamh nan naomh.

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 tràcair,
 Saor sinn aig an am seo,
 Saor sinn aig gach am.

Mhic Dhé, thoir mathanas dhomh,
 'Na mo mhionn bhréige,
 'Na mo ghnìomh ghòraich,
 'Na mo ghlòir dhìomhain.

Seun mi bho bheum nam ban bith,
 Seun mi bho bheum nam ban baoth,
 Seun mi bho bheum nam ban sìth,
 Seun mi bho bheum nam ban saoghal.

Mar bha thusa riamh ri tùs mo bheatha,
 Bi thusa rithist ri crìch mo shaoghail ;
 Na leig dha m' chorp na dha m' chalann [cholann
 Aon nì 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.

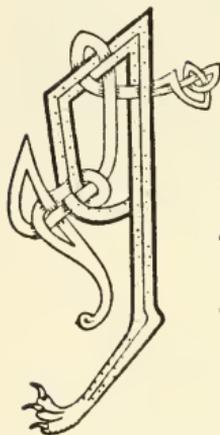
Sain me from the hurt of the quiet women,
Sain me from the hurt of the wanton women,
Sain me from the hurt of the fairy women,
Sain me from the hurt of the world-women.

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 : Catriona Bheag Dhomhnallach, coitear, Borgh, Barraidh



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

Tha mi cur glais air mo chridhe,
 Tha mi cur glais air mo smuain,
 Tha mi cur glais air mo bhilean,
 Is mi 'gam filleadh dà uair.

Nì sam bith is cli dha m'anam
 Ann an cliotaraich mo bhàis,
 Thusa, Dhé, dh'a shiabadh tharam,
 'S thu dha m' dhìon am fuil do ghràidh

Na leig smuain a chon mo chridhe,
 Na leig fuaim a chon mo chluais,
 Na leig buair a chon mo shùl,
 Na leig cubhr a chon mo shròin,

Na leig aiteal a chon m'aigne,
 Na leig caiteal a chon m'inntinn,
 Is bochd dha m' chalann truagh a nochd, [cholann
 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 iùl,
 O m' thùs bheatha gu m' dhùnadh saoghail.

PRAYER

Reciter : ' Catriona Bheag ' (Little Catherine) MacDonald,
cottar, Borve, 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

[239]

Beulaiche : Ruairidh Domhnallach, Manal, Tiriodh

THUBHAIRT an seann seanchaidh : Tha an rann seo math air muir agus air tìr, ann an gàbhadh mara agus ann an amhghar fearainn. Is iomadh turas dubh agus duine dona ann an càs cuain agus ann an cunnart talamh dh'an tug an òra seo fuasgladh. Agus is mise a dh'fhaodadh sin a ràdh, agus

A liutha cunnart is gàbhadh,
Muir brùite agus muir bàite,
Bho'n tug thu mì sàbhailt
Air sgàth Òra na hAnshocair.

Agus is ann dhomh a b'fhlor, agus a liutha tonn a chaidh thar mo chinn ré mo bheatha ! A Rìgh na gile 's na gréine agus nan riollacha reula cubhraidh, agad féin tha fios, agad féin tha fios, a Dhé mhèinnich nan dùla !



ROIS na craoibhe ceusda
Air creuchd dhruim Chrìosda
Dha m' shaoradh bho eucail,
Bho ghéige, bho ghisne.

Crois Chrìosda gun mheang
Is i sìnte rium air fad ;
Dhé, beannaich dhomh mo chrann
Romh m' dhol a mach.

Cron dh'am bitheadh ann
Nara toirinn as,
Air sgàth Chrìosd gun fheall,
Air sgàth Rìgh nam feart.

PRAYER OF DISTRESS

Reciter : Roderick MacDonald, Manal, Tiree

THE aged reciter said : This rune 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 drowning 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.

ÒRACHAN DÌONA

An ainm Dhé nan dùl,
An ainm Chrìosda chùmh,
An ainm Spioraid Nùmh,
Tri-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.

ÌOS AN CUARTAICHE

[240]

O Alasdair Domhnallach, craoitear, Borgh, Barraidh



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

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

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

Am shineamh, am sheasamh, am chaithris, am
shuain.

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

Ìos, a Mhic Dhàibhidh ! mo dhaingneach bhìoth-bhuan ;

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

Ìos, a Mhic Dhàibhidh ! mo dhaingneach bhìoth-bhuan.

JESUS THE ENCOMPASSER

From Alexander MacDonald, crofter, Borve, 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 encircler,
Each day, each night, each light, each dark ;
My Christ ! my Christ ! my shield, my encircler,
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 encircler,
Jesu, Son of David ! my strength everlasting ;
Jesu, Son of Mary ! my helper, my encircler,
Jesu, Son of David ! my strength everlasting.

ACHAN ÌOSA

[241]



ANAM an achan o m' bheul,
 Canam an achan o m' chré,
 Canam an achan dhuit féin,
 A Làmh Léigh, a Mhic Dhé na slàinte ;

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

A mheudachadh mórachd nèamh,
 A mheudachadh mórachd Dhé,
 A mheudachadh do mhórachd féin,
 Agus do ghlòir, a Mhic Dhé na Pàise ;

A thoir cliù dhuit, Ìosa,
 Alla mara 'gus tìre,
 Alla gréin agus gile,
 Alla nan riollachan àlainn.

Tobar beathachaidh nam firean,
 Bràthair dìleas na cobhair,
 M'achan a chur an gnìomha
 Dha m'anam agus dha m' cholainn.

Thighearna Dhia nan aingeal,
 Sgaoil do bhrat lìn tharam,
 Dìon mi bho gach ainis,
 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,
 Caimich mi anns gach cadhas,
 Comraig mi anns gach olcas,
 Agus cloth mi bho gach neimheas. [nàmhas

Bi eadar mi agus gach nì duaichnidh,
 Bi eadar mi agus gach nì suarach,
 Bi eadar mi agus gach nì fuaiteach
 Ta tighinn an duathar dha m'ionnsaigh. [duar

A Mhaighistir ghlòraich nan neul, [reul
 A Mhaighistir ghlòraich nan speur,
 A Mhaighistir ghlòraich nan nèamh,
 Bheannaicheadh leat gach treubh agus fine.

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

A Mhaighistir mhurnaich,
 A Mhaighistir chubhr-ghil,
 A Mhaighistir rùnaich,
 A Mhaighistir chùmh-ghil,
 Guidhim thu le dùrachd,
 Guidhim thu le umhlachd,
 Guidhim thu le mùisneachd,
 Guidhim thu le tùrsachd,
 Guidhim thu le glùnachd,
 Gun thu dha mo thréigsinn
 Ann am péirinn mo bhàis ;

Ach gum faighinn tàmh sìorraidh
 Ann an tàmhachd na Trianaid,
 Ann am Pàrras nan diadha,
 Ann am Fionlios do ghràidh.

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 tearfulness,
 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 Vine-garden of Thy love.

Cuir do sheile ri m' léirsinn,
 Cuir do chéirein ri m' chreuchdan,
 Cuir do lion-anart leth rium,
 A Làmh Léigh, a Mhic Dhé na slàint.

A Dhé nan dìbleach,
 A Dhé nan isleach,
 A Dhé nam firean,
 A dhìon nam fardach :

Thu ag eubhach oirnne
 An guth na glòrach
 Le beul na tròcair
 Do Mhic ghràdhaich.

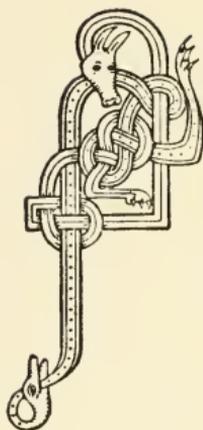
O gu faigheam tàmh sìorraidh
 Ann am fardach do Thrianaid,
 Ann am Pàrras nan diadha,
 Ann an Grianlios do ghràidh.

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

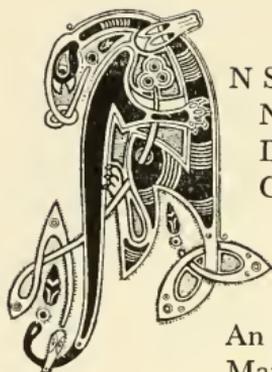
[242]

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

Tha mi sgìth is clì is cearbach,
 Dìon mi o chealg 's o lochd.

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

[243]

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

* * * * *

An staid iomchaidh nan gràs,
 Mar is àil leat féin mi dhèanamh,
 A Thighearna Dhia 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 naoimh féin,
 Mar tha do mhuinntir féin
 A' toighe air nèamh,
 Toigheam féin air talamh !

FRAGMENT

MAY the Holy Spirit distil 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

[244]

SPIORAID Naoimh is tréine neart, [treasa
 Thig oirnn a nuas 's cuir sinn fo d' smachd ; [reachd
 O d' thalla àghmhor anns na flath,
 Do sholas dealrach dòirt a mach.

Athair ionmhainn gach aon nochd, [toirt
 O bheil gach tiodhlac agus tort,
 Ar cridhe soillsich féin le t'iochd,
 Le t'iochd dìon sinne bho gach olc.

Gun do dhiadhachd chan 'eil nì
 Anns an duine choisneas prìs ;
 A t'iongnais féin, a Rìgh nan rìgh,
 Gun chiont chan fhaod an duine bhìth.

Chum cobhair is tu 's fearr a th'ann
 An aghaidh an anama 's dòbhaidh cainnt ;
 Do ghabhail is taitniche 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-anam th'air seachran o do shligh,
 Glac a stiùir 's cha téid e dhìth.

Gach nì tha truailidh glan gun dàil,
 Gach nì tha cruadhaidh maoth ad ghràs,
 Gach creuchd tha dèanadh dhuinn cràdh,
 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.

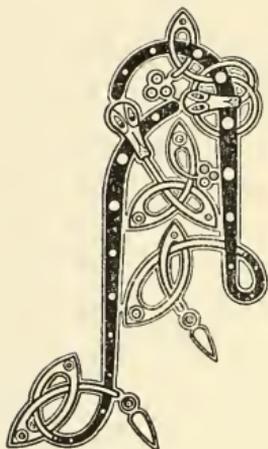
Each thing that is foul cleanse Thou early,
Each thing that is hard soften Thou with Thy grace,
Each wound that is working us pain,
O Best of healers, make Thou whole !

Bheir dha d' mhuinntir bhith gu dian
Cur an earbs 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 chionn,
 An Teòr tha os mo bhonn,
 An Teòr tha os mo bhos,
 An Teòr tha os mo thall ;
 An Teòr a tha san talamh,
 An Teòr a tha san adhar,
 An Teòr a tha sna flathas,
 An Teòr a tha sa mhuir mhóir bhòrcaich.

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 SÀBHALOIDH

[246]

Beulaiche : Catriona Nic Nill, Ceann Tangabhall, Barraidh

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : Cha mharbhar ann am blàr agus cha bhàthar ann am muir an neach mu'n téid an t-sian. Is nì beannaichte an t-sian. Chuir Brighid an t-sian m'a Dalta agus chuir Moire an t-sian m'a Mac. Is iomadh sin fear a chaomhnadh o bhaoghal ann am blàr agus o bhàthadh ann am muir ri linn an t-sian a chur m'a chom agus m'a cholainn.

Tha an duine mu'n téid an t-sian agus am boireannach a tha cur an t-sian a' dol do ghleann dìomhair, fad air falbh no faisg air làimh, far nach faic sùil iad ach sùil Dhé nan dùl, agus far nach cluinn cluas iad ach cluas Dhé na glòire, mura faic no mura cluinn bigirich nam preas no sìodhaich nan tom no bìodaich nan creag iad. Bha an duine mu'n téigheadh an t-sian a' gabhail Creud agus Paidir agus Urnaigh Moire Mhàthair. Bha e riatanach gum biodh cridhe ceart agus smuain mhath agus spiorad glan aig an duine mu'n téigheadh an t-sian. Mura biodh, a ghràidhein, cha robh bonn stàth anns an t-sian dh'an duine no tonn toraidh dh'an mhnaoi —cha bhiodh, a ghràidhein, O cha bhiodh, bonn stàth dhà-san anns an t-sian no tonn toraidh dhì-se.



EUN a chuir Brighid m'a Dalt,
Seun a chuir Moire m'a Mac,
Seun a chuir Micheal m'a sgéith,
Seun a chuir Mac Dhé mu chathair neof.

Seun romh shaighead,
Seun romh chloidhe,
Seun romh shleagha,
Seun romh bhrùdh 's romh bhàthadh.

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

CHARM OF PROTECTION

Reciter : Catherine MacNeill, Ceann Tangabhall, Barra

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 Fosterson 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 Fosterson,
 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 shìodhach,
 Seun romh shaoghlach,
 Seun romh bhiodhbhach,
 Seun romh bhaoghal bàsach.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

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

Cochall Chaluim Chille tharad,
 Cochall Mhìcheil mhìl umad,
 Cochall Chrìosd, a ghràidh, dha d' thearmann,
 Cochall Dhé nan gràs dha d' chumail ;

Dha do dhìon o do chùlaibh,
 Dha do chaomhnadh o t'aghaidh,
 O mhullach do chinn agus t'urla
 Gu dubh bhonn do choise.

Is eilean thu am muir,
 Is tulach thu air tìr,
 Is fuaran thu am fàsach,
 Is slàinte thu dh'an tinn.

Is mór eagal am beatha dhàibh-san
 A chì a' cholann mu'n téid an t-sian.

* * * * * *

Tha cobhair Chaluim Chille mar riut,
 Agus a chochall féin umad ;
 Tha comhnadh Mhìcheil mhìl umad,
 Agus a sgiath mhór dha d' dhìdeann.

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 Fiann. ['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.

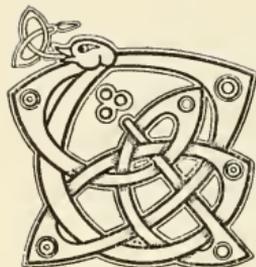
Great fear have they for their lives
 Who see the person around whom shall go the charm.

* * * * *

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 Chamshroin, coitear, Borgh, Barraidh

HA mi ag achan ri Dia,
 Agus ri Moire Màthair Chrìosd,
 Ri Pòl agus ris an dà Ostal diag,
 Mo chomhnadh agus mo dhìon.

Tha mi ag aslach ris an Domhnach,
 Agus ri Moire bha riamh 'na hÒighe,
 Mo chobhair agus mo chomhnadh
 O dhòbhaile agus o dhòbheairt.

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

Dia bhith dha m' chomhairc
 A measg nan lobhar,
 Dia bhith dha m' chomhairc
 An còrsa comhann.

Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon o lochd,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon o olc,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon o thort,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhìon a nochd.

PRAYER

From Mary Cameron, cottar, Borge, 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' dhion le neart,
 Mac Dhé bhith dha m' dhion le feart ;
 Gach neach tha dha m' leasachadh ceart,
 Gun leasaicheadh Dia dh'a anam.

Gun saoradh Dia mi o gach aing,
 Gun saoradh Dia mi o gach faing,
 Gun saoradh Dia mi o gach staing,
 O gach caimleach, o gach slochd.

Gum fosgladh Dia dhomh gach bealach,
 Gum fosgladh Crìosda dhomh gach cadha,
 Gach naomh agus ban-naomh am flathas
 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 nèamhan ard.

Athair cubhraidh nam flathas
 Bhith gabhail cùram dha m'anam,
 Le làimh chùmhaidh ma m' chalainn, [cholainn
 Gach drùb agus norra dha m' shaoghal.

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.

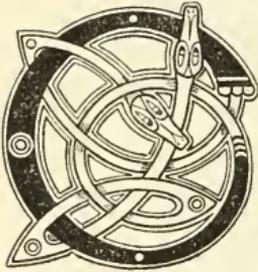
May God lift me up from the state of death,
From the state of torments to the state of grace,
From the earthly state of the world below
To the holy state of the high heavens.

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 ii. 240). 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 sunwise as if on a pivot, describing a circle with the tip of the forefinger while invoking the desired protection. The circle encloses 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 untoward noise is heard or some untoward object seen during the night.



AIM Dhé agus a làmh dheas
 Bhith dha m' chré agus dha m' chneas ;
 Caim an Ardrigh 's gràs na Trianaid
 Bhith orm a' tàmh an dàil na siorrachd,
 Bhith orm a' tàmh an dàil na siorrachd.

Caim nan Trì dha m' dhìon am chuid,
 Caim nan Trì dha m' dhìon an diugh,
 Caim nan Trì dha m' dhìon a nochd
 O ghoinh, o ghiamh, o ghnìomh, o lochd,
 O ghoinh, o ghiamh, o ghnìomh, o lochd.

ENCOMPASSING

The *caim* is called ‘*caim Dhé*,’ ‘*caim Chriosda*,’ ‘*caim an Spioraid*,’ ‘*caim Mhoire*,’ ‘*caim na Cro Naoimhe*,’ ‘*caim na Cro Naoimhe agus nan naomh am flathas*,’ ‘*caim Mhìcheil*,’ ‘*caim nan naodh aingeal*,’ ‘*caim nan naomh agus nan naodh aingeal*,’ ‘*caim 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 ‘*caim Dhé nan dùl*,’ ‘*caim Mhìcheil mhil nam buadh*,’ ‘*caim Chaluim Chille chaoimh*,’ the encompassing of the God of the creatures, of Michael militant the victorious, of Columba the kindly. It is also called ‘*caim na corraig*,’ the encompassing of the forefinger, and ‘*caim na còrach*,’ the encompassing of righteousness.

THE compassing of God and His right hand

Be upon my form 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 dùla.

Caim Chrìosd bhith umad,
Caim Chrìosda chùmhha.

Caim Spioraid umad,
Caim Spioraid Nùmha.

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

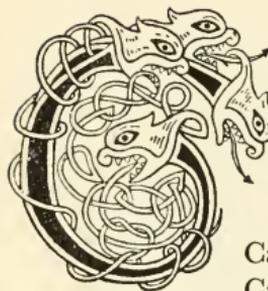
ENCOMPASSING

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

[250]

AIM nan Ostal naomha,
 Caim nam martair caona,
 Caim nan aingeal naodha,
 Dha m' chaomhnadh, dha m' chomhnadh.

Caim na Brighde bìthe,
 Caim na Muire mìne,
 Caim na Mìcheil mìle,
 Dha m' dhìonadh, dha m' chomhnadh.

Caim Dhé nan dùla,
 Caim Chriosda chùmhha,
 Caim Spioraid Nùmha,
 Dha m' chùmhnhadh, 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 DÌONA

[251]

O Anna Nic an Léigh, croitear, Bàgh, Taigh an Uillt



MHÌCHEIL na mìl,
 A Mhìcheil nan lot,
 Dìon mi bho mhìghean
 Luchd mìoruin a nochd,
 Luchd mìoruin a nochd.

A Bhrìghde nan nì,
 A Bhrìghde nam brot,
 Dìon mi bho dhimeas
 Sìodhach nan cnoc,
 Sìodhach nan cnoc.

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

A Chrìosda na crìbh,
 A Chrìosda na crois,
 Spìon mi bho lìona
 Luchd spìde nan olc,
 Luchd spìde nan olc.

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

PRAYER OF PROTECTION

From Ann Livingstone, crofter, Bay, Taynuilt, Lorne

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 NOLLAIG

[252]

O Ruairidh Mac Néill, coitear, Miu'alaidh

'OIDHCHE 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 am beulaiche : Oidhche nam Bannag bha na mnathian-taighe a' toir na clach bhonnaig dh'an chlainn nighean 'nan uchd mar shamhla air Brighid, o'n is i a' chiad bhoireannach a ghabh Crìosda Mac Dhé 'na h-uchd. Tha laoidh ghaolach air a seo, ach cha chuimhne liomas i. Chaill mi mo chuimhne bho chaill mi mo chuid agus bho sgapadh mo dhaoine—cuid diubh an 'Tràlia, agus cuid diubh an Canada, agus cuid a' cnàmh anns an ùir. O, cor an t-saoghail mhosaich ! Is iomadh sin, car a chuireas e dheth, agus b'e sin e dhomhsa. Loisgeadh mo thaigh ùr nodha os mo chionn, agus loisg mise mo làmhnan a' sàbhaladh mo leanaban chloinne caoimh. O, dìol nan daoine ! An turas a bh'ann a sin ! Thugadh uainn am fearann, agus gun sgillinn fhiach oirnn, agus thugadh fearainn a' bhail uile dh'an tuathanach Ghallda ri'r taobh. Bha e daonnan 'gan iarraidh, agus cha do gsuir e riamh gon d'fhuair e iad.



OCHD an oidhche fhada,
 Hù ri bhì hó hù,
 Nì e cur is nì e cathadh,
 Hù ri bhì hó hù,
 Nì e sneachda geal gu latha,
 Hù ri bhì hó hù,
 Nì e gealach gheal gu madainn,
 Hù ri bhì hó hù.
 Nochd oidhche na Nollaige Móire,
 Hù ri bhì hó hù,
 Nochd rugadh Mac Moire Òighe,
 Hù ri bhì hó hù,
 Nochd rugadh Ìos Mac Rìgh na glòire,
 Hù ri bhì hó hù,

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 burned 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.

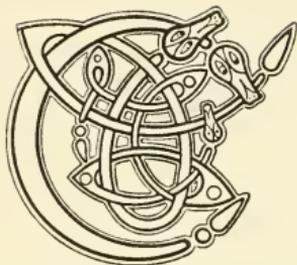
THIS night is the long night,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 It will snow and it will drift,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 White snow there will be till day,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 White moon there will be till morn,
 Hù ri vì hó hù.
 This night is the eve of the Great Nativity,
 Hù ri vì hó hù,
 This night is born Mary Virgin's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

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

[253]



HUNNACAS an Òigh a' teachd,
 Criosda gu h-òg 'na h-uchd,
 Aingle a' lùbadh dhàibh umhlachd,
 Is Rìgh nan dùl adubhradh gur ceart.

An Òigh is oirdheirce clearc,
 An tÌosa 's ro ghile na 'n sneachd,
 Searafa ciùil a' seinn an cliù,
 Is Rìgh nan dùl adubhradh gur ceart.

A Mhoire Mhàthair nam feart,
 Cobhair oirnn cobhair do neart,
 Beannaich am biadh, beannaich am bord,
 Beannaich an dias, an t-iodh, 's an lòn.

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

[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 melodious 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 ;
 Sona dh'an àireamh
 Bhitheas dha dlùth.

'N uair chunnaic e féin
 Gun robh sinne 'nar n-éiginn,
 Dh'fhosgail speuran
 Réidh os ar cionn :
 Chunnaic sinn Crìosda,
 Spiorad na fìrinn,
 Tharraing siud sinn
 Fo dhìon a chrùin.

Neartaich ar dòchas,
 Meudaich ar sòlas,
 Cum sinne treòrach
 Dìleas dlùth,
 Solas ar lòchrain,
 Mar ris na h-òighean,
 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.

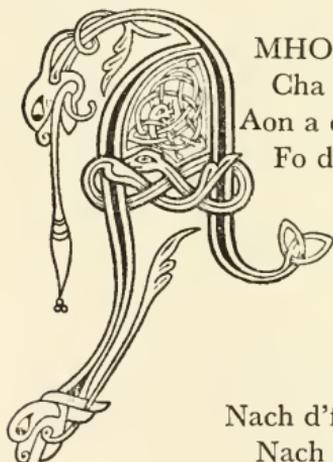
Strengthen our hope,
Enliven our joyance,
Keep us valiant,
Faithful and near,
O light of our lantern,
Along with the virgins,
Singing in glory
The anthem new.

ACHAN MHOIRE MHÀTHAR [255]

Beulaiche : Màiri Dhomhnallach, croitear,
Both Hionndainn 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.' 'Fuiribh sàmhach a chlann, pheacaicheadh sibh Moire mhìn nan gràs!' 'Bithibh blth a chlann, pheacaicheadh sibh Moire mhìn nan gràs!' 'Be still, children, be quiet, children, you would cause the mild Mary of grace to sin!' This was said by a woman in Protestant Skye to her grandchildren.

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



MHOIRE Mhaighdean,
Cha chualas riamh
Aon a chuireadh
Fo do chùram fial,

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

Nach d'fhuair do shòlas,
Nach d'fhuair do shìth,
Nach d'fhuair an comhnadh
A bha dh'a dhìth.

Tha sin toir dhomhsa
An dòchas ramhath
Nach diùlt thu òsdachd
Do m' dheòir is m'achan.

PRAYER TO MARY MOTHER

Reciter : Mary MacDonald, crofter, Greater Bohuntin, 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 arms 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 dhomhsa
 Aig stòl do chosa,
 Is buidhe dhomhsa
 Do dheòin 's do chlosa ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Aillineachd nan gean,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Aillineachd nam ban ;

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

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

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

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

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Fhuarain 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 smiles,
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 ;

ACHAN NAN NAOMH

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Arois na mìne,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A dhachaidh na sìthe ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Àilleagain nan neul,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Àilleagain nan reul ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A Mhàthair an dubh bhròin,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A Mhàthair Dhé na glòir ;

Tighinn ann do làthair,
 Òighe nan isleach,
 Tighinn ann do làthair,
 A Mhàthair Ìosda Crìosda ;

Ri caoidh agus ri bròn,
 Ri òir agus ri achan,
 Ri tùrs agus ri deòir,
 Ri òb agus ri asladh ;

[bùir

Gun seachnadh tu orm
 Nàir agus masladh,
 Gun seachnadh tu orm
 Tàir agus masgal ;

Gun seachnadh tu orm
 Bròn agus tuireann,
 Gun seachnadh tu orm
 Dórainn shuthain ;

Gun comhnadh tu m'anam
 Air rathad an Rìgh,
 Gun comhnadh tu m'anam
 Air casair na sìth ;

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 comhnadh tu m'anam
 An doras na tràcair,
 Gun comhnadh tu m'anam
 An ionad na còrach.

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

[talmhaich

O's tu reul na h-oidhche,
 Soillsich mi san duar ;
 O's tu gréin an latha,
 Caimich mi air cluan.

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

[caidir

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

Tabhair dhomhsa m'achan ghràidh,
 Tabhair dhomhsa m'aslach dhìon,
 Tabhair dhomhsa m'urnaigh chràidh
 Ann an crà-fhuil Mhic do chìch.

Na cuir suarach mi, O mo Dhia,
 Na cuir suarach mi, O mo Chrìosd,
 Na cuir suarach mi, a Spioraid fhiail,
 Is na leig an dìobhail shìorraidh 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 Mhàiri Nic Ghill-Fhaolain, *née* Nic Dhomhnail,
croitear, Beoraidh, Mórar



ABHAM an urnaigh
Thugadh le h-ungadh
Dh'an Mhoire Mhàthair
An àigh ;

Mar ri Paidir is Creud,
Airne Moire 'nan déidh,
Agus Urnaigh Mhic Dhé
Na Pàis ;

A mheudachadh t'onair féin,
A mheudachadh glòir Mhic Dhé,
A mheudachadh mórachd Dhé
Nan gràs.

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

A Rìoghainn nan aingeal,
A Rìoghainn nam flathas,
A Rìoghainne cathair
Na glòire :

PRAISE OF MARY

From Mary Maclellan, *née* MacDonald, crofter, Beoraidh, Morar

I SAY the prayer
That was given with anointing
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 :

Suainich mi 's gach subhail,
 Cuartaich mi bho gach dubhail
 * * * * *
 * *

A Mhàthair oirdheirc na sèimh, [nan nèamh
 A Mhàthair ghlòrmhor nan reul,
 Beannaicht thu do gach treubh
 Agus cineil.

Aon mholta ion-mholta,
 Geur-ghuidh air mo shon
 Ri Triath nan domhan,
 Dia nan dùl.

A Mhoire mhìn-ghil éibhinn,
 Guidhim gun thu dha m' thréigsinn
 Ann an geur-ghuin
 Mo bhàis.

Dìon gach fardraich, dìon gach sluaigh
 Tha ag eubhach cruaidh
 Air tròcair shuairce
 Do Mhic ghràdhaich :

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

Is tu tobar na tròcair,
 Is tu friamhach 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 oirdheirc.

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 fuaran na slàinte,
 Is tu gàrradh is pàrras
 Nan òighean.

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

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 copan na h-àiseachd,
 Is tu fuaran na slànachd
 Chlann daonna.

Is tu gàrradh nan subhailc,
 Is tu àros nan subhachd,
 Is tu Màthair na dubhachd
 'S na daondachd.

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

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

O's tu an cuan làn,
 Marnaich mi air muir ;
 O's tu am fonn tràght', [an cluan
 Teàrnaich mi air tìr. [teàrainn

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

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

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.

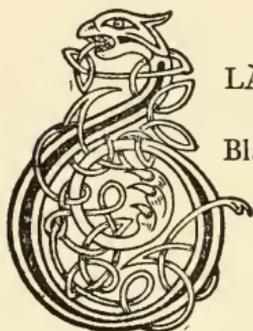
[of each

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 Lochaber, lately returned from Australia after an absence of many years, a woman full of native wit and



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

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

Blàth-fhliosg na h-àrois,
Blàth-fhliosg nan reul,
Blàth-fhliosg 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.

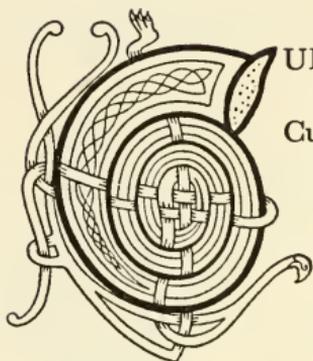
Flower-garland of the earth,
Flower-garland of the skies,
Flower-garland of the angels,
Mary, Mother of God.

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

CUIRIM FIANAIS

[258]

(FUIDHEALL)



CUIRIM fianais gu Moire,
Màthair chobhair an t-sluaigh ;
Cuirim fianais gu Brighde,
Muime mhìn-ghil an Uain ;

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

[airir]

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

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

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

LATHA FHEILL MÌCHEIL *

ARSA boireannach ann an Uibhist o Dheas : Latha mór mór latha na Féill Mìcheil, a luaidh, latha nach faic sinn a leithid gu bràth tuilleadh. Bha gach beag agus mór, gach òg agus sean, gach fireann agus boireann san dùthaich air falbh aig an Oda latha na Féill Mìcheil, gun neach air bonn taighe ach seann duine no seann bhean no leanaban beag bà gun chron gun chéill. O a Mhoire mhìn nan gràs, is ann 'nan dàil-san bha an tuairneal !

Bha na daoine cho dùmhail mu chladh an Teampaill latha na Féill Mìcheil agus a tha na cadhain air Machair a' Mhiogadain latha mór na h-imiriche. Cha robh beinn no baile, bàgh no rudha, cadar Fadhal Ghramasdaill agus Stac Éirisgeidh nach robh a' dòrtadh an daoine a dh'Aird Mhìcheil latha na hOda. O a Mhoire Mhoire, ach an dùmhladas sluaigh a bhitheadh an sin, beag agus mór, ard agus isal !

Bha an aon togail air na h-eich uile, òg agus aosda. Gheobhadh sibh an t-sùil cho beò, a' chluas cho biorach, a' chas cho luath agus an aigne cho aotrom. O a Leobhra fhéin, shaoileadh sibh gum b'eich òga na sean eich aosda, agus gum b'eich aosda na h-eich òga nach robh riamh aig an Oda,—iad cho togarrach ris na h-eich a bha tric ann. Bha e mar gum bitheadh e nàdarra dhaibh mar a tha e nàdarra do chrodh na h-àirigh agus do dh'èoin na mara falbh air an latha suidhichte fhéin. O Mhoire nan gràs, an gnè agus an nàdar a chuir Tì mór nan dùl anns gach creutair a chruthaich a làmhan beannaichte féin !—bho mhac an duine gu eich na hOda, bho chrodh na h-àirigh gu èoin na machaire !

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 barnacle-geese on the Plain of Miogadan on the great day of migration. There was not a hill nor a townland, a bay nor a promontory between the Ford of Gramasdal and the Stack of Eriskay but was pouring out its people to Michael's Point on the day of the 'Oda.' O Mary,

* See i. 198 ff.

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 pointed, the foot so swift and the spirit so lightsome. Oh by the Book 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 instinct 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 !

STRÙBHAN

' Strùbhan,' ' strùdhan,' ' strùthan,' the St Michael cake. When the word stands alone the stress is on the first syllable and the u is long. In the phrase ' strubhan Micheil,' the stress is on the first syllable of ' Micheil,' the other stress is reduced and the u shortened. Even when the word is used alone, ' Micheil ' is understood, for the word is applied to no other thing.

The woman who baked it threw a bit of the dough into the ' bealaidh,' hot embers, saying, ' Seo dhuts, a dhonais, do chuid fhéin,' ' Here to thee, devil, thine own share.' This bit was called ' taois an donais,' the devil's dough ; ' toinn (teòm) an t-sionnaich,' the fox's twist (oblation) ; and ' mìr a' mhadaidh ruaidh,' the fox's bit. What this represented the narrator did not know, but she thought it might be to buy off the fox from killing the sheep (*cf.* i. 209).

CURRAN MÌCHEIL

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 bifurcated carrot she rejoices greatly, crying out in the fullness of her heart,

Forcan ! forcan ! forcan !
 Sonas curran corr domh ! [curral
 Forcan ! forcan ! forcan !
 Conail curran corr domh !

Bheir Micheal mìl domh ciobh is conail, [slol is toradh
 Bheir Brighde bìth domh breòchain,
 Bheir Fìte Fìth domh fìon is bainne, [mìl
 'S bheir Moire mhìn domh comhnadh. [dòchas

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,
 Calm Brigit will give me passion,
 Fite Fith will give me wine and milk, [honey
 And Mary mild will give me aid. [hope

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

A place in North Uist is called 'Gearraidh nan Curran,' 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 MÌCHEIL

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 "sleibheag" ; I am told that it was the same as was used for digging up the roots of the "cairt leamhna" [bitter vetch]. In Barra some call it "spleacan," the ea 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 ball 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 ballroom with a bunch each of them said,

'S ann agam a tha na currain,
 Ge b'e 's urrainn an toirt bhuam.

[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 "strùbhan" 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 MÌCHEIL

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 rimes, the hymns and ballads and traditions, of her native Gleann Conghlais, Glen Kinglass, on Loch Etive. 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, clothes 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 stir 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 Stiùbhartach agus ann an cogadh nam Frangach,' in the wars of the Stuarts 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 merriment are now desolate and dumb.

It was, however, the 'Féill Micheil,' Feast of St Michael, that evoked the higher and nobler instincts of the people. Ann Livingstone spoke of the customs of the 'Féill Micheil' 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. 198 ff.), those of the inner glens may be mentioned as related by this intelligent and educated woman.

The 'strùbhan Micheil' or 'bonnach Micheil,' Michael 'struan'

or cake 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 'bonnach' was toasting, the 'fallaid,' dry meal on the baking-board, was gathered and dusted over the flocks assembled for the purpose. In the morning the father of the family cut the bannock 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 am fear agus a' bhean a' toir seo seachad air a' mhìodh (mheidh) Mhìcheil los gum bitheadh e romh an anam an am dol tarsainn air ial na h-aibhne,'—'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 'rainn,' rimes, the women giving carrots to the men and wishing them 'rùth agus rath, buaidh agus piseach, agus cliù agus àgh gu là 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; 'conail Mìcheil,' procreant of Michael; 'curral 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 brionnag no breugag
A thoir sgeula dh'an t-saoghal.

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 Micheil
 Co gile ri sneachd nan cruach,
 Co gile ri cobhar nan stuagh,
 Co gile ri cana nan cluan,
 Is faisg co gile ri aingeal nam buadh.

Bha Brian Micheil
 Co luath ri aigne nan tràth, [gobhlan
 Co luath ri gaoth na Màirt,
 Co luath ri dealan nan àr,
 Is faisg co luath ri saighead a' bhàis.

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, [swallow
 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 Brianaig bial mo ghaoil,' 'the lips of Brian, the mouth of my love,' is a phrase alike in meaning to 'binneas Brianaig,' 'the melody of Brianag.'

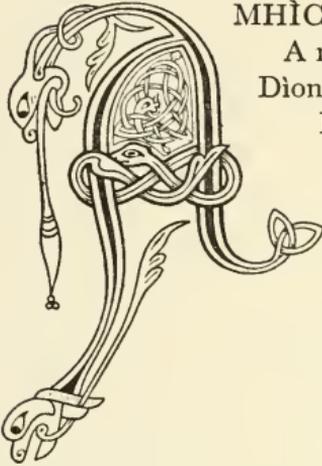
Bha Brianag co gile ri gréin nan tràth,
 Bha Brianag co binne ri beus nam bard,
 Bha Brianag co mìne ri Brighde nan tòn,
 Is faisg co milis ri bilean na màth'r.

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 Brigit of the herds,
 And nearly as sweet as the mother's lips.

MÌCHEIL MÌL

[259]

O Anna Nic an Léigh, *née* Nic Caluim, croitear, Taigh an Uillt



MHÌCHEIL Mhìl,

A rìgh nan aingeal,
Dìon do shluagh

Le buadh do lainne,
Dìon do shluagh
Le buadh do lainne.

Sgaoil do sgiath
Air blian 's air talamh,
An ear 's an iar
Is dìon bho'n arrais,
An ear 's an iar
Is dìon bho'n arrais.

Grianaich t'fhéill

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 ainnis,
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, Taynuilt

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.

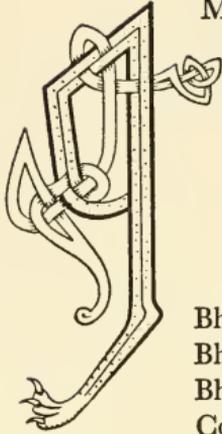
Thou chief of chiefs,
Thou chief of the needy,
Be with us in the journey
And in the gleam of the river ;
Be with us in the journey
And in the gleam of the river.

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.

MÌCHEAL NAN AINGEAL

[260]



MHÌCHEIL nan aingeal
 Is nam firean am flathas,
 Cuir dìonadh air m'anam
 Le faileas do sgéith ;
 Cuir dìonadh air m'anam
 Air thalamh 's air nèamh ;

Bho nàimhdean air thalamh,
 Bho nàimhdean fo thalamh,
 Bho nàimhdean am falach
 Comhn agus caimir
 M'anam fo d' sgéith,
 O m'anam le faileas do sgéith !

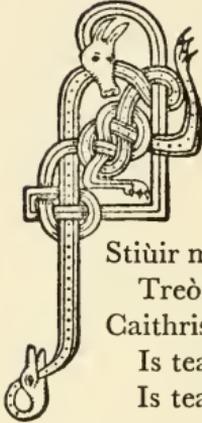
MICHAEL OF THE ANGELS

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 foes in concealment
Protect and encircle
 My soul 'neath thy wing,
 Oh my soul with the shade of thy wing !

AINGEAL COIMHIDEACHD

[261]



INGIL choimhidich mo làimhe dheise,
 Freasdail dhomh an oidhche nochd,
 Teasraig mi anns na dile treasa,
 Sgeadaich mi le d' lion 's mi nochd,
 Comhnaich mi 's mi diblidh bochd.

Stiùir mo choit anns a' choire chaimeideil, [chaimeilinn
 Treòir mo cheum am beum 's an slochd, linn
 Caithris mi anns na cara caireimein,
 Is tearmaid mi o chearb nan olc,
 Is tearmaid mi o chearb a nochd.

Fuadaich uam tuar na truailleachd, [truaillealachd
 Cuartaich mi gu Luan o lochd ;
 O Aingil chaoimh mo làimhe dheise,
 Teasraig mi o dhaoi 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 Doom 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 Cuibh is Calum,
 Air Màthair mo Rìgh,
 Air Brìghde banail,
 Air Micheal mìl,
 Ard-rìgh nan aingeal,
 Mo chobhair 's mo dhìon
 O gach sìodh air thalamh.

PRAYER

I PRAY and supplicate
Cuibh 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

[263]

Beulaiche : Peigidh Nic Cormaig, *née* Nic Dhomhnaill, coitear agus bean-ciridinn, Aird Bhuidhe, Loch Baghasdail, Uibhist a' Chinn a Deas.

BHA Ob (Iosab), athair Brighde, a' tarraing uisge chon a' bhaile, agus e faighinn pàighidh as a chuile cuman. Bha astar mór aige ri dhol a chon an locha a chuile latha, agus cha b'urra dha bhith air ais gu h-anamoch. An uair a dh'fhalbhadh Ob moch madainneach, bha e fàgail cuman burn aig Brighid chon a feumalachd fhéin agus feumalachd an taighe gon an tigeadh e dhachaidh as t-oidhche. Am beul athaich agus anamoich thàinig dithis dhaoine chon an dorais, fear agus bean, agus dh'iarr a' bhean deoch uisge. 'Chan urra mi deoch a thoir dhuit gun phàigheadh air a son,' orsa Brighid. Dh'fhalbh an dithis dhaoine gun bhiadh gun deoch, gun cheòl gun aoiheachd, gun sian saoghalta a thoir dhàibh. Anamoch as t-oidhche thàinig Ob dhachaidh le carn uisge mar a b'abhaist, agus thug Brighid dha a shuipeir, agus chaidh iad dh'an cadal mar bu nòs. Air meadhon oidhche chualas toirm mhór a muigh mar gum biodh ga aibhne. 'Éirich, a Bhrighid, agus seall a mach, agus mi cluinntinn toirm mar gha aibhne,' ors a h-athair ri Brighid. Dh'éirich Brighid agus chuir i uimpe agus sheall i mach feuch am faicheadh i ciod e bha ris an toirm. Ciod e bha sin ach abhainn mhór bhriagh a sios seach an taigh. Thill Brighid air a h-ais agus dh'innis i dh'a h-athair a staigh ciod e chunnaic agus a chual i a muigh. 'An robh neach air bith an seo an diugh?' 'Bha,' orsa Brighid, 'fear agus bean.' 'An d'fhuair iad dad?' 'Cha d'fhuair blasad,' orsa Brighid. 'Dh'iarr am boireannach deoch uisge, ach cha tugainn diar di gun phàigheadh, mar a dh'iarr sibh orm, athair, agus dh'fhalbh iad.' 'Seall a mach uait is thugad, feuch ciod e tuilleadh a chì no chluinneas tu, no feuch a bheil an dailgneachd air tighinn air an t-saoghal.' Chaidh Brighid a mach, agus sheall i mun cuairt uaip agus thuice, agus thill i steach air a' chas-cheum. 'Tha solas anns an stàball, athair,' orsa Brighid. Leum Ob as a leabaidh a chruinne-leum agus ghrad chuir e uime. Chaidh Brighid sios dh'an stàball, agus chaidh i air a dà ghlùn, agus ghabh i Rìgh nan dùl 'na h-uchd, agus chaidh i fodha an uair a thàinig e chon an t-saoghail. Agus sin an t-adhbhar m'a bheil ceann boireannaich 'na cheithir sgoilteanan agus ceann fireannaich 'na thrì sgoilteanan. Chan fhaodadh Mac Dhé nan dùl a bhith air a bhreith agus air a thighinn a steach dh'an t-saoghal mar a bhreithear agus mar a thigear clann dhaoine,—is e mìorail a bh'ann o thùs gu deir, Ìosa Crìosd Mac Dhé thighinn o nèamh gu talamh.

WOMANHOOD OF BRIGIT OR PRAISES
OF BRIGIT *

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

OB (or Iosab), 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 Ob 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 Ob 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 omen-roar of a river. 'Get up, Brigit, and look out, for I am hearing a noise like the omen-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 without. 'Was there anyone here to-day?' 'There was,' said Brigit, 'a man and a woman.' 'Did they receive aught?' 'No, 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. Ob 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 unto 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. 164 ff.

Sin mar a chuala mise aig seann daoine na céilidh 'n uair bha mi òg. Ach a Mhoire nan gràs ! is fhada fhéin an ùine o'n uair sin, ged bu ghoirid san dol seachad i.

Brighid nighean Dùghaill Duinn
'Ic Aoidh 'ic Airt 'ic Cuinn 'ic
Criara 'ic Cairbre 'ic Cais 'ic
Carmaic 'ic Cartaich 'ic Cuinn.



RIGHDE nam brat,
Brighde na brìg,
Brighde nan cleachd,
Brighde na frìth.

Brighde nan gealachos,
Brighde na bìth,
Brighde nan gealabhos,
Brighde na nì.

Brighde bean chomainn,
Brighde na brìg,
Brighde bean chobhair,
Brighde bean mhìn.

Brighde ciabh Moire,
Brighde Moime Chrìosd,—
Gach latha agus gach oidhche
Nì mi Sloinntearachd na Brighd,

Cha mharbhar mi,	
Cha ghuinear mi,	[loinnear
Cha charachar mi,	[chiobar
Cha ghonar mi,	
Cha spaltar mi,	[spealgar, 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 Cairbre son of Cas
 Son of Cormac 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 mi,
 Cha rùisgear mi,
 Cha reubar mi,
 Cha mhó dh'fhàgas
 Crìosd an dearmad mi.

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

[bhlian

Cha bhàth uisge mi,
 Cha bhàth sàla mi,
 Cha bhàth lighe mi,
 Cha bhàth burn mi.

Cha laigh bruaill-brì orm,
 Cha laigh suan-dubh orm,
 Cha laigh druail-drì orm,
 Cha laigh luaths-luis orm.

Tha mi 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,
'Luaths-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 Dùghaill Duinn, etc.



ACH latha agus gach oidhche
 Nì mi Sloinntearachd na Brighde,

Cha mharbhar mi,
 Cha loinnear mi,
 Cha charachar mi,
 Cha spollar mi,
 Cha spealgar mi,
 Cha chiùrrar mi,
 Cha ghonar mi,
 Cha spùillear mi,
 Cha ghollar mi,
 Cha rùisgear mi,
 Cha lomar mi,

[chearchar

Cha mhù dh'fhàgas
 Crìosd 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 sàla mi.

Cha tog sìodhach 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 for dhìonadh
 Na Brìghde gach latha ;
 Ta mise for dhìonadh
 Na Brìghde gach oidhche.

Ta mi fo chomhnadh
 Moime na Moire, [na hÒighe
 Gach trà agus tarraing,
 Gach lòch agus soillse. [dorch

Is i Brìghid mo bhan-chomainn,
 Is i Brìghid mo bhan-chiùil,
 Is i Brìghid mo bhan-chobhair,
 Mo bhan-rogha, mo bhan-iùil, [bhan-omha
 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 women, my woman of guidance,
Each choicest, each dearest, each . . . , each guidance.

DOMHALL DUBH AGUS PÀDRAIG

From Catherine MacNeill, 'bochdag,' Breubhaig, Barra

THE reciter was poor and ailing, but full of charm, 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. 'Ghabh an sgoth 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 bàis orm,' 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 liù turas a ghuidh na sagartan mise dhan t-slochd agus a liù turas a ghuidh iad as mi !'—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 phòs sibh riamh, a Chatrlona ? arsa mise.

Cha do phòs mis a riamh, a luaidh mo chridhe, cha do phòs. Chan e idir nach robh e deònach mo phòsadh, ach cha leigeadh mo nàire liomsa pòsadh 'na mo chripileach bhoichd, an diugh ris a' bhàs agus a màireach air bharruibh nan cnoc, a sìos agus a suas mar luasgan nan tonn. Cha robh mi air son gun cuirinn pòsadh na piseach a dhìth air a' ghille ghasda, agus 's e sin a bh'ann, fìor ghille gasda uasal cìreachdail agus e do theaghlach còir. Agus thubhairt mi ris gun tàinig dubhradh air mo chridhe dha bho ghabh mi an turainn mhosach bha seo agus nach b'urra dhomh a dhol dh'a phòsadh. Gun toireadh Dia sìorraidh nan dùl mathanas domh air son mo bhréige ! Bha mo chridhe làn agus an annar sgàinidh, ach cha robh mi air son an gille còir a mhilleadh na pòsadh na piseach a chur dh'a dhìth.

Thàinig e turas agus turas fiach an atharraichinn mo bheachd, ach thubhairt mi nach robh annamsa ach nighean agus a leth chas air bial

na h-uagha agus a leth chas eile innte, agus nach b'fhiach dha an t-saothair a bhith strì rium. Dia thoir mathanas domh, agus mo chridhe chum sgàinidh !

Phòs an gille nighean taobh thall a' bheinn, nighean uasal agus do theaghlach còir. B'e sin latha dubh na dunaidh, latha dubh na dórainn domhsa an latha phòs thu, a Dhomhaill nan trì Domhaill, a Dhomhaill mhic Nill ! Is mise dh'fhaodadh a ràdh agus le firinn,

Gun robh mo chridhe caoineadh,
Ge faoin a rinn mi gàire.

Cha do rinn mi cadal idir seachdain roimhe na seachdain as a dhéidhe. Cha robh fios beò air thalamh air mo chor ach aig mo mhàthair ghaoil,—caomhag 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 toss of the waves. I was not for depriving the grand 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 nasty 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 ! 'Tis 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-saoghail bha tuathanach a seo sa Chaolas (Caolas Bhatarsaidh) ris an canadh Domhall Dubh. Anns an am sin bha iad a' cumail Latha Féill Pàdraig 'na latha féille. A' bhliadhna bh'ann bha an latha romh Latha Féill Pàdraig grathail le gaoith agus gaillinn, le sneachd agus flithneadh. Bha Domhall Dubh gàbhaidh cruaidh agus daolaire dòbhaidh. Thubhairt Domhall Dubh r'a ghillean, 'Bheir mi drama dhuibh an diugh agus cumaidh sinn Latha Féill Pàdraig an diugh agus théid sinn a màireach a dh'obair.' Mar a thubhairt rinneadh; chum iad an latha naomh an latha romh 'n am. Chaidh iad a chadal an oidhche sin; agus is e bu chiall dùsgaidh dhaibh ann an glasaich an latha Domhall Ruadh mac peathar Dhomhaill Dhuibh ag éibheach agus ag achan gun robh an saoghal 'na lasraichean tein-adhair agus tairn-eanaich. Thug e an éibhe cruaidh dha na gillean, ag ràdh,

' Chualadh Pàdraig Domhall crìon Dubh,
Is mìos an latha 'n diugh na 'n dé;
Co mór 's gun chunntadh dha do nì,
Is beag do phris an taigh Mhic Dé.'

Leum Domhall Dubh a leabaidh agus chaidh e air a dhà ghlùn air urlar a thaighe agus ghuidh e mar nach do ghuidh e riamh roimhe na 'na dheoghaidh agus thubhairt e,

' A Phàdraig, chuir mi ort fearg,
Facail chearbach thuir mi 'n dé;
Fiach an dian thu achan ri Dia
Gun mo chur a phian d'a réir.'

NAOMH BRIANAN

Là Brianain chaidh an duine a threabhadh ann an lagán beag bòidheach far nach faicadh e duine agus far nach faicadh duine e. Ach chunna Brianan e agus thugadh dachaidh dall an duine. Is ann bho sin a tha an seanfhacal, 'Chan fhaicadh Brianan e,—chan fhaicadh Brianan priobadh dheth,' le cho falaichte fad as agus a bha an t-àite.

BLACK DONALD AND SAINT PATRICK *

In the beginning of the world there was a farmer here in the Kyle (of Vatersay) who was called Black Donald. 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 dram 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 holiday the day before the time. That night they went to sleep; and the first thing they knew was being wakened in the grey dawn of day by Red Donald, Black Donald's sister's son, shouting and praying for that the world was in blazes 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 kine,
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 accordingly.'

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. ii. 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; 'Caim Moire,' Shelter of Mary; 'Caim Moire Màthar,' Shelter of Mary Mother, and by other



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

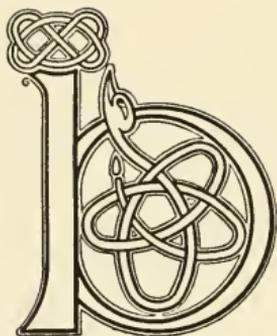
Micheal mìl dha m' chobhair,
 Brighde bìth dha m' choigill,
 Brianag binn dha m' choinnle,
 'S Moire gheal dha m' dhàil,
 'S Moire gheal dha m' dhàil.

RUNE OF THE WELL

names. The maiden lilt the rune in the firm belief that the protecting arm of the Mary Mother is shielding her from ill and mishap, 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,
 Bi 'na do reul iùil tharam,
 Bi 'na do gheur shùil dheogham,
 An diugh, a nochd agus suthain.

Tha mi sgèth 's mi air airsneal,
 Treòraich mi do thìr nan aingeal ;
 Leam bu tìmh bhith dol sealan
 Do chùirt Chrìosd, do shìth nam flathas ;

Ach thusa 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' éirigh ùr.

PETITION

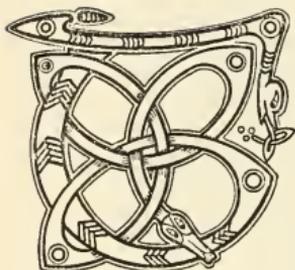
BE Thou a smooth way before me,
Be Thou a guiding star above me,
Be Thou a keen eye behind me,
This day, this night, for ever.

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 fìor,
 Mo chomhnadh an éiginn mara 'gus tìr :
 An Trì dha m' chobhair, an Trì dha m' dhion,
 An Trì dha m' chaithris a là 's a dh'oidhche.

Dia agus Ìos agus Spiorad glanaidh
 Dha m' dhìon, dha m' ghabhail, dha m'
 chomhnadh,
 Bhith réiteach an rathaid 's a' gabhail roimh
 m'anam
 An slochd, an cnoc, an comhnard,
 Air muir agus tìr an Trì dha m' chomhnadh.

Dia agus Ìos agus Spiorad Naomh
 Dha mo dhìon agus dha mo chaomhn,
 Mar Thrì agus mar Aon,
 Ri m' ghlùn, ri m' chùl, ri m' thaobh,
 Gach ceum dh'an t-saoghal dhòbhaidh. [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 dìonadh Brìghde mi,
 Gun dìonadh Moire mi,
 Gun dìonadh Micheil mi,
 Air muir agus air tìr :
 Gu m' dhìonadh o gach iargainn
 Air muir agus air tìr,
 Gu m' dhìonadh o gach iargainn.

Gun comhnadh Athair mi,
 Gun comhnadh Mac mi,
 Gun comhnadh Spiorad mi,
 Air muir agus air tìr :
 Ann an dìon na Cathrach shìorraidh
 Air muir agus air tìr,
 Ann an dìon na Cathrach shìorraidh.

Gum fòireadh Tiùra mi,
 Gun tòireadh Tiùra mi,
 Gun treòireadh Tiùra mi,
 Air muir agus air tìr,
 Chon Fìonlios nan diadha
 Air muir agus air tìr,
 Chon Fìonlios 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]



HÉ, fuasgail féin air gach aon
 Ann an dórainn mara no tìr,
 Am bròn no 'n leòn no 'n caoidh,
 Agus treòraich gu treabhair do shìth
 A nochd.

Tha mi sgèth anbhann agus fuar,
 Tha mi sgèth taisdeal tìr agus cuan,
 Tha mi sgèth siubhal frìth agus stuagh,
 Tabhair dhomh sìth ann an ìre do shuaimhneis
 A nochd.

Athair mhuirnich mo Dhé,
 Gabh ri cùram mo dheur ;
 B'e mo mhiann bhith riut réidh,
 Ann am fianais 's an éirig
 Do Mhic ;

Bhith tàmhach le Ìosa
 Ann an àros na sìthe,
 Ann am pàrras na mìne,
 Ann an sìothbhrugh
 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.

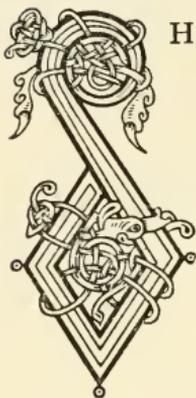
Beloved Father of my God,
Accept the caring for my tears ;
I would wish reconciliation with Thee,
Through the witness and the ransom
Of Thy Son ;

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 reciter, 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



HÉ, 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 ché 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.

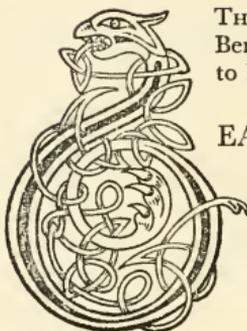
THE JOURNEY PRAYER

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, cottar, Hacleit, Benbecula, said that he always recited this little prayer to himself, 'fo m'anail,' 'under my breath,' when he

EANNAICH dhomh, a Dhé,
 An cé atà fo m' chois,
 Beannaich dhomh, a Dhé,
 An ceum 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 ùidh,
 Beannaich dhomh an nì
 Air a bheil mo rùn ;
 Beannaich dhomh an nì
 Air a bheil mo dhùil ;
 A Rìgh nan rìgh,
 Beannaich dhomh fhìn mo shùil !

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 CHRÌOSD

[272]

Beulaiche : Calum Mac na Cearda, iasgaire, Baile Phuill, Tiriodh

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 hosts of the air, and against being waylaid by the fairies of the mound.

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. 332, 353), especially for stomachic complaints, and also as a safeguard against invisible dangers.

Gorm-shùileach na mnà sith
 Gu mo dhìon is gu mo chomhnadh
 O'n a sluagh is o shìth,
 O mhighean is o dhòbheairt.

The blue-eyed one of the fairy woman
 Be to shield me and to keep me
 From the hosts (of the air) and from faery,
 From ill-will and from ill-deed.

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST

Reciter : Malcolm Sinclair, fisherman, Baile Phuill, Tírce

There were three thefts from which there was no absolution ‘anns an t-saoghal a bhos no anns an t-saoghal thall,’ in the world here or in the world yonder. ‘Dh’fheumadh e trì sagairt trì turais a thoir mèirleach salainn no mèirleach frois no mèirleach lìn 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 (Sgiucha) Féithe,’ the Charm for the Burst Vein, an intelligent woman in Kincardine, Ross, gave me a piece of the linen thread which she uses in her operations. It consists of three threads 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 Athar,
An ainm Mic,
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 bi ad chois,
 Cha tobhair e thu leis.

Gum beannaicheadh Dia do chrois cheusda
 Air druim-taighe Chrìosda,
 Romh bhàthadh, romh ghàbhadh, romh ghéisne,
 Romh gheur-ghuin, romh ghrisne. [mhiorun

Mar bha Rìgh nan rìgh sìnte suas
 Gun iochd gun truas ri crann,
 Am Barr dosrach donn dual,
 Mar bhuadhaich corp Chrìosd gun fheall,

'S mar bhean nan seachdamh beannachd
 Tha dol a steach 'nan ceann,
 Gum beannaicheadh Dia na bheil romhad
 Agus thus tha triall 'nan teann.

Buadh cruth,
 Buadh guth dhut ;
 Buadh bhochd,
 Buadh chnoc dhut ;
 Buadh àillne,
 Buadh slàinte dhut ;
 Buadh mara ,
 Buadh talamh dhut ;
 Buadh ciùil,
 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 form,
 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 biù,
 Buadh cliù dhut ;
 Buadh annsachd,
 Buadh dannsachd dhut ;
 Buadh cruit,
 Buadh clàir dhut ;
 Buadh riain,
 Buadh ciaill dhut ;
 Buadh béil,
 Buadh sgéil dhut ;
 Buadh réidh,
 Buadh Dhé dhut.

Guth caon cubhr urnam dhut,
 Is teanga rùnach mhìn :
 Dà nì feumail do mhurn 's do mhac,
 A dh' fhear agus a mhni.

Aoibh Dhé dha t'aghaidh,
 Aoibh dh'an neach a chì thu ;
 Caim Dhé dha d' chumail,
 Ainglean Dhé dha d' dhìona.

Cha ghearr claidheamh thu,
 Cha loisg athain thu,
 Cha reub saighead thu,
 Cha bhàth maranna thu.

Is gil thu na 'n eal air loch làthaich,
 Is gil thu na faoileag bhàn an t-sruth,
 Is gil thu na sneachd nam beann arda,
 Is gil thu na gràdh ainglean nan nimh.

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 miry 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 tus an caorrann caon dearg
 A thraothas fraoch is fearg gach duine,
 Mar thonn mhara bho lionadh gu tràghadh,
 Mar thonn mhara bho thràghadh gu lionadh.

Brat Chrìosda dh'a chàramh umad,
 Dha do sgàth bho do mhullach gu d' bhonn ;
 Brat Dhé nan dùl dha do chumail,
 Dha do churadh agus dha do chonn.

Chan fhàgar thu an làmh an daoi,
 Cha lùbar thu an cùirt na feall ;
 Éiridh tu buadhach os an cionn
 Mar dh'éireas buadhach stuagh nan tonn.

Is gràdh-gheal nan neul thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal nan speur thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal nan reul thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal na ré thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal na gréin thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal na nèamh thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal nan aingeal thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal Chrìosda féin thu,
 Is gràdh-gheal Dhé nan dùl 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.

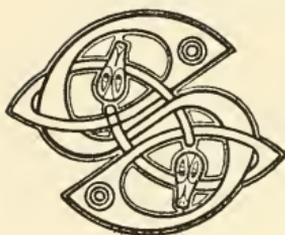
The mantle of Christ be placed upon thee,
To shade thee from thy crown to thy sole ;
The mantle of the God of life be keeping thee,
To be thy champion and thy leader.

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 [273]

Beulaiche : Anna Nic Fhionghuin, croitear, Sórasdal, Eilean Chola



OISGEUL Dhé nan dùl
 Dha d' chùmhnaidh, dha d' chomhnadh ;
 Seadh, Soisgeul Chrìosda chùmh,
 Soisgeul nùmh an Domhnaich ;

Dha d' chumail o gach tnuith,
 Gach dubh agus dòlas ; [dùbh
 Dha d' chumail o gach gnù,
 Droch shùil agus dórainn.

Siubhlaidh tu null, siubhlaidh tu nall,
 Siubhlaidh tu meall agus maol,
 Siubhlaidh tu sìos, siubhlaidh tu suas,
 Siubhlaidh tu cuan agus caol.

Tha Crìosda féin 'na bhuachaille ort
 Dha d' chuartach air gach taobh ;
 Cha dìbir e thu làmh no cos,
 'S cha leig e olc 'nad ghaoth.

THE GOSPEL OF THE GOD OF LIFE

Reciter : Ann Mackinnon, crofter, Sorasdal, 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 dolour ;
To keep thee from all spite,
From evil eye and anguish.

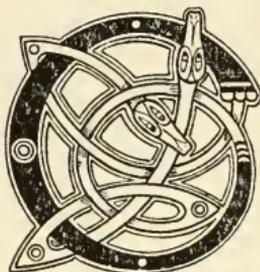
Thou shalt travel thither, thou shalt travel hither,
Thou shalt travel hill and headland,
Thou shalt travel down, thou shalt travel up,
Thou shalt travel ocean and narrow.

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



UIRIM comraich Chrìosd umad,
 Cuirim comhnadh Dhé ma riut,
 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 millear thu le mnì,
 Nara millear thu le mnì !

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST

From Mary Maclean, crofter, Manal, Island of Tiree

I SET 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]



O Mhàiri Dhomhnallaich, croitear, Staoinbrig, Uibhist a Deas,
bean aig an robh an dà shealladh

IA bhith leat air gach bealach,
Ìosa bhith leat air gach tulach,
Spiorad bhith leat air gach strutha,
Rudha 's ruighe 's réidhleìn ;

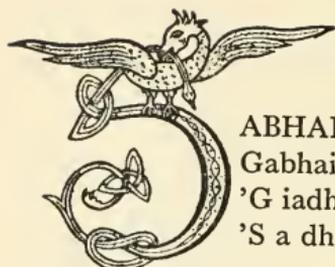
Gach muir is tìr, gach frith is cluan,
Gach laighe sìos, gach éirigh suas,
An lag nan tonn, air barr nan stuagh,
Gach ceum dh'an chuart dh'an téid thu.

THE PILGRIMS' AIDING

From Mary MacDonald, crofter, Stainibrig, 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.



SIAN SÀBHALOIDH

[276]

ABHAIDH tu ri Dia,
 Gabhaidh Dia riut,
 'G iadhadh do dhà bhonn,
 'S a dhà làimh mu d' cheann.

* * * * *

Do dhrisean crann no cuileann ;
 Is carraig thu air muir,
 Is daingneach thu air tìr.

Tha sgiath Mhìcheil umad,
 Tha sgàth Chrìosda tharad,
 Tha lùireach chaol Chaluim Chille
 Dha do dhìon o na saigheada sìth.

Roimh na corracha-cri,
 Roimh na corracha-cnàmh,
 Roimh bhuaireadh an t-saoghail a bhos,
 Roimh 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 farmad ;

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 fine-wrought breastplate of Columba
 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 gaorr,

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.

BEANNACHDAN

[277]

GUN sàsaicheadh an Spiorad sibh
Le ibhimeachd nan gràs.

[iobhamachd na slàint

Beannachd Dhé agus Dhomhnaich dhuibh,
Beannachd Spioraid foirfe dhuibh,
Beannachd Trì bhith dòrtadh dhuibh
Gu fòill agus gu fial,
Gu fòill agus gu fial.

[Thri

Sìth Dhé dhuibh,
Sìth Chrìosda dhuibh,
Sìth Spioraid dhuibh
Agus dha bhur cloinn,
Dhuibh agus dha bhur cloinn.

Sùil Dhé mhóir oirbh,
Sùil Dhé na glòir oirbh,
Sùil Mhic Mhoire Òigh oirbh,
Sùil Spioraid fòill oirbh,
Dha bhur comhnadh agus dha bhur cuallach ;
O sùil chaomh na Teòr oirbh,
Dha bhur comhnadh agus dha bhur cuallach.

[cuanach,
cuanadh

Gun gabhadh an tAthair slorraidh sibh
'Na ghlacaibh fialaidh féin,
'Na ghàirdean fialaidh féin.

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 clasp,
 In His own generous arm.

BEANNACHDAN

Gun dìonadh Dia sibh air gach bearradh,
 Gun comhnadh Crìosd sibh anns gach cadha,
 Gun ligheadh Spiorad sibh anns gach bealach.

Gun dìonadh an tAthair siorraidh sibh
 Gach sear is siar dh'an téid sibh.

Comraig Chrìosda dh'ur dìon gu bràtha.

Gun dìonadh Dia dhuibh gach bearradh,
 Gum fosgladh Dia dhuibh gach bealach,
 Gun réiticheadh Dia dhuibh gach rathad,
 Agus gun gabhadh e 'na dhà ghlacaibh féin sibh.

O gach naomh agus ban-naomh am flathas,
 Dhé nan dùl agus nam mathas,
 Bhith gabhail cùram dhibh anns gach cadhas
 Gach taobh agus car dh'an téid sibh.

Gach naomh ann am flathas,
 Gach ban-naomh ann am flathas,
 Gach aingeal am flathas
 Bhith sgaoileadh dhuibh lamhan,
 Bhith réiteach dhuibh rathaid,
 'N uair théid sibh null thairis
 Air abhainn do-léirsinn ;
 O 'n uair théid sibh null dhachaidh
 Air abhainn do-léirsinn.

Gun glacadh an tAthair sibh
 'Na ghlacaibh cubhraidh gràidh,
 Dol thar na strutha tuil
 Is abhainn dubh a' bhàis.

May God shield you on every steep,
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 steep,
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.

BEANNACHDAN

Mac Moire Òighe féin
 Bhith 'na lòchran féil dhuibh,
 D'ur treòrach thar cuan
 Mór breun na bioth-bhuantachd.

Caim nan naomh oirbh,
 Caim nan aingeal oirbh ;
 O caim nan uile naomh
 Agus nan naodh aingeal oirbh.

Gràs an Dé mhóir oirbh,
 Gràs Mhic Mhoire Òigh oirbh,
 Gràs Spioraid foirfe oirbh,
 Gu fòill agus gu fial.

Beannachd Dhé gu robh agaibh,
 Is guma slàn a dh'éireas dhuibh.

Mathachd Dhé gu robh agaibh,
 'S guma math 's guma seachd math
 A chuireas sibh seachad bhur saoghal.

Gràdh bhur cruthadair a bhith leibh.

Brigid agus Moire agus Micheal
 Dh'ur dìon air muir agus air tìr,
 Gach ceum is slighe dh'an téid sibh.

Rosg Dhé bhith chomhnaidh leibh,
 Cos Chrìosd bhith treòrach leibh,
 Fros Spioraid dòrtadh oirbh,
 Gu sòghar 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.

Sìth Dhé dhuibh,
 Sìth Ìosu dhuibh,
 Sìth Spioraid dhuibh
 Agus dha bhur cloinn,
 O dhuibh agus dha bhur cloinn,
 Gach latha agus oidhche
 Dha bhur cuibhreann san t-saoghal.

Caim Rìgh nan dùl dhuibh,
 Caim Chrìosda chùmh dhuibh,
 Caim Spioraid Nùmh dhuibh
 Gu crùn na beatha shìorraidh,
 Gu crùn na beatha shìorraidh.

Mo bheannachd féin bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd Dhé bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd Spioraid bhith agaibh
 Agus aig bhur cloinn,
 Agaibh agus aig bhur cloinn.

Mo bheannachd féin bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd Dhé bhith agaibh,
 Beannachd naomh bhith agaibh
 Is sèimh na beatha shìorraidh,
 Gu sèimh na beatha shìorraidh.

Comairc Dhé nan dùl oirbh,
 Comairc Chrìosda chùmh oirbh,
 Comairc Spioraid Nùmh oirbh
 Gach oidhche dha bhur saoghal,
 Dh'ur comhnadh 's dha bhur cuibhreach
 Gach latha 's oidhche dh'ur saoghal.

Gaol agus gràdh nan aingeal dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh nan naomh dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh nam flathas dhuibh,
 Dh'ur coimirc is dh'ur caomhnadh.

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 enfold 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.

Gun dìonadh Dia dhuibh air gach bearradh,
 Gun comhnadh Crìosda dhuibh air gach cadha,
 Gun lìonadh Spiorad dhuibh air gach leathad,
 Cnoc agus comhnard.

Gun dìonadh Rìgh sibh air na gleannaibh,
 Gun comhnadh Crìosda sibh air na beannaibh,
 Gun liobhadh Spiorad sibh air na leathaid,
 Sloc, cnoc, is comhard,
 Beann, gleann is comhard.

[comhrad]

Cruth Chrìosda thigim,
 Cruth Chrìosda thugam,
 Cruth Chrìosda romham,
 Cruth Chrìosda dheogham,
 Cruth Chrìosda tharam,
 Cruth Chrìosda fodham,
 Cruth Chrìosda chomhnam,
 Cruth Chrìosda chuartam
 A Luan agus Dhomhnach ;
 Cruth Chrìosda chuartam
 A Luan agus Dhomhnach.

Gaol agus gràdh nam flathas dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh nan naomh dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh nan aingeal dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh na gréine dhuibh,
 Gaol agus gràdh na gealaich dhuibh,
 Gach latha agus oidhche dh'ur saoghal,
 O luchd spid, o luchd leòin, o luchd fairneirt.

Sìth Dhé a bhith agaibh,
 Sìth Chrìosda bhith agaibh,
 Sìth Spioraid a bhith agaibh
 Agus aig bhur cloinn,
 O'n là 'n diugh a th'againn ann
 Gu là ceann crìch bhur saoghail,
 Gun tig là ceann bhur saoghail.

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 haters, to keep you from harmers,
 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.

Gràs Dhé leibh,
 Gràs Chrìosda leibh,
 Gràs Spioraid leibh
 Agus le bhur cloinn,
 Duthain suthain sìor.

Gràs Dhé a shileadh oirbh,
 Gràs Chrìosda shileadh oirbh, [Ìosa
 Gràs Spioraid a shileadh oirbh
 Gach latha agus gach oidhche
 Dha bhur cuibhreann anns an t-saoghal ;
 O gach latha agus gach oidhche
 Dha bhur cuibhreann anns an t-saoghal.

Beannachd Dhé a bhith agaibh,
 'S guma math a dh'éireas dhuibh ;
 Beannachd Chrìosda bhith agaibh,
 'S guma math a chuirear ruibh ;
 Beannachd Spioraid a bhith agaibh,
 'S guma math a chuireas sibh seachad bhur saoghal,
 Gach latha dh'éireas sibh a suas, [uair
 Gach oidhche laigheas sibh a sìos.

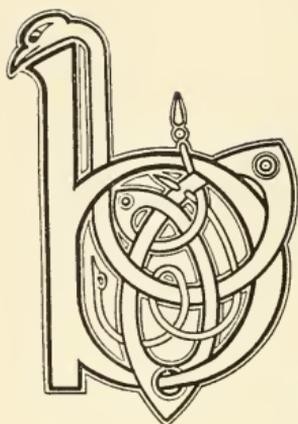
Sùil Dhé mhóir,
 Sùil Dhé na glòir,
 Sùil Mhic na hÒigh,
 Sùil Spioraid fòill
 Dha do chomhnadh 's dha do chuallach [chuanadh
 Anns gach ial,
 Bhith dòrtadh oirbh gach uair
 Gu fòill agus gu fial.

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.



ÒRA BUADH

[278]

UADH a chuir Brighid,
 Rìoghainn nam buadh,
 An nighean an rìgh,
 Gile-Mhìn nan snuadh.

Cruth Chrìosda romhad,
 Cruth Dhé a dheoghad,
 Struth Spioraid tromhad
 Dha do chobhair 's dha do chomhnadh.

Buadh a suas tharad,
 Buadh a nuas tharad,
 Buadh nam buadh gun athradh,
 Buadh Athar agus Dhomhnaich.

Buadh crutha,
 Buadh ratha, [rutha ?
 Buadh gutha,
 Buadh Ìosa Crìosda an comhnaidh dhut,
 Buadh ìomhaigh an Domhnaich dut.

Buadh feara,
 Buadh bheana,
 Buadh leannain,
 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 beauteous.

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.

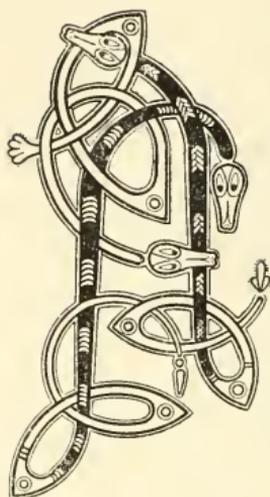
Excellence of men,
 Excellence of women,
 Excellence of lover,
 Excellence of sons and of daughters be thine.

Buadh iodha,
 Buadh dibhe,
 Buadh ciùil,
 Buadh iùil,
 Buadh muir is tìre dhut.

Buadh suidhe,
 Buadh uidhe,
 Buadh cruidhe,
 Buadh muidhe,
 Buadh gruithim is ime dhut.

Buadh lachain Mhoire,
 Buadh eal an tobair,
 Buadh chaor is olainn,
 Buadh mheann is ghobhar,
 Buadh bhuan là agus oidhche 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 nèamha dhut.



SIAN BHUADHA

[279]

N sian a chuir Brighde,
 Rìoghainn nam buadh,
 Air nighean gheal an rìgh,
 Gile-Mhin nan snuadh.

Tha cruth Dhé dheoghad,
 Tha cruth Chriosda romhad,
 Tha sruth Spioraid feodhad,
 Dha do chobhair agus dha do chomhnadh.

Tha blàth Dhé umad,
 Tha blàth Chriosda umad,
 Tha blàth Spioraid umad,
 Dha do liuthadh agus dha do bhòidhceadh.

Tha buadh a suas tharad,
 Tha buadh a nuas tharad,
 Tha buadh nam buadh gun athradh,
 Buadh Athar agus Dhomhnaich.

Buadh feara,
 Buadh beana,
 Buadh seanaidh,
 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-Mhin 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.

ÒRACHAN BUADHA

Buadh ghlaca,
 Buadh bhaca,
 Buadh sloca,
 Buadh chnoca,
 Buadh mharc agus mhilidh.

Buadh siubhail,
 Buadh turais,
 Buadh bhaile bhig,
 Buadh bhaile mhóir,
 Buadh mhara agus tìre.

Buadh maise,
 Buadh laise,
 Buadh mathais,
 Buadh flathais,
 Buadh là is oidhche.

Buadh crutha,
 Buadh gutha,
 Buadh rudha,
 Buadh crudha,
 Buadh gruithe agus ime.

Is tu reula gach oidhche,
 Is tu soillse gach maidne,
 Is tu sgeula gach aoighe,
 Is tu faighneachd gach fearainn.

Falbhaidh tu garbhlach,
 'S cha dearg thu do chas :
 Tha Ìosa dha do thearmad,
 Tha Ìosa 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 redden thy foot :
Jesus is guarding thee,
 Jesus is by thy hand.

ÒRACHAN BUADHA

Tha crùn an Rìgh ma d' cheann,
 Tha mionn a' Mhic ma d' bhathais,
 Tha lùth an Spioraid ann do chom :
 Théid agus thig thu slàn gu baile.

Siubhlaidh tu suas
 Agus tillidh tu nuas,
 Siubhlaidh tu cuan
 Agus tillidh tu nall ;

Chan éirich dhut baoghal
 Am bac no am bruach,
 An glac no an cluan,
 An cruach no an gleann.

Tha sgiath Mhìcheil tharad,
 Rìgh nan aingeal fionn,
 Dha do dhìon is dha do chaim
 O do bharr a chon do bhonn.

Cha dèan fear,
 Cha dèan bean,
 Cha dèan mac,
 Cha dèan murn

Dearc na dùil,
 Fuath na farmad,
 Searc na sùil,
 Tnùth na tarmadh,

A thearbas tù,
 A laigheas ort,
 A dhiongas 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 hither ;

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 glance 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.

ÒRACHAN BUADHA

Cha dèan sluagh,
 Cha dèan saobh,
 Cha dèan sìodh,
 Cha dèan saoghal

Tailm na tabhail,
 Sleagh na saighead,
 Tuagh na tarrainn,
 Clìc na claidheamh,

A dhrùidheas ort,
 A chuireas riut,
 A dheargas tu,
 A dh'fhoghnas dhut.

Cha dèan gobha,
 Cha dèan ceard,
 Cha dèan clachair,
 Cha dèan saor

Beart na ball,
 Arm na inneall,
 Uigheam na uirlis,
 Dealbh na innleachd,

Copair na cloiche,
 Umha na iarainn,
 Fiodha na fionndrain,
 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 affect 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,

ÒRACHAN BUADHA

Null na nall,
 Tur na tìr,
 Bhos na thall,
 Shìos na nìos,

Shuas na nuas,
 Muir na tìr,
 San fhosga shuas,
 San fhailce shìos.

A chnòì mo chridhe,
 A ghnùis mo ghréine,
 A chroit mo chiùil,
 A chrùin mo chéille ;

Rùn Dhé nan dùl thu,
 Rùn Chrìosda chùmh thu,
 Rùn Spìoraid 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]



HA féil Dhé air th'aghaidh,
 Tha Mac Dhé dha d' chomairc
 O dhroch dhaoin an domhain,
 Tha Rìgh nan reul ma d' choinneimh.

Tha féil Mhoire an troma gràidh,
 Teanga mhodhail mhìn mhàld,
 Fionna fionn eadar do dhà mhalaigh,—
 Fionn mac Cumhaill eatorra sin.

O's i Moire agus Ìos a Mac
 A chuir an tlachd sin féin ad ghnùis,
 Gun robh blas na meala mìn ort
 Agus air gach facal mar a their thu,

Ri mithibh agus ri maithibh,
 Ri fearaibh 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 sìorraidh,
 A uchd Dhé nan dùl agus a uchd cluthadh a Mhic.

CHARM FOR THE FACE OF A MAIDEN

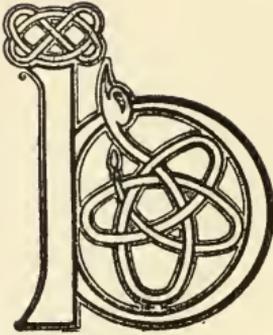
THE beauty of God is in thy face,
The Son of God is protecting thee
From the wicked ones of the world,
The King of the stars is before thee.

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

[281]

UADH rùna dhut,
 Buadh urlair dhut,
 Buadh lùchairt dhut,
 Buadh cùrta dhut,
 Buadh agus uail dhùthcha dhut.

Caim Dhé nan dùla dhut,
 Caim Chrìosda chùmhha dhut,
 Caim Spioraid Nùmha dhut,

Dha d' chaomhnadh,
 Dha d' chomhnadh,
 Dha d' chuartadh.

An Tiùra ma do cheann,
 An Tiùra ma do chom,
 An Tiùra ma do cholann
 Gach oidhche agus latha,
 An caimleachadh nan Tri
 Am marsainneachd 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.

DÙRACHD

[282]

From Mary Mackintosh, *née* Smith, Gearraidh 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, runes 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 Mheadhonach, 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 fithich dhuit,
Feart fiolair dhuit,
Feart Féinne.

Feart gaillinn dhuit,
Feart gealaich dhuit,
Feart gréine.

Feart mara dhuit,
Feart talamh dhuit,
Feart nèimhe.

* * *

GOOD WISH

diction. I took down some stories from him, as did also Dr George Henderson. Some forty years after I had first 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. Unasked 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 strongly 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.

Gun robh mo chridhe caoineadh,
Ge faoin a rinn mi gàire.

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.

* * *

DÙRACHDAN

Mathas mara dhuit,
Mathas talamh dhuit,
Mathas nèimhe.

Gach latha sona dhuit,
Gun latha dona dhuit,
Onair agus mèinne. [aithne

Gràdh gach aghaidh dhuit,
Bàs cinn-adhairt dhuit,
Làtharachd do Shlàn'èir.

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 Mhàiri Nic Ghille Mhaoil, croitear, Lianacuidh, Uibhist a Deas



ACH latha subhach dhuit,
Gun latha dubhach dhuit,
Saoghal sultach sàsach.

Tacar dha do shlighe,
Macan dha do thighinn,
Nighean dha do thàrsainn.

Feart fòir na beithre dhuit,
Feart fòir na teine dhuit,
Feart fòir nan gràsan.

Bàs gràidh na sonais dhuit,
Bàs gràidh na Moire dhuit,
Gàirdean gràidh do Shlàn'eir.

PRAYER

From Mary Macmillan, crofter, Lianacuidh, 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.



DÙRACHD

[284]

EART abhainn dhuit,
 Neart mara dhuit,
 Neart buaidh làrach.

Neart teine dhuit,
 Neart beithre dhuit,
 Neart carraig làidir.

Neart dùla dhuit,
 Neart cuire dhuit,
 Neart rùn nan arda.

[curra, cùrra ?]

GUIDHE

[285]

FEART sùla dhuit,
 Feart dùla dhuit,
 Feart rùn 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

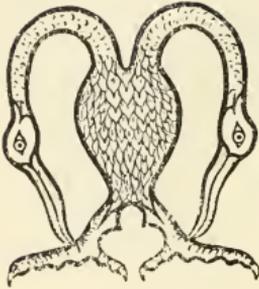
POWER of eye be thine,
 Power of element be thine,
 Power of my heart's desire.

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.

DÛRACHD

[286]



ATHAS sùla dhuit,
Mathas ùidhe dhuit,
Mathas rùn mo chléibhe.

Mathas maca dhuit,
Mathas murna dhuit,
Mathas sùigh mo chéille.

Mathas mara dhuit,
Mathas talamh dhuit,
Mathas Flath na nèimhe.

GUIDHE

[287]

GUIDHIM saoghal sona dhuit,
Onair, cor, is cliù,
Gun osna bho do bhrollach,
Gun bhoinne bho do shùil.

Gun ràcan dha do rathad,
Gun sgàile dha do ghnùis,
Gun luigh thu bhàn sa chaisteal sin,
An achlais Chrìosda chùmh.

GOOD WISH

THE good of eye be thine,
The good of liking be thine,
The good of my heart's desire.

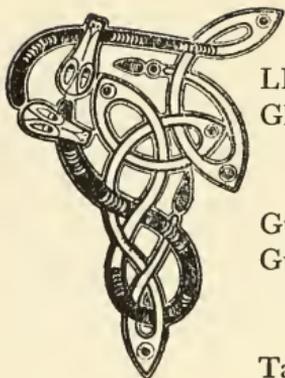
The good of sons be thine,
The good of daughters be thine,
The good of the sap of my sense.

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]

LIOCAS beithir dhuit,
Gliocas fithich dhuit,
Gliocas fiolair euchdaich.

Guth na h-eala dhuit,
Guth na meala dhuit,
Guth mhic na reula.

Tacar mara dhuit,
Tacar talamh dhuit,
Tacar Athar nèimhe.

GUIDHE

[289]

GACH latha sona dhuit,
Gun latha dona dhuit,
Saoghal subhach sàsach.

Àgh gach coinneimh 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 Muire Màthar dhuit,
 Gràdh na Brìghde thàna dhuit,
 Gràdh Mìcheil àghmhoir dhuit,
 Le 'n làimh gach tràth 'gad chuartach.

Mathas mór na mara dhuit,
 Mathas mór talamh dhuit,
 Mathas mór flathas dhuit,
 Do shaoghal fallan fuainte.

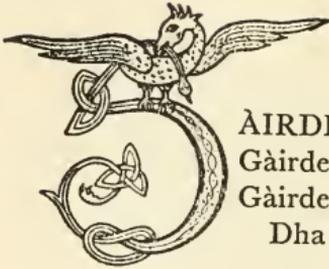
Gràs caoin an Athar dhuit,
 Gràs caomh a' Mhìc dhuit,
 Gràs caomh an Spioraid dhuit,
 'Gad ligheadh le na buadhan.

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.



DÛRACHD

[291]

AIRDEAN Mhuire Mhàthar dhuit,
 Gàirdean Brìghde thàna dhuit,
 Gàirdean Micheil àghmhoir dhuit,
 Dha do theàrnadh bho gach truaighe.

Gàirdean Ostal Eòin dhuit,
 Gàirdean Ostal Phòil dhuit,
 Gàirdean Ostal Pheadail dhuit,
 Dha do theasraig bho gach tuaireap.

Gàirdean Dé nan dùla dhuit,
 Gàirdean Crìosda cùmha dhuit,
 Gàirdean Spioraid Nùmha dhuit,
 Dha do chùmhnadh 's dha do chuairteadh.

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.

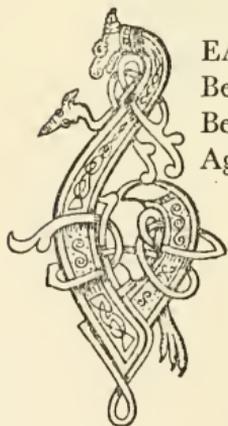
The arm of Apostle John be thine,
The arm of Apostle Paul be thine,
The arm of Apostle Peter be thine,
 To guard thee from all mischief.

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 MÀTHAR

[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, all joining in the pilgrim 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 Leobhr, a luaidh, chan iarradh sibh ach a bhith dh'an éisdeachd ged a bhiodh bhur cridhe féin làn agus a' cur thairis agus sibh a' strì ri cumail sìos nan deòir. A Mhoire nan gràs ! A Mhàthair an dubh bhròin ! Is iomadh sin sùil silteach a chunna mi ri mo latha agus ri mo linn.—' By the Book,



EANNACHD 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,
Ré maireann do shaoghail,
Ré laithean do shaoghail.

Dionadh Dhé dhut anns gach bealach,
Comhnadh Chrìosda dhut anns gach cadha,
Lìobhadh Spioraid dhut anns gach abhainn,
Gach tur is tabh dh'an téid 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 (' clò ') 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 those 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 shìorraidh dhut,
Air altair ialaidh féin ;
Dìonadh an Athar shìorraidh dhut,
Air altair ialaidh féin.

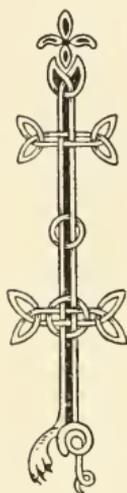
The keeping of the everlasting Father be thine
Upon His own illumined altar ;
The keeping of the everlasting Father be thine
Upon his own illumined altar.

AN DÙIL DEÒRA

[293]

From Mór Maclellan, *née* 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,



ONNLÀIDH mise m'aodann
 Anns na naodha gatha gréine,
 Mar a dh'ionnlaid Moire a Mac
 Am bainne brac na féile.

Mèinne bhith air mo bhial,
 Seirc bhith air mo ghnùis,
 Teisd bhith air mo mhiann,
 Rian bhith air mo rùn.

An gaol thug Moire dh'a h-aon Mhac,
 An saoghal uile dh'a thoir dhomhsa ;
 An gaol thug Ìosa dh'Eòin Baiste
 Dheòin mis a thoir dha m' chomhlach.

Mac Dhé bhith air tùs mo thurais,
 Mac Dhé bhith an urra mo chomhnadh ;
 Mac Dhé a bhith réiteach mo shlighe,
 Mac Dhé bhith air dheireadh mo thòireachd.

THE PILGRIM'S HOPE

Beoraidh Mhór, Mórar

the sheep being sacred to Christ. During the flight to Egypt, the Mary Mother bathed her Son in 'bainne 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 MÀTHAR

[294]

AR an toir thu barr do chinn,
 Far an toir thu clàr do bhathais,
 Guma làidir dhut dh'a linn,
 Guma gràsmhor dhut dh'a bhuadh ;
 Guma làidir dhut dh'a linn,
 Guma gràsmhor dhut dh'a bhuadh.

Guma buan dhut ad laighe,
 Guma buan dhut at éirigh,
 Guma buan dhut d'oidhche 's latha,
 'S guma ramhath flathas dha mo luaidh ;
 Guma buan dhut d'oidhche 's latha,
 'S guma ramhath flathas dha mo luaidh.

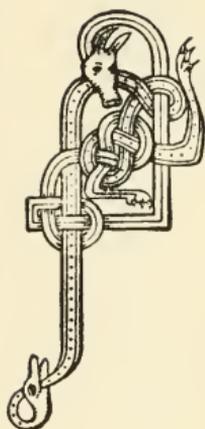
Gnùis Dhé dha t'aodann,
 Gnùis Chrìosda chaomha,
 Gnùis Spioraid Naomha
 Dha d' chaomhnadh gach uair
 Am baoghal agus truaigh ;
 Dha d' chaomhnadh gach uair
 Am baoghal agus truaigh.

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 BEANNACHD MÀTHAR

[295]

OIBH Dhé dha t'aghaidh,
 Aoibh dh'an neach a chì thu ;
 Caim Dhé dha d' mhuineal,
 Ainglean Dhé dha d' dhìona,
 Ainglean Dhé dha d' dhìona.

Aoibh oidhche 's latha dhut,
 Aoibh ghréine 's ghealaich dhut,
 Aoibh fhir is mnatha dhut,
 Gach tur 's gach tabh dh'an téid thu,
 Gach tur 's gach tabh dh'an téid thu.

Gun robh gach sìon sona dhut,
 Gun robh gach sìon solais dhut,
 Gun robh gach sìon sòlais dhut,
 Is Mac Moir Òighe réidh riut,
 Mac Moir Òighe réidh riut.

Caim Dhé nan dùla dhut,
 Caim Chrìosda chùmhach dhut,
 Caim Spioraid Nùmhach dhut,
 Dha do chùmhachadh 's dha do chomhachadh,
A Dhomhnaill,
 A chaomhach chonn mo chléibh.

(O dha do chùmhachadh 's dha do chomhachadh,
A Mhàiri,
 O chaomhach chonn mo 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 goest,
Each land and sea thou goest.

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 ! to befriend thee and to aid thee,
Mary,
Thou beloved one of my heart.)

URNAIGH ROIMH ÈISDEACHD [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



ÌOSA, thoir dhomh mathanas peacanna,
 Ìosa, cum mo chionta 'nam chuimhne,
 Ìosa, thoir dhomh gràs an aithreachais,
 Ìosa, thoir dhomh gràs a' mhathanais,
 Ìosa, thoir dhomh gràs na h-umhlachd,
 Ìosa, thoir dhomh gràs na dùrachd,
 Ìosa, thoir dhomh gràs na h-irisleachd,
 Gu aideachadh saor a dhèanamh an tràth,
 Gu mi féin a dhìteadh aig cathair na faosaid,
 Mun téid mo dhìteadh aig cathair a' bhreitheanais ;
 Ìos, thoir dhomh neart agus misneach
 Mi féin a dhìteadh aig cathair na faosaid,
 Mun téid mo dhìteadh aig cathair a' bhreitheanais.
 Is fusa dhomh dol fo smàig tràth ùine bhig
 Na dhol gu bàs an dàil na siorraidheachd.
 Ìosa, thoir dhomh gun aidich mi mo chionta
 Cho liosda agus ge b'e seo mionaid mo bhàis.

Ìosa, gabh truas dhìom,
 Ìosa, dèan tròcair orm,
 Ìosa, gabh thugad mi,
 Ìosa, 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 daoine gu bheil còir agam air leòd a bhith orm—is Domhnallach 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 dórainn am bàs,
 Is adhbhar sòlais an t-aithreachas
 Agus glanadh ann an abhainn na slàint.

* * * * *

Bithidh aighear air ainglean nèamh
 Mo ligheadh ann an linne na faosaid.

O m'anam, bitheadh aiteas ort,
 Tha Dia deònach réite riut,
 Glac a làmh 's i sìnte mach
 Gu réite ghràidh a ghlaodhadh dhuit.

Na diùlt do làmh dhomh, O mo Dhia,
 Na diùlt do làmh, a Thriath nan triath,
 An sgàth mo Shlàn'eir Ìosa Crìosd,
 Na leig gu bàs sìorraidh 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.

* * * * *

There will be joy among the angels of heaven
That I am laved 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 reconcilment.

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

AM BALG SÉIDIDH

O — Dhomhnallaich, banacheard, Baile Mhic Nìll, Barraidh

AN déidh daibh Crìosda chur ris a' chrois thug iad ma-near nach robh tairrnean aca a chuirte ris, agus nach mutha bha balg aca leis an séidte an teine chon an t-iarann a bhruich a chon tairrnean a dhèanamh. Cha robh fios fo'n ghréin ghil 'd é theirte na dhèante anns an trilleach a bh'ann. Ach thog a' bhanacheard a sguird agus shéid i an teine, agus bhruicheadh an t-iarann, agus rinn an ceard na tairrnean le'n do thairrnicheadh Crìosda ris a' chrann cheusda. Is ann a sin a thubhairt Iosda Crìosda Mac an Dé bheò agus bhiothbhuan shuas air a' chrois ris a' bhanacheard shìos aig a' bhonn, 'Bithidh tus agus do sheòrsa bho linn gu linn, bho shaoghal gu saoghal, a' siubhal slighe agus a' falbh fàsaich, gun tàmh oidhche gun fois latha, an leas do làmh agus an sgàth do ghnìomh.'

Cha chòir comhnadh le olc na toir le droch ghnìomh ge do dh'iarrrte oirnne agus ge do reachadh againn air ; cha chòir idir (ars an seanchaidh).

AN CEARD

Dar a bha Crìosda 'ga chur ris a' chrann cheusaidh, leis a' chabhaig dhìochuimhnich na hIudhaich dhubha tarraigean a chur air dòigh. Chaidh iad far an robh an gobha agus dh'iarr iad air tarraigean a dhèanamh a chum làmhan agus casan air tSlànaigheir a thairrnicheadh ris a' chrann. Ach dhiùlt an gobha tarraigean a dhèanamh air son a leithid sin a ghnòthach. Chaidh na hIudhaich an sin far an robh an ceard agus dh'iarr iad air a' cheard tarraigean a dhèanamh a chum làmhan agus casan air tSlànaigheir a thairrnicheadh ris a' chrann. Rinn an ceard an obair mar a dh'iarr na hIudhaich air, agus thairrnicheadh làmhan agus casan Chrìosda Slànaighear nam buadh ris a' chrann cheusda. Is ann uaidh seo tha meas agus urram air a' ghobha agus dimeas agus tarcais air a' cheard a measg dhaoine, agus is ann uaidh seo a sgaoileadh agus a sgapadh sliochd a' cheaird thall agus a bhos feadh an t-saoghail mhóir.

THE CRUCIFIXION

THE BELLOWS

From — MacDonald, a tinker woman, Castlebay, 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 (tinsmith, 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 sleuchdaidh' 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 sleuchdaidh' at Cnoca Breaca, South Uist. People from the south end of the island prostrated themselves there, being within sight of the churches at Hógh Mór. There was another on Sunnamal, a small sandy tidal island between Benbecula and North Uist. When the

CROIS CHRÌOSDA

[297]

Beulaiche : Mór Nic Nill, coitear, Baile Mhic Nill, Barraidh



ROIS Chrìosd eadar mi 's na sìth
Ta stigeadh a mach na steach,
Crois Chrìosd eadar mi 's gach nì,
Gach mì-rùn, gach ceach.

[frid

Ainglean flathais dha mo dhìon,
Ainglean flathanais a nochd,
Ainglean flathais dha mo dhìon
Eadar anam agus corp.

Caim Chrìosda dha mo chuartadh
O gach fuath, o gach olc,
O gach tàir ta tighinn tuaitheal
An duathar, ann an tort.

Caim cumhachd Chrìosda
Dha mo dhìon o gach lochd,
Dha mo chumail o gach dìtheil
Ta tighinn an dìth dhomh a nochd.

traveller came to Sunnamal (which was formerly not an island) he was within sight of Teampall na Trianaid, the Temple of the Trinity, at Càirinis.

There was another 'crois sleuchdaidh' at Dalmally. Another stood on the hill from Inveraray to Clàdaich, Cladich, which could be seen from afar by travellers from Inveraray. When the cross was reached the church on the island of Innis Èil could be seen.

Innis Èil is a small low grassy island towards the northern end of Loch 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

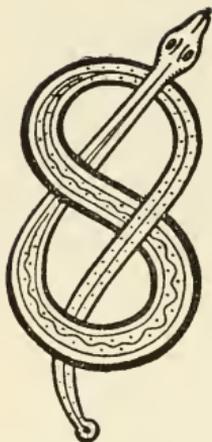
Reciter : Mór MacNeill, cottar, Castlebay, Barra

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. gnome

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

[298]

ÌTH Dhé dhomh, sìth dhaoine,
 Sìth Chaluim Chille chaomha,
 Sìth Mhoire mhìn na gaoldachd,
 Sìth Chrìosda Rìgh na daondachd,
 Sìth Chrìosda Rìgh na daondachd,

Air gach uinneig, air gach doras,
 Air gach toll a leigeas solas,
 Air ceithir oiseannan mo thaighe,
 Air ceithir oiseannan mo leaba,
 Air ceithir oiseannan mo leaba ;

Air gach nì a chì mo shùil,
 Air gach sìon a tha dha m' bhrù,
 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.

SÌTH

[299]

O Mhàiri Nic Leòid, Nàst, Gearrloch

ÌTH eadar nàbannan,
Sìth eadar chardannan,
Sìth eadar leannanan,
An gràdh Rìgh nan dùl.

Sìth eadar neach agus neach,
Sìth eadar bean agus fear,
Sìth eadar bean agus clann,
Sìth Chrìosda thar gach sìth a th'ann.

Beannaich, a Chrìosda, dha m' ghnùis,
Beannaicheadh mo ghnùis gach nì ;
Beannaich, a Chrìosda, dha m' shùil,
Beannaicheadh mo shùil na chì.



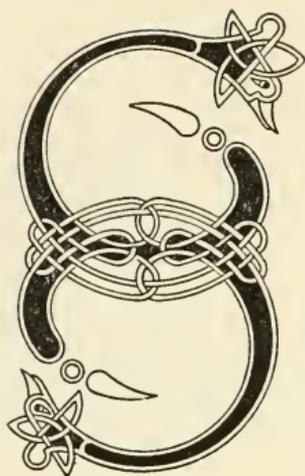
PEACE

From Mary MacLeod, Naast, Gairloch

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,
Sìth nan solas,
Sìth nan sòlas.

Sìth nan anam,
Sìth nam flathas,
Sìth nan òighean.

Sìth nan sìothbhrugh,
Sìth na sìothchaint,
Sìth na sìorraidheachd.

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]

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : Bha orrachan aig na scann daoine dha na taibhsean a bha tàmh anns a' mhuir agus anns a' bheinn, anns a' ghaoith agus anns a' chuartaig, anns an dealan agus anns an torainn, anns a' ghréin agus anns a' ghealaich agus ann an reula nan nèamh. Cha robh mise càil ach 'nam mhàgaran (mhàgadan) mullaich san am, ach tha cuimhne mhath agam air dòigheannan nan seann daoine. Thàinig an sin bairlinn agus losgadh agus imirich, agus sgapadh agus sgaoileadh na daoine feadh an domhain, agus chaochail na seann dòigheannan comhla ris na seann daoine. Chaochail cheana, u chaochail, agus cha tàinig cho math 'nan àite—cha tàinig, a ghràidhein, agus gu bràth cha tig.



DHÉ nan dùla,
 A Dhé nan rùna,
 A Dhé nan rùla,
 A Rìgh nan rìgh !
 A Rìgh nan rìgh !

[cùra

Do shonas 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 mhaireas 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 naught 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 sileadh nan às
 Air muinntir an sàs,
 Air muinntir an càs,
 Gun tàmh gun dìth,
 Gun tàmh gun dìth.

[àis, gràs

Mhic Mhoire na Pàis,
 Mhic Mhoire na bàis,
 Mhic Mhoire na gràis,
 A bhitheas 's a bhàth's
 Ri tràghadh 's ri lionadh ;
 A bhitheas 's a bhàth's
 Ri tràghadh 's ri lionadh !

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.

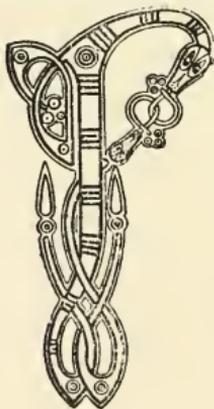
Thou Son of Mary of the Pasch,
Thou Son of Mary of the death,
Thou Son of Mary of the grace,
Who wast and shalt be
 With ebb and with flow ;
Who wast and shalt be
 With ebb and with flow !

THUNDER

THE voice of the great God,
And none is great but He.

ÀILLEAGAN FIONN NA FÉIL [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, ‘lòchran mór 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, Mór MacNeill of Barra, said :—*Ri linn m’athar agus mo mhàthar cha robh fear am Barraidh nach toireadh dheth a bhoineid do ghréin ghil nam buadh, no bean am Barraidh nach claonadh a colann do ghealaich ghil nan tràth. Cha robh, a luaidh, fear no bean am Barraidh. Agus bithidh seann daoine ris a seo fathast, agus bithidh mi féin ris air uairibh. Bithidh clann a’ magadh orm, ach ma bhitheas, ’d é dha sin ! Nach mór is còra dhomhsa mo cholann a chlaonadh dh’an ghréin agus dh’an ghealaich agus dha na reultaibh a chruthaich Dia mór nan dùl dha mo mhath seach do mhac no do nighean talmhaidh mar mi 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 meeter for me to bend my body to the sun and to the



ÀILT ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan iùil nan speur ;
 Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan fionn na féil.

Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan iùil nan reul ;
 Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
 Àilleagan rùin 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, too, 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 near 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' fàgail bhur daoine agus bhur dùthaich, a luaidh mo chridhe ! O ma ta, guma slàn a bhitheas sibh agus guma h-innich a dh'éireas dhuibh gach aon taobh dh'an téid sibh, gach aon cheum dh'an siubhail sibh. Agus mo bheannachd féin leibh, agus beannachd Dhé leibh, agus beannachd Mhoire Mhàthar leibh, gach tràth dh'éireas sibh a suas agus gach uair a laigheas sibh a sios, gus an laigh sibh a sios an suain ann an glacaibh Ìosda Criosda 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 iùil nan neul ;
Fàilt ort féin, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan cùmh nan nèamh !

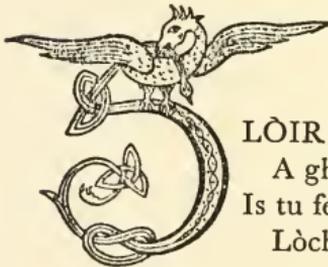
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous guidant of the clouds ;
Hail to thee, thou new moon,
 Beauteous dear one of the heavens !

GEASLANACHD NA GEALAICH [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 mharbhadh na seann daoine muc no caora, gobhar no bó làmhaig anns an earra-dhubh. Tha feòil beothaich gun bhlas gun bhrìgh, gun sult gun saill, anns an earra-dhubh. Cha mhó a bhuaineadh iad caol cuill no caol seilich a chon chliabh no chraoileag no craobh ghiuthais chon daraich ann an earra-dhubh na gealaiche. Tha brìgh an fhiodha a' dol dh'an fhriamh agus am fiodh a' fàs bruanaich brìsg, gun bhladh gun mhath. Bha na seann daoine ris a h-uile seo ri lìonadh no ri airde na gealaiche. Bha na seannraidh beachdail anns na nithean nàdarra, mar nach bheil ògraidh 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 withes 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 pith, 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 séimheil gu bearradh urla agus gu gearradh mòine, gu buain arbhair, gu lomadh chaorach, agus gu iomadh rud eile de'n leithid sin. Ri faicinn na gealaich ùir tha neach ag cur a làmh dheas m'a chois chli agus a' dèanamh crois Chrìosd air a bhois le smugaid a bheòil, agus ag ràdh—

An ainm naomh an Athar,
An ainm naomh a' Mhic,
An ainm naomh an Spioraid,
Teòra naomh na h-ìochd.



LÒIR dhuit 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 shearing 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 ‘rìoghainn na h-oidhche,’ the queen of the night. The coin was called ‘peighinn pisich,’ propitious 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 gealach.’ Men and women went to the highest hill or knoll near them to look for ‘éiteag nan reul’ or ‘rìoghainn 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—‘Fhaic! fhaic! fhaic!’ ‘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 ùr, a rùnag nam bà.’ ‘There is the new moon, thou beloved one among cows!’

When a man comes out at night, ‘feuch ’d é tha an oidhche dèanamh,’ to see what the night is doing, he looks at the moon and at the stars, especially the constellations, and says :—

GLORY to thee for ever,
 Thou bright moon, this night ;
 Thyself art ever
 The glorious lamp of the poor.

GEALACH ÛR

[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



É mo rùn a' ghealach ùr,
 Is Dia nan dùl 'ga sunnachadh ; [suidh-
 Bitheadh agamsa deagh rùn eachadh,
 Do gach dùil sa chruthachadh. bunachadh

Bitheadh mo ghuidhe, a Dhé,
 A réir do naomhachaidh ;
 Bitheadh mo chridhe, a Dhé,
 A réir do chaomhachaidh.

Bitheadh mo ghnìomh air tìr
 A réir do riarachaidh ;
 Bitheadh mo mhiann air lir
 A réir do rianachaidh. [dhianadais

Bitheadh mo dhùil an ard
 A réir t'iarraitais ;
 Bitheadh mo rùn a bhàn
 A réir do riarachaidh.

NEW MOON

the helm may be heard crooning to himself :

Glòir dhuit féin, a Dhé nan dùl,
Air son lòchran iùil a' chuain ;
Do làmh féin air feilm mo stiùir,
Agus do rùn air chùl nan stuagh.

Glory be to Thee, O God of life,
For the guiding lamp 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.

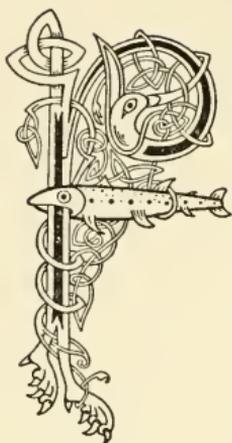
Be my prayer, O God,
In accord with Thy sanctifying ;
Be my heart, O God,
In accord with Thy loving care.

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 déidh do shuaimhinis ;
Bitheadh m'fhois, a Dhé,
Le Mac do shuaimhinis.

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,
 Àilleagan iùil na bàidh !
 Ta mi lùbadh dhut mo ghlùn,
 Ta mi curnadh dhut mo ghràidh.

Ta mi lùbadh dhut mo ghlùn,
 Ta mi tiubhradh dhut mo làmh,
 Ta mi togail dhut mo shùil,
 A ghealach ùr nan tràth.

Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 A mhuirneag mo ghràidh !
 Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
 A mhuirneag nan gràs !

Tha thu siubhal 'na do chùrs,
 Tha thu stiùradh nan làn ;
 Tha thu soillseadh dhuinn do ghnùis,
 A ghealach ùr nan tràth.

A rìoghainn an iùil,
 A rìoghainn an àigh,
 A rìoghainn mo rùin,
 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 lifting 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 illuming 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 ÙR

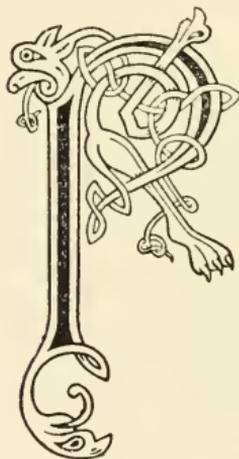
[307]

Beulaiche : Iseabal Nic Nill, coitear, Ceann Tangabhall, Barraidh

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche : Ri faicinn domh an t-solais ùir, ta còir agam mo shùil a thogail, mo cheann a chromadh, agus mo ghlùn a lùbadh, a' toir cliù do Dhia nan dùl gum faca mi ré nan ré aon uair eile. Is iomadh neach a chaidh a null thar abhainn dubh a' bhàis o thàinig thu roimhe, ged tha mise an seo air m'fhàgail fathast ann an saoghal nam beò, ann an talamh an aithreachais ; is iomadh neach sin, a ghealach gheal nan tràth !

Ri linn m'athar cha robh fear am Barraidh nach toireadh dheth a chomhdach cinn do ghréin ghil an latha, no té am Barraidh nach claonadh a colann do ré ghil na h-oidhche. Tha seann daoine anns an dùthaich fathast a bhios ris a seo. Bidh mi féin ris air uairibh, ged a bhios a' chlànn a' fanaid orm.

Saoilidh mi féin gura nì taingeil grian òirgheal nam buadh a' toir dhuinn blàthais agus solais ri là, agus gealach gheal nan tràth a' toir dhuinn iùil agus treòir ri oidhche.



I faicinn domh na gealaich ùir,
Is dùth domh mo shùil a thogail,
Is dùth domh mo ghlùn a leagail,
Is dùth domh mo cheann a bhogadh,

Toir cliù dhuit féin, a ré nan iùl,
Gum faca mi thù a rithist,
Gum faca mi a' ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan iùil na slighe.

Is iomadh neach a chaidh a null
Eadar ùine an dà ghealaich,
Ged tha mise a' mealtainn fuinn,
A ré nan ré 's nam beannachd !

NEW MOON

Reciter : Isabel MacNeill, cottar, Ceann 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,

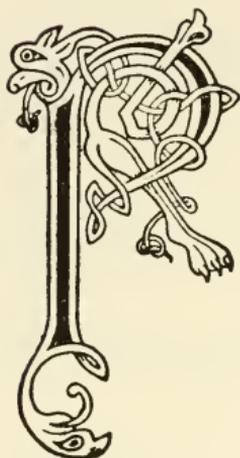
Giving thee praise, thou moon of guidance,
 That I have seen thee again,
 That I have seen the new moon,
 The lovely leader of the way.

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 Ghill-Fhaolain, croitear, Meallaig Mhór, Mórar



I faicinn dhomh na gealaich ùir,
 Is dùth dhomh mo rùn a chanail ;
 Is dùth dhomh cliù thoir a Thì nan dùl,
 Air sgàth a chùmh 's a mhathais ;

'S a liutha fear is té chaidh null
 Thar abhainn duibh an aibheis,
 Bho na dhealraich dhomh do ghnùis,
 A ghealach ùr nam flathas !

THE NEW MOON

From Ann Maclellan, crofter, 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 shùil,
 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 MacDonald, crofter, Buaile Dhubh, Ìochdar, South Uist
 THE following verses were addressed to the new moon when 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



IOD agaibh a' ghealach ùr,
 Is Rìgh nan dùl 'ga beannachadh ;
 Bitheadh gach oidhche cubhr
 Air an soillsich i !

Bitheadh a lithe làn
 Do gach feumanach ;
 Bitheadh a slighe slàn
 Do gach teugmhalach.

Bitheadh a h-ial shuas
 Aig gach éigeannach ;
 Bitheadh a h-iùl 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 'hooch-ing' 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.

THERE, see, the new moon,
 The King of life blessing her ;
 Fragrant be every night
 Whereon 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.

Làmh Dhé bhith orms a' tàmh
Anns gach càs an tachair mi,
Nis agus gu uair mo bhàis,
Agus gu là m'aiseirigh.

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, siod, a' ghealach ùr !
 Is Rìgh nan dùl d'a gealadh duinn ;
 Bitheadh agamsa deagh rùn
 Do gach sùil a sheallas dhi.

Bitheadh mo shùil an aird
 Ri Athair àigh nam beannachdan,
 Is bitheadh mo chridhe bhàn
 Do Chrìosda ghràidh a cheannaich mi.

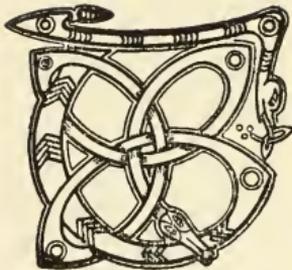
Bitheadh mo ghlùn a sìos
 Do rìoghainn na maisealachd ;
 Bitheadh mo ghuth a nìs
 Do'n Tì a rinn 's a bheannaich i.

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' GHEALACH ÙR

[312]

É mo rùin a' ghealach ùr,
 Is Rìgh nan dùl 'ga beannachadh ;
 Bitheadh agamsa deagh rùn
 Dha gach dùil a' chruthachaidh.

Bitheadh gach nì naomh
 Air an soillsich i ;
 Bitheadh gach nì caomh
 Ta i foillseachadh.

Bitheadh a h-iùl air tìr
 Aig gach teugmhalach ;
 Bitheadh a h-iùl air lir
 Aig gach éigeannach.

Gun robh ré nan ré
 Tighinn tre neulaibh tiugh
 Ormsa 's air gach cré
 Tighinn tre theannachadh.

Gun robh òigh mo ghaoil
 Tighinn tre chaoba dubh
 Dhomhsa 's dha gach aon
 Ann an teinneachadh.

Gun robh Rìgh nan gràs
 Le mo làimh a' cur
 Nis agus gu bràth
 Gu là 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.

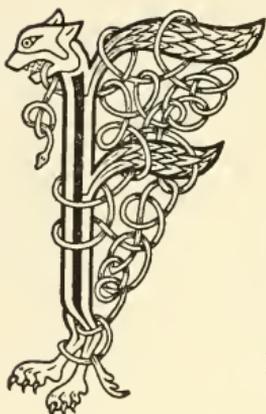
May the moon of moons
Be coming through thick clouds
On me and on every mortal
Who is coming through affliction.

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.

RÌOGHAINN NA H-OIDHCHE

[313]



ÀILTE dhuit féin,
Éiteag na h-oidhche !

Ailleachd nan speur,
Éiteag na h-oidhche !

Màthair nan reul,
Éiteag na h-oidhche !

Dalta na gréine,
Éiteag na h-oidhche !

Mórachd nan reul,
Éiteag na h-oidhche !

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 !

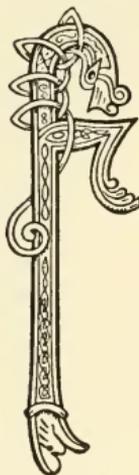
Fosterling of the sun,
Jewel of the night !

Majesty of the stars,
Jewel of the night !

AILLEAGAN NAM BUADH

[314]

O Mhàiri Nic an Tòisich, *née* Smiosach, Leth Mheadhonach,
Uibhist a Deas



AILTE dhut, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan iùil na h-oidhche !
Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan iùil nan stuagh !
Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan iùil a' chuain !
Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan iùil nam buadh !
Fàilte dhut, a ghealach ùr,
Ailleagan iùil mo luaidh !
Ailleagan nan nèamh !

JEWEL OF VIRTUES

From Mary Mackintosh, *née* Smith, Leth Mheadhonach, 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 ÙR

[315]

THUBHAIRT an seann seanchaidh :—An uair a chì neach a' ghealach ùr, is còir dha umhlachd a dhèanamh dhi agus crois Chrìosda chur an clàr a chridhe agus an rann a ghabhail ann an sùil Dhé na glòire dh'an léir gach nì.



UMA geal do sholas dhomh !
 Guma réidh do thuras dhomh !
 Mas math do thoiseach dhomh,
 Seachd fearr do dheireadh dhomh,
 A ghealach ùr nan tràth,
 A lòchrain 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 lòchrain 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.

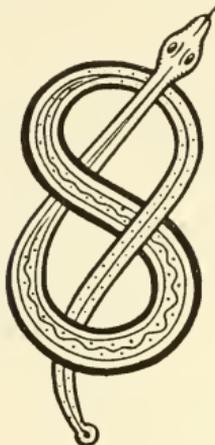
MAY thy light be fair to me !
May thy course be smooth to me !
If good to me is thy beginning,
Seven times better be thine end,
 Thou fair moon of the seasons,
 Thou great lamp of grace !

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

[316]

OLD men in the Isles still uncover their heads when they first see the sun on coming out in the morning. They hum a hymn not easily caught up



ÙIL Dhé mhóir,
 Sùil Dhé na glòir,
 Sùil Rìgh nan slògh,
 Sùil Rìgh nam beò,
 Dòrtadh oirne
 Gach òil agus ial,
 Dòrtadh oirne
 Gu fòill agus gu fial.

Glòir dhuit fhéin,
 A ghréin an àigh.

Gloir dhuit fhéin, a ghréin,
 A ghnùis Dhé nan dùl.

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 GHRÉINE

THUBHAIRT an seanchaidh :—Bha duine ann an Àrasaig agus bha e fuathasach sean, agus bhiodh e ag adhradh do'n ghréin agus do'n ghealaich agus do na reultaibh. Dar a dh'éireadh a' ghrian air bharr nam beann bheireadh e dheth a chomhdach cinn, agus chromadh e sìos a cheann, a' toir glòir do Dhia mór nan dùil air son glòir na gréine agus mathas a solais do chlann nan daoine agus do bheathachaibh an t-saoghail. Dar a rachadh a' ghrian fodha sa chuan an iar, bheireadh an seann duine dheth a rithist a chomhdach cinn, agus chromadh e a cheann gu làr, agus theireadh e—

Tha mise an dòchas 'na thràth
 Nach cuir Dia mór nan àgh
 As domhsa solas nan gràs
 Mar tha thusa dha m'fhàgail a nochd.

Bha an seann duine ag ràdh gun d'ionnsaich e seo bho athair agus bho sheann daoine a' bhaile dar a bha e 'na leanabh beag. Bhiodh clann gun mhodh a' magadh air Iain, an dùil nach robh e uile gu léir ann, ach cha léir dhomh fhéin gun robh Iain bochd a' dèanamh dad cearr.

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—

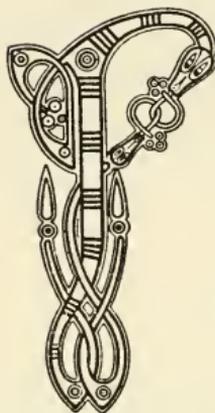
I am in hope, in its proper time,
That the great and gracious God
Will not put out for me the light of grace
Even as thou dost leave me this night.

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, coitear, Buaile nam Bodach, Barraidh



AILTE ort féin, a ghrian nan tràth,
 'S tu siubhal 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 sith,
 Mar rioghainn òg fo bhlàth.

THE SUN

From John MacNeill, cottar, Buaile 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-seachdamh aran
 Tacar mhath an dàil an anamoich.

Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, dhe'n bhraonach mheala,
 Bladh is blachd nan gabhal cubhraidh,
 'S thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, an cois do chadail,
 Fois fo sgàth do Charraig chumhnant.

Thoir dhuinn a nochd dhe'n iodh a mhaireas,
 Thoir dhuinn a nochd dhe'n dibh nach ciùrraich ;
 Thoir dhuinn a nochd an taic nam flathas
 Cailis Mhoire mhìn na ciùine.

Bi leinn a là, bi leinn a dh'oidhch,
 Bi leinn a shoillse agus dhubhradh,
 A' laighe sìos 's ag éirigh suas,
 An cainnt, an gluasad 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 farms,
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

[319]

Beulaiche : Calum Mac Ghille Mhaoil, ceannaiche,
Baile Mhanaich, Beinne Bhadhla



I liom, a Dhé, aig bristeadh arain,
Bi liom, a Dhé, ri crìch mo lòn ;
Na leig-sa sur a sìos mo chalainn [cholainn
A nì dùbhail dha m'anam bròin.
O sur a sìos mo chalainn
Nì dùbhail dha m'anam bròin.

GRACE BEFORE FOOD

Reciter : Malcolm Macmillan, merchant, Balvannich, 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 no whit adown my body
That may hurt my sorrowing soul.

BUIDHEACHAS BITHIDH

[320]

Beulaiche : Calum Mac Ghille Mhaoil, ceannaiche,
Baile Mhanaich, Beinne Bhadhla



AING dhut, a Dhé,
Moladh dhut, a Dhé,
Urram dhut, a Dhé,
An déidh na thug thu dhomh.

Mar thug thu beatha chorporra
Chum cosnaidh dhomh mo lòin,
Thoir dhomh beatha mhaireannach
Chum taisbeanaidh do ghlòir.

Thoir dhomh gràs an dàil mo bheatha,
Thoir dhomh beatha an dàil mo bhàis ;
Bi liom, a Dhé, an tilgealach m'anail,
Dhé, bi le m'anam anns na strithean ard.

O ! an tilgealach na h-anail,
O ! le m'anam anns na strithean ard.
Dhé, bi le m'anam a' grunnachadh nan àth,
Dol thar nan tarrainn ard.

THANKS AFTER FOOD

Reciter : Malcolm Macmillan, merchant, Balvannich, Benbecula

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.

EÒLAS EAGAIL OIHCHE

[321]

THIS rune is said by travellers at night. Any person saying it from the heart will be sained and safeguarded from harm. He will not be molested by the 'fuath,' the 'gruagach,' the 'peallag,' the 'ban-sìth,' the 'bean-nighidh,' nor by 'frìdich nan creag,' nor by any spirit in the air, in the earth, under the earth, in the sea, nor under the sea. The imprecation, 'Guma h-anmoch dhuit!' 'May you be late!' is still reckoned as specially evil.

'Am faic thu dad, a mhicein?' 'Chan fhaic mi dad, athair.' 'Am faic thu dad a nis, a mhicein?' 'Nim faic mi dad, athair.' 'Am faic thu dad idir a nis, a mhicein?' 'Chan fhaic mi sian, athair.' 'A Mhoire, chan fhaic! Chan 'eil an uiread sin de thoinisg 'na do cheann no do choice no do shùil gum faiceadh tusa bòcan no dad eile de dhroch 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 dheogham,
Dia tharam, Dia fodham ;
Mise air slighe Dhia,
Dia air mo luirg.

[faram

Co sud air fuinn ?
Co sud air tuinn ?
Co sud air luinn ?
Co sud air suinn ?
Co tha cuide ruinn ?

Dia agus Domhnach.

Mis an seo an céin,
Mis an seo an éis,
Mis an seo am péin,
Mis an seo an teinn,
Mis an seo liom féin,
Dhé, dèan mo chomhnadh.

CHARM FOR FEAR BY NIGHT

Mary, you see nothing ! There is not so much sense in your head or in your snout 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 cuffing and a severe scolding for leaving him to the mercy of the bogles. ‘ A phocain pheallaidh, dol a dh’fhàgail t’athar ’ga itheadh aig bòcain Lag Onair agus aig gainisg na h-oidhche ! ’—‘ You little sack of hide, to go and leave your father to be eaten by the bogles of Lag Onair and the marsh-spirit of the night ! ’

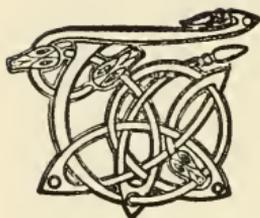
God before me, God behind me,
 God above me, God below me ;
 I on the path of God,
 God upon my track.

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 mi cur m'anama 's mo chorp
 Fo do chomaraig a nochd, a Bhrighid,
 A Mhoime bhìth Chrìosda gun lochd,
 A Mhoime bhìth Chrìosda nan creuchda.

Tha mi cur m'anama 's mo chorp
 Fo do chomaraig a nochd, a Mhoire,
 A Mhàthair mhìn Chrìosda nam bochd,
 A Mhàthair mhìn Chrìosda nan deura.

Tha mi 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 mi cur m'anama 's mo chorp
 Fo do chomaraig a nochd, a Dhé,
 Athair chobhair nan deòra dìblidh bochd,
 Comhnadair 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 Fostermother of the Christ without sin,
O calm Fostermother of the Christ of wounds.

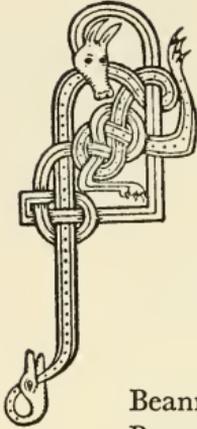
I am placing my soul and my body
Under thy guarding this night, O Mary,
O tender Mother of the Christ of the poor,
O tender Mother of the Christ of tears.

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 DÉ

[323]



THIGHEARNA agus a Dhia nam feart,
 Dìon agus riarach 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, [olc
 Seun m'anam agus mo chorp,
 Gach dorcha agus gach soillse.

Beannaich dhomh an tìr am bheil mo dhùil,
 Beannaich dhomh an nì a chì mo shùil,
 Beannaich dhomh an nì a chì mo rùn,
 A Dhé nan dùl, beannaich mo chor.

Beannaich an turas am bheil mi dol,
 Beannaich an talamh ta fo m' chois,
 Beannaich a' chùis air am 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.

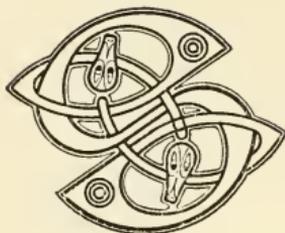
Sain and deliver me from fault,
Sain and deliver me from sin,
Sain my soul and my body,
 Each dark and each light.

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.

SMÙRADH AN TULA

[324]



MÙRAIDH mi an tula
 Mar a smùradh Brìghde Muime.
 Ainm naomh na Muime
 Bhith mu'n tula, bhith mu'n tòn,
 Bhith mu'n ardraich uile.

SMÀLADH AN TEINE

[325]

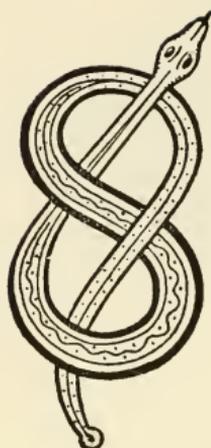
SMÀLAM a nochd mo theine
 Mar smàladh Mac na Muire ;
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's dh'an teine,
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's gach duine ;
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's dh'an tulaich,
 Caim Dhé dhomh féin 's dh'an làr,
 Is air gach treud is tòn,
 Is air an ardraich uile.

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 féin,
 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,
 Moire mìngheal nan cleachd.

Guma slàn do thaigh 's do thàn,
 Guma slàn do mhac 's do nighinn,
 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.

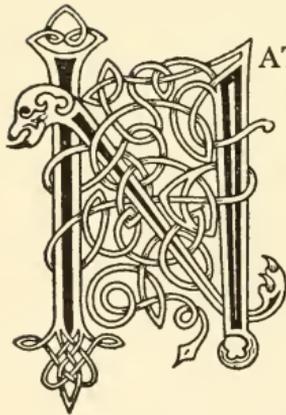
URNAIGH OIHCHE

[327]

From Peigìdh Nic Cormaig (Peggy MacCormack), *née* MacDonald,
Aird Bhuidhe, Loch Boisdale, 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 far-away days—the old as much as the young. I often saw three and sometimes four generations dancing



AT ainm, Ìos a chaidh a cheusadh,
Laighim féin a sìos 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.

Beannaich dhomh, O mo Chrìosda,
Bi ad sgiath dhomh dha mo 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. Those 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 deòir air mo shùilean le linn smaoininn air na dh'fhuilig sinn agus na duirb thàinig sinn '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.'

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 Mhic éibhinn na hÒigh,
Is guidhim déin do chomhnadh treun
Bho m' laighe céire gu m' éirigh lò ;
Is guidhim déin do chomhnadh treun
Bho m' laighe céire gu m' éirigh lò.

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 SÌOS A NOCHD

[328]



AIGHIM sìos a nochd le Dia,
 Is laighidh Dia a sìos liom ;
 Laighim sìos a nochd le Crìosd,
 Is laighidh Crìosd a sìos liom ;
 Laighim sìos a nochd le Spiorad,
 Is laighidh Spiorad sìos liom ;
 Dia agus Crìosd agus Spiorad
 A sìos a' laighe liom.

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]



AIGHIM sìos a nochd
 Le Brìghde nam brot,
 Le Muire nan sìth,
 Le Ìosa nam bochd.

Laighim sìos a nochd
 Le Brìghde na ciùin,
 Le Muire na toirt,
 Le Mìcheal mo rùin.

Laighim sìos a nochd
 Am fochair Rìgh nan dùl,
 Am fochair Crìosd nan nochd,
 Am fochair Spioraid Nùmh.

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.

[aingeil]

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.

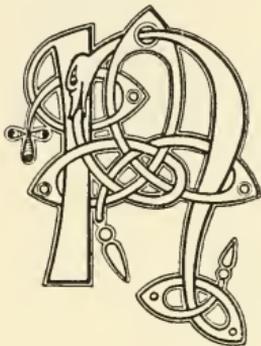
I lie down this night
With the nine crosses holy,
From the crown of my head
To the soles of my feet ;
From the crown of my head
To the soles of my feet.

[angels

GABHAIL MU THÀMH

[330]

THUBHAIRT an seann bheulaiche, bean aosda bhoichd agus i 'na h-aonar san t-saoghal : Tha mi dèanamh a nis mar a chunnaic mi mo mhàthair a' dèanamh dar a bha mi am leanaban. Mun téid mi a laighe tha mi cur a' chroinn air comhla an dorais, agus tha mi dèanamh crois Chrìosda air a' chrann agus air a' chomhla, agus tha mi ag achan ri Dia mór nan dùl, Athair nan uile bheò, dìon agus comhfhurtachd a thoir dhomh a nochd.



ARA tigeadh thugam eucoir,
Tre chrann cheusaidh Chrìosd ;
Nara tigeadh thugam reubann,
Tre fhuil euchdach Ìos.

Nara tigeadh thugam dòbheairt
Tre chomhla na tre chrann ;
Nara faicinn foirneart,
Is Rìgh na glòir ri m' cheann.

'Na dheoghaidh sin tha mi cur as mo sholais agus tha mi sin a' dol dha m' leabaidh, agus dar a bhios mi 'nam laigh air mo chluasaig tha mi a' dèanamh crois Chrìosd air mo bhroilleach, air clàr mo chridhe cruaidh, 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 àis an Spioraid
Air clàr mo chridhe bho m' Shlàn'ear.

Sìth Spioraid dhomh féin a nochd,
Sìth Mic dhomh féin a nochd,
Sìth Athar dhomh féin a nochd,
Sìth nan sìth dhomh féin a nochd,
Gach moch 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 TÀIMH

[331]

Beulaiche : Dùghall Mac Amhlaidh, coitear, Hacleit, Beinne Bhadhla



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 chlann,
 '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' rùn,
 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 caimhleapach mo dhàimh,
 Beannaich dhomh làimhseachadh mo làimh,
 Beannaich, O beannaich, a Dhé, dhomh caimeachadh mo
 chaim,
 'S beannaich, O beannaich dhomh aingleachadh mo thàimh ;
 Beannaich, O beannaich, a Dhé, dhomh caimeachadh
 mo chaim,
 'S beannaich, O beannaich dhomh aingleachadh mo
 thàimh.

REST BENEDICTION

Reciter : Dugall MacAulay, cottar, Hacleit, Benbecula

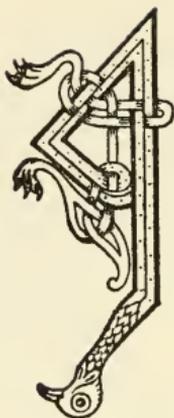
BLESS to me, O God, the moon that is above me,
 Bless to me, O God, the earth that is beneath me,
 Bless to me, O God, my wife and my children,
 And bless, O God, myself who have care of them ;
 Bless to me my wife and my children,
 And bless, O God, myself who have care of them.

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 nan reachd
 Agus nan roille.

[troille

Caimich mi a nochd,
 Anam agus corp,
 Caimich mi a nochd
 Agus gach oidhche.

Caimich mi ceart
 Eadar ùir agus earc,
 Eadar rùn do reachd
 Agus dearc mo dhoille ;

[eachd

Eadar na chì
 Agus nach lì mo shùil ;
 Eadar nas léir
 Agus nach léir dha m' rùn.

REPOSE

THOU Being of marvels,
Shield me with might,
Thou Being of statutes
And of stars.

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 ;

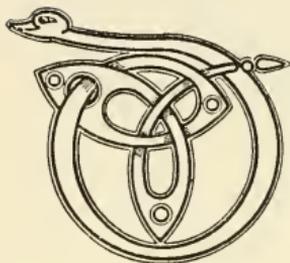
Both that which mine eye sees
And that which it reads not ;
Both that which is clear
And is not clear to my devotion.

CLOS CADAIL

[333]

Beulaiche : Màiri Nic Rath, coitear, Camas Luinge, Cinn Tàile

Ars am beulaiche : An déidh dhomh mo chomhla a dhùnadh agus mo chrùisgein a smàladh agus mo dhol dha m' leabaidh, tha mi guidhe air Tì nan dùl agus air Dia nan gràs, agus ag ràdh ris—



HÉ nan dùl, na dubhr dhomh do sholas,
 Dhé nan dùl, na dùin dhomh do shonas,
 Dhé nan dùl, na druid dhomh do dhoras,
 Dhé nan dùl, na diùlt dhomh do thròcair,
 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

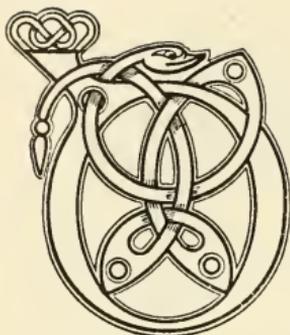
Reciter : Mary MacRae, cottar, Camas Luinge, Kintail

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.

DHÉ MHÓIR

[334]



HÉ mhóir, thoir dhomhsa do sholas,
 Dhé mhóir, thoir dhomhsa do ghràs,
 Dhé mhóir, thoir dhomhsa do shonas,
 Agus mo thodhar ann an tobar do shlàint.

Tog dhìom, a Dhé, mo dhórainn,
 Tog dhìom, a Dhé, mo ghràin,
 Tog dhìom, a Dhé, gach arral,
 Agus soillsich dha m'anam an soillse do bhàidh.

[arrais

Mar tha mise a' cur dhìom m'fhallainn,
 Thoir dhomh féin cur dhìom mo spàirn ;
 Mar thogas an carr thar bharr nam beannaibh,
 Tog thusa dha m'anam o anail a' bhàis.

Ìosa Chrìosd, a Mhic na Moire,
 Ìosa Chrìosd, a Mhic na Pàis,
 Dìon dha m' chalann an dìonadh t'fhallainn,
 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 Son,
Shield my body in the shielding of Thy mantle,
And make pure my soul in the purifying of Thy grace.

URNAIGH

[335]

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 mhiann,
 M'anam sìorraidh agus mo chorp.

Gun robh thu ad cheannard orm,
 Gun robh thu ad mhaighistir dhomh,
 Gun robh thu ad chìobair orm,
 Gun robh thu ad chomhlaich dhomh,
 Gun robh thu ad bhuachaill orm,
 Gun robh thu ad iùlair dhomh,
 Gun robh thu liom, a Thriath nan triath,
 Athair shìorraidh agus a Dhia nan neof.

PRAYER

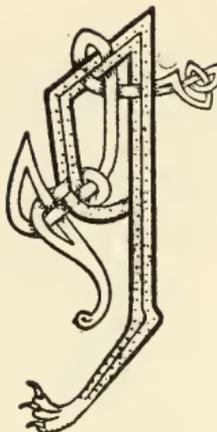
woman taught all that she could remember of her childhood's prayers and hymns and harmonies to her own ten children, most of whom are now dead. The woman said that she often thought over those old songs and airs, hymns and tunes, that she heard in her childhood and never heard again since, and that they 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.

CAIMEACHADH TEAGHLAICH [337]

THUBHAIRT am beulaiche, Catriona Nic-a-Phì, coitcar, Aird Mhór, Iochdar, Uibhist : Is iomadh rud a chunnaic mi ri mo latha agus ri mo linn. Is iomadh rud sin, a Mhoire Mhàthair an dubh bhròin ! Chunnaic mi na bailtean fearainn air an sguabadh, agus na gabhalaichean móra dh'an dèanamh dhiubh, an tuath dh'an sgiùrsadh as an dùthaich gu stràidean Ghlasacho agus gu fàsaichean Chanada, a' chuid dhiubh nach do bhàsaich le acras agus plàigh agus banachdaich a' dol a null air a' chuan. Chunna mi na mnathan a' cur na cloinne anns na cairtean a bha dh'an cur o Bheinne Bhadhla agus o'n Iochdar gu Loch Baghasdail, agus am fir phòsta ceangailte anns a' chrò agus a' gal ri'n taobh, gun chomas làmh chomhnaidh a thoir dhaibh, ged a bha iad féin ag éigheach agus an clann bheag a' rànaich ion dol a cohall an cridhe. Chunna mi na fir mhóra làidir, diùlnaich na dùthcha, ceatharnaich an t-saoghail, dh'an ceangal air ceidhe Loch Baghasdail agus dh'an tilgeil anns an luing mar a dhèant air prasgan each no chruidh anns an eathar, na bàillidhean agus na maoir agus na constabail agus na *policemen* 'nan tional as an deoghaidh 'nan tòir os an cionn. Aig Dia nan dùl agus aige-san a mhàin tha fios air obair ghràineil dhaoine an là ud.

Bhiodh na mnathan a' gabhail nan rann seo an am a dhol dh'an cadal. Bha daoine an là ud làn laoidhean agus achann, làn ceòil agus òran, làn muirn agus mànrain agus àbhachd gun chron. A Leobhra fhéin, chan iarradh sibh ach a bhith dh'an éisdeachd, air faidead na h-oidhche, air gairbhead nan sìon, air saillichead na slighe, air doirche na h-oidhche dol dachaidh. B'i sin an sgoil againne, agus cha robh againn ach i. Cha robh ach aon sgoil anns a' Cheann a Deas cadar Stac Éirisceidh agus Eilean Fhlodaidh, faisg air dà fhichead mìle dh'astar, agus trì aiseagan ri thadhall, trì chaoil ri thrasd. Chan ionann dha sin agus do chlann an latha an diugh, sgoil an doras gach taighe.

Ach bha daoine an là ud làidir fallan, gnìomhach cosanta, mar nach bheil daoine an là an diugh, aona chuid fir no mnà. Chan 'eil, a ghràidhein ; tha mi féin a' toir t'aire dha sin. Tha mùthadh mór beatha air tighinn a steach dh'an dùthaich—ta chuile neach a' gabhail beachd air a sin. Ta móran tì 'ga h-òl agus móran flùir 'ga h-itheadh an diugh. Cha robh dad de sin ann ri mo linn-sa féin no ri linn mo mhàthar. Cha robh dad ach ìm is càis is gruithim, bliochd agus bainne, agus beòir barr an fhraoich, aran coirce, eòrna, agus seagail, brochan agus bainne, feòil agus sìtheann, easan agus èanaraich. Nim bheil dad de sin a' dol an diugh,

ENCOMPASSING OF FAMILY

THE reciter, Catherine Macphee, cottar, Aird Mhór, Ìochdar, 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 Ìochdar 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 men 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 Book itself, you would not ask but to be hearing them, however long the night, however wild the weather, however miry 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 Floday, 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 flesh, gruel and broth. That is all changed to-day, my dear, and this has

nim bheil, a ghràidhein, agus tha a bhlàth agus a bhuil. Is ann a tha chuile dad an diugh 'ga chreic an adhbhar biadh Gallda gun bhladh gun bhrìgh. Saoil a bheil seòrsa sili am baile Ghlasacho nach faighear an diugh ann an Uibhist? Nar bheil seòrsa! Ri mo latha-sa cha robh sili ann ach an seòrsa sin a dhèanadh sinn fhéin air na dearca druis, air na dearca fraoich, agus air na dearca dubh agus dearg againn fhin. Chan 'eil fiù an ròs féin aig daoin an diugh. Tha na fir air dol gu leisg, agus chan 'eil càl no currain aca, no fiù lios. Bho thilgeadh an sluagh a mach gu stràidean Ghlasacho agus gu coillichean Chanada agus gus na pollacha mòine, sguir na liosan.

A Mhoire Mhàthair, tha a bhlàth agus a bhuil! Is ann a tha clann nighean an là an diugh gun chnàimh gun chom, gun chinneas boireannaich. Ma bheir iad sgrìob gu Galldachd, tillidh iad dachaidh làn lom de leòm agus pròis, agus có ach iad? Théid iad dh'an Aifreann agus a dh'eaglais Di-Domhnaich dh'an sealltainn féin, agus có ach iad? Cnot air am brollach, palóni air an druim, guit air an ceann, agus *sunshade* 'nan làimh os an cionn, agus a Mhoire Mhàthair, có ach iadsan?—a' coimhead a sìos air na màthraichean a rug iad, a chionn nach robh dad de'n t-seòrsa sin aca-san agus nach robh e ann ri'n linn! Gun toireadh Dia toinìsg dhaibh! Is iadsan a dh'fheumadh sin, agus a dh'fheumadh a dhol chon a' chnoic feuch an toireadh a' bhean-shìth àis agus gràs na banachd dhaibh.

Ri linn mo mhàthar agus ri mo linn féin cha robh bròg no boineid, cuaran no currac, a' dol air cas no air ceann gille no nighinn san dùthaich gon am biodh iad 'nan gugarlaich mhóra agus 'nan stiallanaich ard. Cha d'reaghadh, no cha d'reaghadh ceannabheart no caiseart air gille no air nighinn an Uibhist ach latha féille no latha Domhnaich no latha sonraichte mar sin. Cha robh troidht aodaich no staoig leathrach a' tighinn dh'an dùthaich, ach a chuile teaghlach a' dèanamh aodaich agus anairt, leathrach agus bhròg, dhaibh fhéin. A Leobhra fhéin, bu bhriagh sin obair an làmh!

Bha gach gruagach san dùthaich a' dol a mach latha féille agus Domhnaich gun churac gun chomhdach cinn ach cìr mhór 'nan cùl agus stòm sròil mu'n cluais, a' nochdadh do shluagh an t-saoghail gun robh iadsan fathast saor o phòsadh agus o bhaisteadh agus dragh teaghlach. Nam biodh nighean ann a chaill a bhith 'na maighdein agus nach d'fhuair a bhith 'na mnaoi (ach b'ainmig sin, a luaidh), cha bhiodh aona chuid stòm m'a cluais no cual m'a ceann. Chan fhaodadh e bhith. Bhathar cruaidh cruaidh air nighean thruagh a' mhì-fhortain.

Rachadh mnathan na dùthcha mach latha féille agus Domhnaich le bréid lìn mu'n ceann co gile ri canach an t-sléibhe, no le currac anairt co gile ri sneachd an aonaich. Bhiodh gùintean mu'n com agus cleòcan mu'n guaille de stuth no iomairt no tartan, obair fhasdaidh an làmhan fhéin. Agus a Mhoire Mhàthair, b'álainn an sealladh iad seach luideagan luimineach leibideach an là an diugh! Bhiodh breacain ghuaille no breacain mheadhoin de'm fine féin air gach nighinn òig, agus snàth annta

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 found to-day in Uist? Not one! In my day there was no jam except the kind that we made ourselves of brambles, of blaeberrys, and of our own black and red currants. The people of to-day have not so much as a rose-bush. The men have taken to sloth, and they have neither kail 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 stopped.

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 pride, 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 ' polonaise ' (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 bonnet, no skin-sandal nor cap went on foot or on head of lad nor of lass in the countryside until they were big gawks of girls or tall striplings of lads. No, nor would headgear nor footgear 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 Book 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 snood from ear to ear, showing the world's people that she was still free of wedlock and of baptism and the cares of a family. If there was a young woman who had lost being a maiden without becoming a wife (but rare was that, my dear), there would be neither snood about her ears nor fillet about her head. It might not be. They were hard, hard, on the wretched young woman of misfortune.

The goodwives of the countryside went forth on holiday and on Sunday with a coif 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 tartan, 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).

co caol agus finealt agus daihtean co glan grinn agus aodach co briagh snasail agus a chitheadh sibh le blur sùil.

A Rìgh na gile 's na gréine, is iomadh atharrachadh a thàinig air an dùthaich ri mo linn féin. Is cuimhne liomsa dar a bhiodh daoine na dùthcha dol chon na hOda ann an Aird Mhicheil latha na Féill Micheil. Bha mi fhéin ann aig an Oda turas agus turas ; agus is ann an sin bha an sealladh sluaigh ! Daoin as gach beinnd agus baile, mòinteach agus machair, eilean agus rudha san dùthaich, agus an saoghal fhéin a dh'eich ! Cha robh fhios co ast a thàinig iad no co ast a bha iad a' tighinn. Cha robh fo ghréin ghil nam buadh. O a Mhoire nan gràs, an latha gràdhach a bh'againn an sin ! le marcachd agus cuartachadh agus carraideachadh, le cùlagan agus currain, le fàilteachadh agus le furain dhaoine !

Agus oidhche na Féill Micheil ! B'i sin an oidhche shòlasach an Uibhist ! Bal agus dannsadh, ceòl agus òrain, beòir agus uilim an ceann gach ursann. Agus na falachain aig a' chlann nighean ! agus gun fhios fo'n ghréin cuin no càit an d'fhuair iad na currain—cha robh fios !



EANNAICH, a Dhé, dh'an teine,
Mar a bheannaich dh'an Òighe ;
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an teallach,
Mar a bheannaich dh'an Domhnach.

Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an chuideachd,
Mar a thubhairt Ìosa ;
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an bhuidhinn,
Mar bu chubhaidh dhuinn ìobradh.

Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an taigh,
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an teine,
Beannaich, a Dhé, dh'an tulach ;
Bi féin 'nat urradh dhuinne.

Beannaicheadh Tì nan dùl,
Beannaicheadh Crìosda cùmh,
Beannaicheadh 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]

EANNAICH, a Dhé, an ardrach,
 Is gach neach ta tàmh innt a nochd ;
 Beannaich, a Dhé, mo chairdean
 Anns gach àit am 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

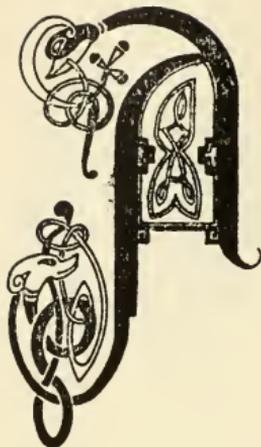
BLESS Thou, O God, the dwelling,
And each who rests herein this night ;
Bless Thou, O God, my dear ones
In every place wherein they sleep ;

[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 chonntadh.

A Dhé, beannaich mo chainnt,
Beannaich féin mo chomhradh.

A Dhé, beannaich mo thuras,
Beannaich féin mo shiubhal.

A Dhé, lughdaich mo lochd,
Meudaich féin mo dhòchas.

A Dhé, seachainn dhomh tuirim,
Seachainn féin dhomh dòbheairt. [dòlas

A Dhé, dìon mi bho chiont,
Lìon féin mi le sòlas.

Agus, a Dhé, na leig seud dha m' cholann
A nì beud dha m'anam
Tràth théid mi an comaidh
Mhic Mhoire na mórachd.

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-Eathain, Manal, Tìriodh



EANNAICHEADH TÌ

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Ìosa

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Spiorad

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Trì

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Brighde

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Micheal

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Moire

Dh'an teach ta ann ;

Beannaicheadh Colum

Dh'an teach ta ann :

Eadar chìr agus chliabh,

Eadar chlach agus chrann ;

BLESSING OF THE HOUSE

From Alexander Maclean, Manal, Tیره

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 suimir,
Eadar chas agus cheann ;

Eadar fhear agus bhean,
Eadar bhean agus chlann ;

Eadar òg agus shean,
Eadar òigh agus mann : [mann ?

Pailteas bithidh,
Pailteas dibhidh,
Pailteas lighidh,
Pailteas leann ;

Móran maoine,
Móran aoibhich,
Móran dhaoine,
Móran saoghail
Daonnan ann :

Eadar churaidh agus cliar,
Eadar chré agus chrann ; [chreat

Eadar uidhim agus iall,
Eadar bhac agus bhann ;

Eadar ghin agus ghineil,
Eadar bhean agus chlann ;

Eadar òg agus innich,
Eadar òigh agus mann.

Both clay and wattle,
Both summit and foundation ;

[frame

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 tie ;

Both bairn and begetter,
Both wife and children ;

Both young and mature,
Both maiden and youth (?).

DÌON OIDHCHE

Rìgh nan dùl
 A bhith dh'a chomhnadh,
 Rìgh na glòire
 Bhith 'na cheann ; [theann

Criosda cùmh
 Mac Moire Òighe
 Is Spiorad fòill
 Bhith dòrtadh ann ;

Micheal mìl-gheal,
 Rìgh nan aingeal,
 Bhith dh'a chaithris
 Le buadh lann ;

Is Brìghde mhìn-gheal,
 'S a li mar chanach,
 Rìghinn chlannach
 Nan cuach òir ;

Moire mhìn-gheal
 Bhith 'n cois an teallaich,
 'S Colum ceanail
 A' toir nam beannachd
 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 mnà torrach,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur mac murrach,
 Dha bhur murn comhach.

Crois Chrìosd dha bhur cumhal mhuinntir,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur glùn gheallaidh,
 Crois Chrìosd dha bhur . . .
 Dha bhur nì seilbheach.

[sléibhteach

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 déidh mhór aig na daoine dh'fhalbh air aimsir mhath aig bàs agus aig tòrradh duine. Bha e 'na chomharradh math na siantan a bhith réidh aig an am sin. Bha dà adhbhar air a seo. Ma bha sìth air talamh bha e 'na chomharradh gun robh sìth air nèamh agus faoilte romh anam an neach a dh'fhalbh agus gun robh Rìgh nan dùl réidh ris agus a dhà ghàirdean treubhach féin sgaoilte gu glacadh an anam shìorraidh dhachaidh thuige féin. Agus ma bha sìth air fonn agus air fearann bha e toir cothrom do chairdean agus do dhàimhich tighinn chon an tòrraidh agus slàn fhàgail aig a' chorp anns an ùir nàdarra agus an uaigh nan athraichean.

Ma bha na siantan dona bha e 'na chomharradh gun robh fearg air Rìgh nan dùl. Agus bha an droch shian a' cumail cairdean agus dàimhich gun tighinn chon an tòrraidh.

Ma bha an latha fliuch no ceothach bha e 'na chomharradh gun robh Rìgh nan sian a' sìleadh feirg air an talamh. Ma bha an latha dubh dorcha doineannach bha e sealltainn gun robh Dia dùileach nan dùl a' dòrtadh fearg dhubh a bhròin air anam an fhir a dh'fhalbh. Ma bha latha sneachd ann bha seo 'na chomharradh gun robh fearg gheal Dhé air an anam bhrùite chaidh a null thar abhainn dubh a' bhàis.



HA fearg dhubh Dhé nan dùl
Air anam na mùig a' falbh ; [nam mùig
Tha fearg gheal Rìgh nan reul
Air anam nan cleite balbh.

Tha fèith nan eun air muir 's air tìr,
Tha sìth air frìth 's air cluan, [air cé
Tha fiamh a' ghàire 's fàit an Rìgh
Dh'an dìbleach 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 PURGADAIR

AN déidh an saoghal seo fhàgail tha an t-anam ann am Purgadair, agus chan fhaigh e steach dha na Flathas. Tha ceithir staidean, ceithir àitean, anns a' Phurgadair, agus feumaidh an t-anam dol troimh na h-uile h-aon diubh sin an déidh a chéile. Tha an t-anam 'na loirean diblidh truagh fliuch fuar 'ga lathadh le fuachd agus uisge, le sneachd agus deigh agus le flithn. Agus tha an t-anam mar sin gu bràth gun an toir an sagart as e agus gun an toirear dioladh air a shon. Tha a' Chreud agus a' Phaidir agus an Àbha Màiri 'gan gabhail dar a tha an duine dol air a ghlùn agus ag urnaigh air son an anama a' dol seachad.—After leaving this world the soul is in Purgatory, and cannot get admission to Paradise. There are four states, four places, in Purgatory, and the soul must pass through each one of these in turn. The soul is a forlorn sad little draggler, wet and cold, numbed with cold and rain, with snow and ice and sleet. And the soul is thus for ever until the priest wins it out and until a ransom is given for it. The Creed 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 'giùlan,' the body as it is carried, and go a certain distance. When they resolve to go no further they go upon their knees and pray, lifting the head now and then to look after the departing procession, 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,' shoulder-plaid, fastened with a silver or a brass brooch, sometimes a tartan shawl over the head, or a high-crowned mutch.

In Tom an tSobhail, 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 sunwise on the road, and re-yoked 'an ainm Athar, an ainm Mic, 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—

Théid an leanaban lurach
Troimh dhoilighinn a' Phurgadoir
Mar an calaman curanta
Troimh dhuibhre nan speur.

HAPPY DEATH

The lovable little infant
 Will go through the pains of Purgatory
 As the valorous dove
 Through the darkness of the skies.

They call Purgatory 'Ifreann nan aithreacha naomh,' 'the Hell of the holy fathers.' The holy fathers are detained in Purgatory but for a moment of time to be fanned, and fumed, and freed of all earthly contaminations. They are fanned by the white wings of the fair angels of heaven—

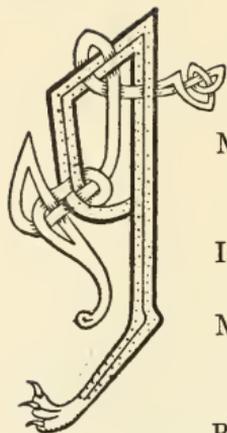
Gum bi iad nas gile na eala nam fonn,
 Gum bi iad nas gile na faoileag nan tonn,
 Gum bi iad nas gile na sneachda nam beann,
 Agus nas gile na gràdh geal nan sonn ;

Till they are whiter than the swan of the songs,
 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 love of the heroes.

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, and that the death-hymn 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 uair a théid iad dhachaidh'). The hymn which follows is one of many which used to be sung by the Catholics of the Western Isles.



DHÉ mhóir na slàinte,
 Dòirt do ghràsan air m'anam
 Mar tha grian nan ardaibh
 A' dòrtadh a bàidh air mo chalann.

Is feudar domh bàsachadh,
 Nara fios domh càit no cuin ;
 Ma bhàsaicheas mi gun do ghràsan
 Tha mi sin cailte gu tur.

Bàs ol agus aithreachais,
 Bàs sonais agus sìth ;
 Bàs gràis agus mathanais,
 Bàs Flathais agus beatha le Crìosd.

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]

Beulaiche : Barabal Nic-a-Phì, coitear, Dréimeasdal, Uibhist



HÉ, thoir dhomh dha do ghliocas,
 Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do thròcair,
 Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do phailteas,
 Agus dha do thrèrachadh an geall gach càs.

Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do naomhachd,
 Dhé, thoir dhomh dha do chomhnadh,
 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 !

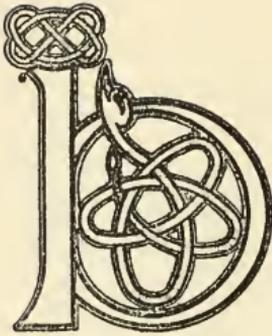
DEATH PRAYER

Reciter : Barbara MacPhee, cottar, Drimsdale, Uist

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 !



BÀS OLA

[345]

ÀS ola agus aithreachais,
 Bàs sonais agus maitheanais,
 Bàs gun sgràth gun sgreatachd,
 Bàs gun sgàth gun mheatachd.

Bàsachadh bàs nan naomh,
 Léigh m'anama ri mo thaobh,
 Bàs na sìth agus na sìothchaint,
 'S deagh là tiodhlacaidh gum faighinn.

Seachd ainglean an Spioraid Naomh
 Agus dithis aingeal coimhideachd
 Dha m' dhìon, 's gum bi a nochd an oidhch
 Gun tig soills agus samhraidheachd !

DEATH OF UNCTION

DEATH with unction and with penitence,
Death with joy and with forgiveness,
Death without horror or repulsion,
Death without fear or shrinking.

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 [346]

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 :—

Boineid is it agus breacan is féile,
Boineid is it agus breacan is féile,
Boineid is it agus breacan is féile,
An t-earradh thig sgiobalt air Clanna nan Gàidheal.

Chì thu ! chì thu ! chì thu fhathast e,
Chì thu ! chì thu ! chì thu fhathast e,
Chì thu, chì thu fhathast a bhuannachd,
Rubainean geal agus dearg mu d' chluasan.



HA 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 foghair is earraich is samhraidh.

Tha mi dol dachaidh leat,
A leanaibh mo luaidh,
Dha do leaba bhioth-mhaireann,
Dha do chadal bhioth-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 Sons 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 cars 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.

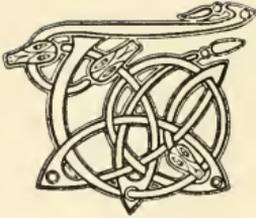
I am going home with thee,
 Thou child of my love,
 To thine eternal bed,
 To thy perpetual sleep.

Tha mi dol dachaidh leat,
A leanaihb 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
geamhraidh,
Dha do thaigh foghair is earraich is samhraidh ;
Thu dol dachaidh a nochd dha do dhachaidh
bhioth-bhuan,
Dha do leabaidh bhioth-mhaireann, dha do
chadal bhioth-shuain.

Caidil-sa, caidil, agus dhìot am bròn,
Caidil-sa, caidil, agus dhìot am bròn,
Caidil-sa, caidil, agus dhìot am bròn ;
Caidil, a chagair, an Carraig na crò.

Caidil a nochd ann an uchd do Mhàthar,
Caidil, a luaidh, 's i féin 'ga do thàladh ;
Caidil a nochd ann an glac na hÒighe,
Caidil, a ghaoil, 's i féin 'ga do phògadh.

Cadal mór Ìosa, cadal corr Ìosa,
Cadal leòn 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 ghnùis,
Ach tha Ìosa nan gràs 's a làmh mu do chùl ;

An dàil na Triana slàn dha do phiana,
Tha Crìosd am fianais agus fiath 'na ùidh.

Caidil, O caidil ann an ciùin nan ciùin,

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 !

BÀS SONA

[348]

O Chalum Mac Ghille Mhaoil, croitear, Griminis, Beinne Bhadhla



HOIR dhuinn, a Dhé, feumalachd cuirp,
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, feumalachd anama ;
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, céirein léighe cuirp,
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, céirein léighe anama.

Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, sonas an aithreachais,
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, sonas a' mhathanais,
 Nigh féin uainn druaipe na truaillealachd,
 Glan féin uainn ruaim na salchuireachd.

A Dhé mhóir a tha sa chathair,
 Thoir dhuinn an t-aithreachas fìor,
 Thoir dhuinn am mathanas peacaidh,—
 Peacaidh gin agus gnìomh.

Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, rùn làidir,
 Agus crùn àlainn an Rìgh ;
 Thoir dhuinn, a Dhé, dachaidh na slàinte
 An geatachaibh àillidh do rìogh'chd.

Bitheadh Mìcheil mìl-ghil nan aingeal
 Cumail nàimhdean an arrais a sìos ;
 Bitheadh Ìosa Crìosda Mac Dhàibhidh
 Toir dhuinn aoigheachd an soillse na sìth.

JOYOUS DEATH

From Malcolm Macmillan, crofter, Grimnish, 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.

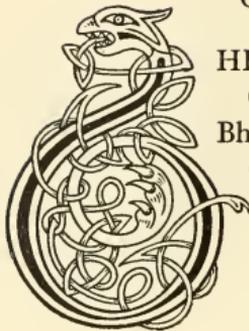
Give to us, O God, strong love,
And that beautiful crown of the King ;
Give us, O God, the home of salvation
Within the beauteous gates of Thy kingdom.

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.

BÀS SONA

[349]

O Anna Dhomhnallaich, bantrach Abrach



HEIR dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Gach gnè tha feumail dha m' chorp ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Gach leus tha feumail dha m'inntinn ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Gach céirein tha feumail dha m'anam.

Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Aithreachas treidhireach ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Aithreachas treichridheach ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Aithreachas treamhaireach.

Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Bàs na h-ola gun phrìs ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Léigh m'anama bhith 'm ìr ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Bàs na sonais is na sìth.

Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Bàs Chrìosd aideachadh ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Cràdh Chrìosd a mheobhrachadh ;
 Bheir dhomhs, a Dhé,
 Gràdh Chrìosd a theódhachadh.

JOYOUS DEATH

From Ann MacDonald, widow, from Lochaber

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 mi aithreachas
 Le cridhe ceart agus treun,
 Le cridhe brist agus brùite,
 Nach mùth nach lùb nach géill.

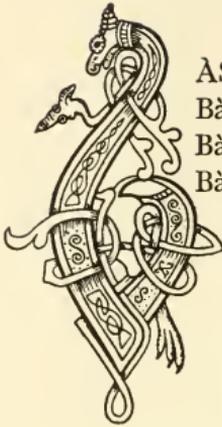
A Dhé mhóir nan aingeal,
 Tabhair mise gu tàmhach na sìth ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan aingeal,
 Teasraig mise bho arrais nan sìdh ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan aingeal,
 Lighich mis ann an ligheadh do lì.

A Dhé mhóir nan gràs,
 Bheir dhomhsa Spiorad làidir nam buadh ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan gràs,
 Bheir dhomhsa Spiorad neo-bhàsmhor bioth-bhuan ;
 A Dhé mhóir nan gràs,
 Bheir dhomhsa Spiorad gràdhach 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 dòlachas.

Seachd ainglean an Spioraid Naoimh
 Agus an dithis aingel 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.

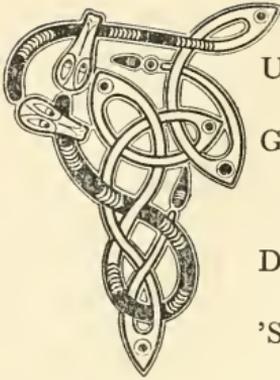
JOYOUS DEATH

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 Peadail, guidhim Pòl,
 Guidhim Òigh, guidhim Mac,
 Guidhim dà Ostal deug na fòill
 Gun mise dhol dòbh a nochd.

Dar a dhealaicheas an t-anam
 Ris na colanna claona,
 'S a dh'fhalbhas e 'na ghlumagan solais
 Suas as a cholann daonna,

* * * *
 * * * *

Dhia naomha na sìorraidheachd,
 Thig dha m'iarraidh 's dha m'fhaotainn.

Dia agus Ìosa dha m' chomhnadh,
 Dia agus Ìosa dha m' chaomhnadh ;
 Dia agus Ìosa gu sìorraidh
 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 MACBEAN :
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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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.