

## Leanabh an Àigh

Leanabh an Àigh, an leanabh aig Màiri,  
Rugadh san stàbull, Rìgh nan Dùl;  
Thàinig don fhàsach, dh'fhuiling nar n-àite-  
Son'iad an àireamh bhitheas dhà dlùth!

Ged a bhios leanabain aig rìghrean na talmhainn  
An greadhnachas garbh is anabarr mùirn,  
'S gear gus am falbh iad, 's fàsaidh iad anfhann,  
An ailleachd 's an dealbh a' searg san ùir.

Cha b'ionnan 's an t-Uan thàinig gur fuasgladh-  
Iriosal, stuama ghluais e'n tùs;  
E naomh gun truailleachd, Cruithfhear an t-  
sluaigh,  
Dh'èirich e suas le buaidh on ùir.

Leanabh an àigh, mar dh'aithris na fàidhean;  
'S na h-àinglean àrd', b'e miann an sùl;  
'S E 's airidh air gràdh 's air urram thoirt dhà-  
Sona an àireamh bhitheas dhà dlùth.

## The Blessed Child

*Blessed is the infant ,Infant of Mary,  
Born in a stable ,King of the earth;  
He came into the world ,And suffered for us,  
Happy the people Who'll trust in Him!*

*Though sons are born To kings of this earth  
In greatness of joy And greatly loved,  
Their life will be short And they'll grow weak,  
Their beauty and form Fade in the grave.*

*How different the Lamb Who came to deliver –  
Humble and modest Right from His birth;  
Undeified and holy ,The Creator of all,  
He rose victorious From the grave.*

*Blessed the infant ,Foretold by prophets;  
And for archangels He was a delight;  
He's worthy of honou r And worship by people –  
Happy are they Who'll trust in Him!*



## A Rìgh nan Rìghean

A Rìgh nan Rìghean, mo Rìgh na phàisde,  
San fhraasach ìseal, ri taobh a mhàthar,  
Moire mhìn, le guth-cinn ga thàladh,  
An teaghlach naomh sin a shaor gach nàisean.

'S e nochd an oidhche tha gealltainn sìth dhuinn  
Bhon pheacaich Adhamh an gàrradh Eden;  
Dia na phàisde san stàball ìseal-  
O sgeul an àigh bha gach fàidh ag innse.

Sheinn na h-ainglean an laoidh le sòlas;  
Dh'fhàg na buachaillean bhuap' an dròbhan;  
Shoills an reul air an speur gan treòrach  
Dhan stàball ìseal gu Rìgh na Glòrach.

'S e seo an oidhche thug dhuinn ar dòchas,  
seo an oidhche mun cluinn gach deòraidh,  
Oidhch' thug teàrnadh o bhàs bu beò dhuinn,  
Le solas Chrìosda na leus sa chèd dhuinn.

O thigibh leam, thigibh leam dhan stàball,  
Geata cinnteach na sligh' gu Pàrras-  
A' feitheamh shìos ann tha Ios' am pàisde  
'S tha duais a' chrùinn aig' air cùl a' bhàis  
dhuinn.

## O, King of Kings

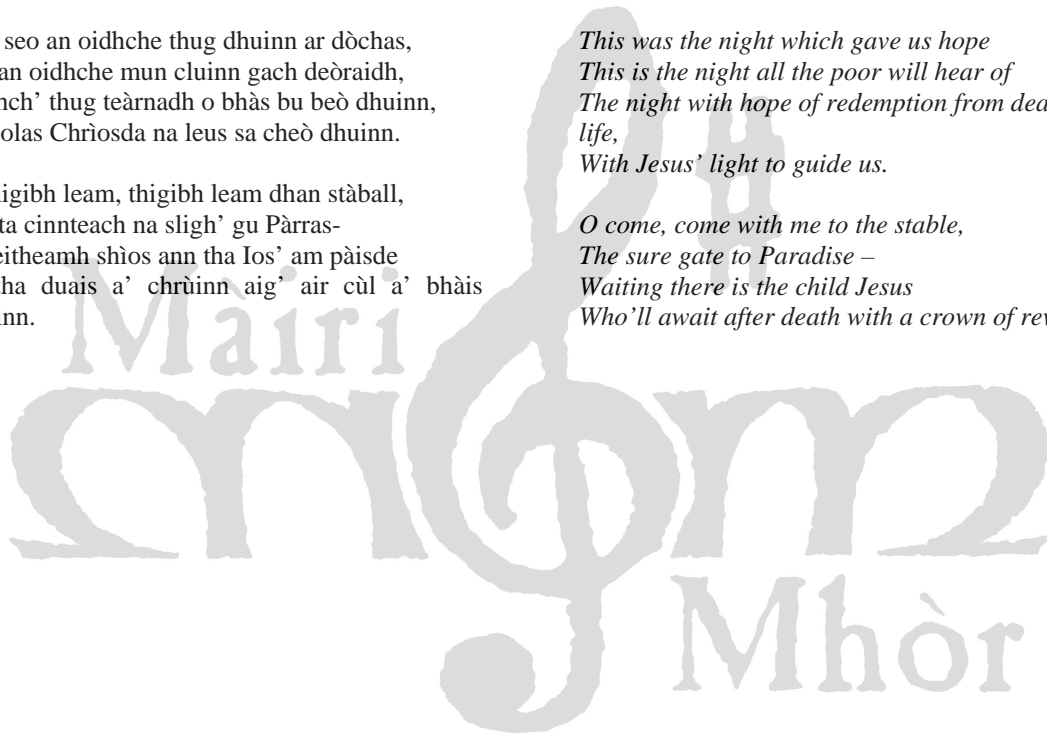
*O King of Kings is the child King  
In the lowly manger by His mother,  
Gentle Mary sings a lullaby,  
To the Holy child who can save the world.*

*This night brings us the promise of peace  
Since Adam sinned in Eden;  
God a child in the lowly stable –  
The prophets foretold the good news.*

*The angels sang a joyful hymn;  
The shepherds left their herds;  
The star shone to guide them  
To the humble stable of the King of Glory.*

*This was the night which gave us hope  
This is the night all the poor will hear of  
The night with hope of redemption from death to  
life,  
With Jesus' light to guide us.*

*O come, come with me to the stable,  
The sure gate to Paradise –  
Waiting there is the child Jesus  
Who'll await after death with a crown of reward.*



## Oran na Nollaig

An oidhche ro Nollaig chaidh an cadal fad' uam,  
Mi'm shineadh air m'uillinn le cagar nam chluais  
Bha 'g ràdh, "Eirich 's cuir umad, is thèid sinn  
air chuairt-  
Gun tèid sinn air astar gu baile thar chuain.

"Bidh reul anns an adhar," thuirt an guth ann am  
chluais:  
"Lean thusa i socrach is gheibh thu do dhuais:  
Gheibh thu sealladh den leanabh ris an can iad an  
t-Uan  
Na laighe sa phrasaich – mar reul tha a ghruaidh.

"Uain na Rèite sa phrasaich. Dèan ris furan is  
fàilt',  
Fear-saoraidh an talaimh, leanabh maiseach an  
àigh  
Na tha sgrìobhte san Leabhar an aithris nam  
fàidh  
Chì thusa an ath-oidhch' – thig leamsa thar  
sàil'."

"Cò thusa, thuirt mise, cò'n guth tha nam  
chluais?  
Cò thug mise gu 'n leanabh tha na laighe na  
shuain?  
Carson thug thu 'n cuireadh do pheacach bochd  
truagh?  
Thig 's innis dhomh do thuras – na fàg mi cho  
luath."

"Slàn leat," thuirt an cagar, "'s mise Ughdar na  
sgèil;  
Biodh òran na Nollaig gach latha nad bheul;  
Biodh tròcair an leanabh a' leanntainn do cheum  
–  
Fhad 's a bhios tu air thalamh thoir Dhàsan do  
spèis."

## The Christmas Song

*The night before Christmas I was unable to sleep  
Lying on my elbow with a whisper in my ear  
Saying, "Arise, get dressed and we'll go for a  
wander –  
To a town far away across the ocean.*

*"There'll be a star in the sky," said the voice in  
my ear:  
"Follow it and you'll get your reward:  
You will glimpse the child they call the Lamb  
Lying in a manger - his cheek like a star.*

*"Welcome the Lamb of Reconciliation,  
Saviour of the world is this child in the manger:  
What the prophets reported in the Bible  
You will see tomorrow night, if you come with  
me."*

*"Who are you," I asked, "Whose voice do I  
hear?  
Who lead me to the sleeping child?  
Why did you invite a poor, wretched sinner?  
Come and tell me the reason – don't leave me so  
soon."*

*"Farewell," came the whisper, "I'm the Author  
of the book;  
May the song of Christmas be daily on your lips;  
May the child's mercy follow you everywhere –  
While you're on earth give honour to Him."*

**Bha Buachaillean an Dùthaich Shear**

Bha buachaillean an dùthaich shear  
A 'fair' an treud san oidhch',  
Nuair thàinig aingeal uc' bho neamh  
Is las an sliabh le soills.  
Gun d'chlis na fir ach thuir e riu,  
"Chan eagal dhuibh gu fìor,  
Tha naidheachd aoibhneach, ur agam  
Dhuibh fhèinis do gach linn".

"Tha Slànaighear an t-saoghail seo,  
An Crìosd, an Tighearna naomh,  
A-nochd air tigh'nn do Bhetlehem,  
Na leanamh dìblidh,caomh;  
Is gheibh sibh e 's e paisgte teann,  
Am frasaich bhlàth san fheur,  
A'naoidhean prìseil, neamhaidh e,  
A ghealladh dhuine riamh".

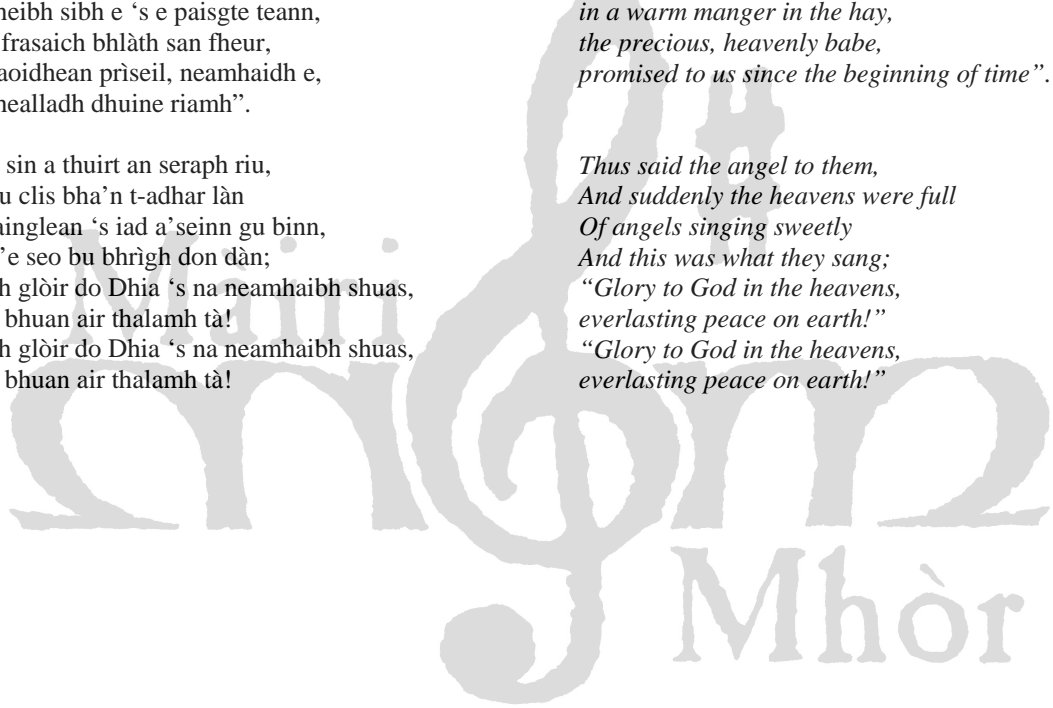
Mar sin a thuir an seraph riu,  
'S gu clis bha'n t-adhar làn  
De ainglean 's iad a'seinn gu binn,  
'S b'e seo bu bhrìgh don dàn;  
Gach glòir do Dhia 's na neamhaibh shuas,  
Sith bhuan air thalamh tà!  
Gach glòir do Dhia 's na neamhaibh shuas,  
Sith bhuan air thalamh tà!

***There were shepherds in an eastern country***

*There were shepherds in an eastern country,  
Watching their flocks by night,  
When there came an angel from heaven,  
And the slope lit up with light.  
The men were terrified but he said to them,  
"fear not,for I bring good tidings of great joy to  
you and all generations".*

*"The Saviour of the world, Christ, the Lord,  
tonight has come to Bethlehem,  
a helpless, gentle child;  
and you shall find him securely wrapped  
in a warm manger in the hay,  
the precious, heavenly babe,  
promised to us since the beginning of time".*

*Thus said the angel to them,  
And suddenly the heavens were full  
Of angels singing sweetly  
And this was what they sang;  
"Glory to God in the heavens,  
everlasting peace on earth!"  
"Glory to God in the heavens,  
everlasting peace on earth!"*



## **Pàiste am Betlehem**

Nis' cumamaid Latha Feist' an seo  
Le cridhe dìreach glàn  
Mar cuimhneachan do dh'Iosa Christ'  
'Na phàist' am Betlehem

Dh'fhàg Iosa cuairt an Athair glàn  
Ghabh E ar nàdur fhèin  
Rugadh do Mhaighdeann fhior gun smal  
Mar phàist' am Betlehem

Èist ris na h-Ainglean teachd o Neamh  
A'seinn le ait is muirn  
Ag innseadh mar tha Slànaighear dhuinn  
Na phàist' am Betlehem

Cia mòr an toirisleachd is gràdh  
'Bh'aig Iosa Christ' an t-Uan  
Nuair ghabh E cumadh searbhanta  
Mar phàist' am Betlehem

Àrd glòr do Dhia 's na h-àrdaibh shuas  
Na riaghailt shona, bhuan  
A'nochdadh aigne mhath dhuinn uil'  
Mar phàist' am Betlehem

(Manx verse)  
Nish lhisagh shin yn feailley shoh  
Y'reayll lesh creeaghyb glen  
Ayns cooinaghtyn jeh Yeesey Creest  
Oikan ayns Betlehem

## **Infant in Bethlehem**

*From trad Manx carol, translated by Dr K  
Mackinnon, based on literal translation by B  
Stowell. Tune trad.*

*Now we ought this festival  
To keep with clean hearts  
In memory of Jesus Christ  
An infant in Bethlehem*

*He left the bright courts of His Father  
Taking on our nature  
Born of a pure virgin without blemish  
An infant in Bethlehem*

*Then it's the angels of Heaven who rejoiced  
Who came with the news to us  
Telling of a Saviour born today  
An infant in Bethlehem*

*How great the humility and the love  
Which was in Jesus Christ the lamb  
When he took on the form of a servant  
An infant in Bethlehem*

*Prime Glory to God in the height above  
Who rules in everlasting happiness  
The goodwill of God now shown to us  
An infant in Bethlehem*

*As verse 1*

Mhòr

### **Ciùin an Oidhch'**

Ciùin an oidhch', naomh an oidhch',  
Saoghal sèimh, balbh gun soills',  
Moire is Iòsaph, a' chàraid gaoil,  
Caithris an naoidhein bheannaichte, chaoimh,  
Suaint' ann am fois tha bho Nèamh,  
Suaint' ann am fois tha bho Nèamh.

Ciùin an oidhch', naomh an oidhch',  
Nochd an reul a b'aille soills'  
Do na cìobairean shuas air a'bheinn  
'S chualas ainglean le aoibhneas a'seinn:  
Crìosd ar Fear-saoraidh a th'ann;  
Crìosd ar Fear-saoraidh a th'ann.

Ciùin an oidhch', naomh an oidhch',  
Aoin Mhic Dhè 's àille loinn,  
Gràdh a'dòrtadh oirnn bho do ghnùis,  
Aoibhneach an uair is Tu còmhnaidh rinn dlùth:  
Fàilte dor Slànaighear caoin;  
Fàilte dor Slànaighear caoin;

### **Silent Night**

*Silent Night, Holy the night,  
The world is calm, silent and dark,  
Mary and Joseph, a couple in love,  
Watch over the child so blessed and loved,  
Surrounded by heavenly peace,  
Surrounded in heavenly peace.*

*Still is the night, Holy the night,  
The star that shines lovely and bright  
Was seen by shepherds on the hill  
With angels singing their song of joy:  
Christ our Redeemer is here;  
Christ our Redeemer is here;*

*Still is the night, Holy the night,  
God's only son is our delight,  
Love is shining from His face,  
Joyous indeed when He is close:  
Our beloved Saviour is here;  
Our beloved Saviour is here.*



**Nuair dh'èirich Grian na Fìreantachd**

'N uair dh'èirich grian na fireantachd,  
Le gathan dileas blath;  
B mhòr a bha de dh'fheum oirre,  
Bu dèisneach cor gach àit;  
Na cinneach bha gun eòlas air  
Jehobhah 's a lagh àrd;  
'S an fheadhainn 'na fèin-fhìreantachd,  
Bha sealltain sìos air gràs.

'N uair dh'èirich i bha gàirdeachas,  
Air ainglibh àrda Dhè;  
Gu'n d' thàinig pàirt gu talamh dhiubh,  
'S cliù caithreamh 'nam beul;  
A dh'innse do na buachaillean,  
Bha cuairteachadh an treud;  
Gu'n dh'èirich i le slàinte innte,  
Do shluagh gach àit fo'n speur.

Fo dheàrsadh grian na fireantachd,  
'S a chridh bidh sìth a' fàs;  
Gu'n toir i 'reothadh millteach as,  
'S gu'n lion i e le blàths;  
Am fuadaich i as aineolas  
Is anshocair gu bràth;  
'S gun deasaich i 's gach dòigh e,  
Dhum glòir an Tìr an Àigh.

A Dhè tha iochdmhòr fàbharach,  
Seall orms' 'ad ghràdh bith-bhuan;  
Do Spiorad dean a dhòirteadh orm,  
'S thoir beò mi as gach truaigh;  
S feuch dhomh glòir na grèine sin,  
'M Bethlehem dh'èirich suas;  
's biodh na gathan gràs-mhòr ud,  
Tigh'nn orm gach là a-nuas.

**When rose that sun of righteousness**

*When rose that sun of Righteousness  
With rays so warm and true  
Greatly had we need of them  
As woe in each place grew  
The folk that long in darkness lay  
From God and His just law  
And those who in self righteousness  
Looked won where grace they saw*

*When rose that Sun, the heavenly host  
Triumphant did rejoice  
That part of them had come to tell  
With gladness in their voice  
To shepherds as they tended flocks  
That Gods Suns saving grace  
Now shone on earth for every tribe  
And all the human race.*

*Beneath that Sun of Righteousness  
Gods warmth and peace will grow  
It drives away the spoiling of frost  
And makes the heart to glow  
It drives out sin and ignorance  
An dall that would destroy  
It readies us for everything  
Within the land of joy*

*O God of Mercy, look on me  
In love my soul to fill  
With thine own Spirit poured on me  
Preserve me from each ill  
Reveal to me that glorious Sun  
Which rose in Bethlehems town  
And may those gracious sunlight beam  
Shine ever on me down*

## **Aoibhneas Moire Mhin**

A chiad aoibhneas fhuair a Mhaighdinn Moire Mhin

B'e sin an t-aoibhneas mòr  
Aoibhneas fhuair I bho a h-aon mhac uasal  
Bhi faicinn a leanabh slàn beò.

An dan aoibhneas fhuair a Mhaighdinn Moire mhin

B'e sin an t-aoibhneas mòr  
Aoibhneas a fhuair I bho a h-aon mhac uasal  
Bhi measg a càirdean coir.

An treas aoibhneas fhuair a Mhaighdinn Moire Mhin

B'e sin an t-aoibhneas mòr  
Aoibhneas a fhuair I bho a h-aon mhac uasal  
Bhi cruinneachadh tain bho chron.

An ceathramh aoibhneas fhuair a Mhaighdinn Moire Mhin

B'e sin an t-aoibhneas mòr  
Aoibhneas a fhuair I bho a h-aon mhac uasal  
Bhi buachailleachd do chlann nan daoin'.

An coigeamh aoibhneas fhuair a Mhaighdinn Moire Mhin

B'e sin an t-aoibhneas mòr  
Aoibhneas a fhuair I bho a h-aon mhac uasal  
Bhi na màthair do chlann nan daoin'.

An siathamh aoibhneas fhuair a Mhaighdinn Moire Mhin

B'e sin an t-aoibhneas mòr  
Aoibhneas a fhuair I bho a h-aon mhac uasal  
Bhi toir sìth do neach tha naomh.

An seachdamh aoibhneas fhuair a Mhaighdinn Moire Mhin

B'e sin an t-aoibhneas mòr  
Aoibhneas a fhuair I bho a h-aon mhac uasal  
Bhi làn sonas Dhè nan Glòir.

## **Mary's Joy**

*Mary's first joy*

*Was a great joy  
A joy received from her noble son  
To see her child alive and well*

*Mary's second joy*

*Was a great joy  
A joy received from her noble son  
To be among her kindly friends*

*Mary's third joy*

*Was a great joy  
A joy received from her noble son  
To keep the flock from harm*

*Mary's fourth joy*

*Was a great joy  
A joy received from her noble son  
To shepherd a flock safely*

*Mary's fifth joy*

*Was a great joy  
A joy received from her noble son  
To be a mother to mankind*

*Mary's sixth joy*

*Was a great joy  
A joy received from her noble son  
To give peace to a holy one*

*Mary's seventh joy*

*Was a great joy  
A joy received from her noble son  
To be full of the joy of the God of Glory*



### Taladh Chriosda

Mo ghaol, mo ghràdh, is m'eudail thu,  
M'ionntas ur is m'eibhneas thu,  
Mo mhacan alainn ceutach thu-  
Cha'n fhiu mi fhein a bhith 'ad dhail!

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Ged as leanabh dìblidh thu  
Cinnteach Rìgh s Rìgh nan Rìghrean Thu  
S Tu'n t-oighre dlìgheach, fìrinneach  
Air rìoghachd Dhe nan gràs

Ged as Rìgh na Glorach Thu  
Dhiult iad an taigh osda dhut  
Ach chualas ainglean sòlasach  
Toirt glòir don Ti as àird.

Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheallas tlàth  
Mo ghaol an cridhe tha lionnt' le gràdh  
Ged as leanabh Thu gun chàil  
Is lìonmhor buaidh tha ort a fas.

### Christ-Child Lullaby

*My love, my dear, my darling thou,  
My joy, my fine young treasure thou,  
My splendid little Son art thou-  
Unworthy I to tend thee now!*

*Although Thou art a helpless babe  
Tis certain Thou art the King of Kings  
Thou art the true and rightful heir  
To the Kingdom of the God of the Graces*

*Though You are the King of Glory,  
They refused you at the inn,  
But joyful angels can be heard  
Glorifying the Highest of All*

*My love of kindest eye I sing,  
My heart with joy doth sweetly brim,  
Babe born alone without one thing,  
Many's the victory thou shalt win!*



### Seall Thall Tighinn Bhon Ear

Seall thall tighinn bhon earle sealladh bho  
Nèamh,  
Tha daoine nan cabhaig a' leantainn na rèilt;  
San stàball le leanabh tha Moire cho sèimh  
Am prasaich, gun ghearain, gràdh Dhè dhuinn.

Sèisd

O reult', thoir dhomh soillse 's an oidhch' a' fàs  
dorch',  
Mi creidsinn do gheallaidh, mo thaic thu 's mo  
threòir;  
Cuir solas air slighe a rithist led ghlòir,  
Ach am faic mi am prasaich do ghràdh dhomh.

Thàinig ainglean gu talamh le moladh is seinn,  
Air mòintich gach ciobair le chaoraich am faing;  
Theich cadal is leum iad, le aoibhneas toirt taing,  
Is ruith iad nan deann chun an stàball.

Cha sguir ainglean a chaidh a'moladh a  
ghràidh,  
San reult bidh soillse a dh'oidhche 's a là;  
Bidh'm fonn ud nan cluasan 's nan cridhe gu  
bràth-  
Am prasaich, san stàball, gràdh Dhè dhuinn.

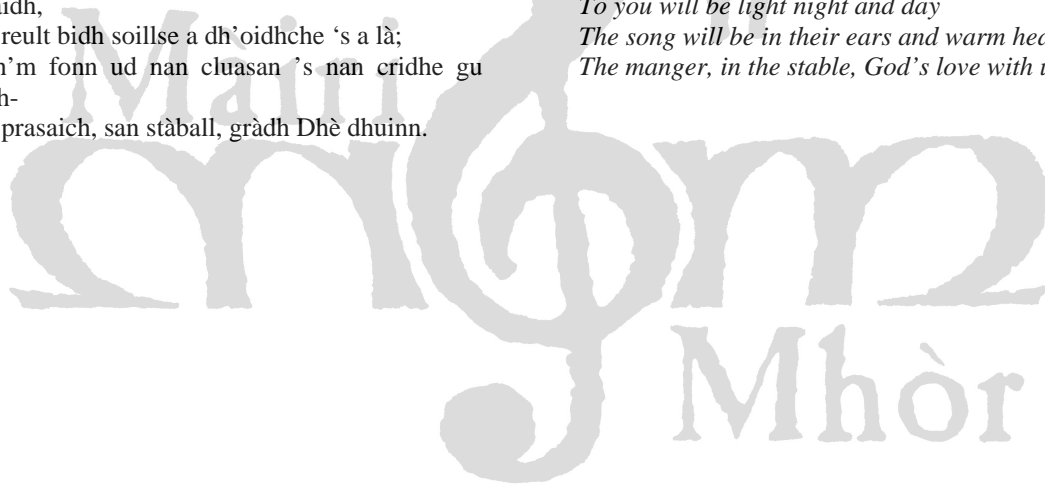
### Look there coming from the East ( Dark Island)

*Look there coming from the East, tinged from the  
Heavens  
People hurry as they follow the star  
In the stable with the baby Mary is so quiet  
The manger, so serene, God with us.*

*O star, give us light with the night growing dark  
I believe your promise, you are my support and  
my security  
Bring light on the journey again in your glory  
Till I see the manger with your love for me*

*Angels came to earth with praise and song  
On the moors each shepherd with sheep in the  
fold  
Sleep fled and they leaped with joy, giving  
thanks  
And ran headlong for the stable*

*Angels will never stop praising his love  
To you will be light night and day  
The song will be in their ears and warm hearts  
The manger, in the stable, God's love with us.*



## Reul Thorach an Àigh

Reul thorach an àigh  
A thàinig le bàidh  
Dhèanamh teasraiginn gràidh oirne.  
Os cionn Bhetlehem  
Dheàrrs i gu treun,  
An àirde nan speur nan lòchran.

Thriall iomadach bliadhn'  
On dheàrrs thu mar ghrian,  
Ach fhathast tha thu dian còmh' rinn,  
Falbhaidh reultan an t-saoghail  
Gu diombuanach faoin  
'S cha bhi sgeul air aon no còrr dhiubh.

Ach bidh thusa gu bràth  
A'deàrrsadh gu dàn  
'S an sgaoil nan sgàilean òglaidh  
guidhe sìth air an t-saoghail  
'S air cridheachan dhaoin'  
'S gan tàladh bho dhaors' an fhòirneirt.

Gus tig Nollaig an àigh  
Far nach fairichear cràdh  
No lotan an nàmhaid ghòraich,  
Gu siorraidh nad reul  
Gar tarrang ri chèil'  
Gun leanabh gach ceum gud chòmhdhail.

Deàrrs a-nochd air an t-saoghail  
Le bàigh is le gaol,  
Cuir mu dheireadh mu sgaoil a' chòmhstrì,  
Lion na cridheachan cruadh'  
Le gràdh is le truas  
'S gum biodh sinn fo bhuaidh do thoirbheirt.

## The Fruitful Star of Joy

*The fruitful star of joy which came  
To save us tenderly in love.  
It shone brightly above Bethlehem  
High in the skies of lights.*

*Many years have passed  
since you shone like a sun,  
but you are with us still:  
the stars of the world will fade  
vainly through time  
and not a bit of them will remain.*

*But you will continue  
To shine confidently  
Until the ugly shadows disperse  
Wishing peace for the world  
and the hearts of men  
releasing them from the bondage of violence.*

*Until the blessed Christmas comes  
Where there will be neither  
Nor the wounds of a careless enemy:  
Forever as a star  
Drawing us together  
That each step would lead to Thy presence:*

*Shine tonight on the world  
With kindness and peace:  
Disperse at last the conflict:  
Fill the hard hearts  
With love and pity  
that we would be under the influence of Thy  
grace.*

**Biodh an trionaid ga Moladh  
(Iesum Dominum)**

*Adoremus Iesum Dominum.*

Sèisd

Iesum Dominum,  
Venite, adoremus,  
Iesum Dominum,

Rann

Biodh an trionaid ga Moladh  
Gura Nollaig Mhic Dhè i!

*Praised be the Trinity  
At Christmas time.*

Rugadh Ios' ar ceann-cinnidh  
Ann an sgiothal na sprèidhe.

*Jesus, our head was born  
In the dwelling of the cattle.*

Bha an saoghal ro chumhang,  
Ged a chruthaich E fhein e.

*The world was too narrow  
Although created by Him.*

'N aona chùil bha gun urram,  
Aite-fuirich Mhic Dhè e.

*The only dishonourable place  
Became home to God's son.*

E na shìneadh san fhraisaich,  
Damh na fhaisge ri geumraich.

*Lying in the manger,  
An ox lowing nearby.*

Ach, a Mhàthair na glaine,  
'S gu bheil t'anam gun bheud air,

*But, mother of perfection,  
Your name is unsullied.*

Bidh tu 'g ùrnaigh rid Mhacan  
E bhith mathadh ar feuch dhuinn;

*You will pray to your Son  
To forgive us our debts;*

Oidhche choimheach na Nollaig  
Anns a' bhothaig am Bèthlem.

*The unique Christmas night  
In the hut in Bethlehem.*

*Praised be the Trinity*

*Iesum Dominum, Venite,*

### **Ann an Dùbhlachd Gheamhraidh**

Ann an Dùbhlachd gheamhraidh,  
Lann sa ghaoith a tuath,  
B'iarann ùir na talmhainn,  
'S aibhnean reòdhta cruaidh;  
Cathadh sneachd' chuir dall bhrat  
Thar gach sliabh,  
Ann an Dùbhlachd gheamhraidh  
Fad' o chian.

Dia mòr tha cho buadh-mhor,  
Uachd'ran thar gach nì,  
Talamh 's speur th'air fuadach  
Nuair thig e mar Rìgh;  
Ach san Dùbhlachd gheamhraidh  
Connlach prasaich dhìon,  
'S shocraich leabaibh 'n leanabain,  
Iosa Crìosd.

Ainglean is àrd-ainglean  
Sheinn an Còisir bhinn,  
Cerubim is seraphim  
Chruinnich os a chin;  
Ged nach d'aithnich càch e  
Ach a-mhàin an Oigh,  
B'adhradh don Fhear Ghràdhach  
Blàths a pòig.

Ciod a dhiolas truaghan  
Mar tha mi nis dhà?  
Nan robh mi nam bhuachaill,  
Thairgsinn uan le gràdh;  
Gliocas inntinn lùiginn  
Ann a chùis bhith strì,  
Sin dìolam dhà le sunndachd-  
Umhlachd cridh'.

### ***In the Bleak Midwinter***

*In the deep of winter,  
the north wind is cold  
The ground is frozen solid  
and the rivers too;  
A blizzard puts a blindfold  
On every hill around  
In the deep of winter  
Many years ago.*

*The great, victorious God,  
Is Lord over all,  
Heaven and earth will be banished  
When He comes as King;  
But in deep of winter  
On the manger's straw  
Settled the little child  
Jesus Christ.*

*Angels and archangels  
Sang sweetly as a choir,  
Cherubims and seraphims  
Gathered above him;  
Although they didn't know him  
Apart from the Virgin,  
Her warm kiss  
Worshipped her Beloved.*

*What can a poor one  
Like me give to him?  
If I were a shepherd  
I'd offer a lamb in love;  
I wish for wisdom  
In striving for Him;  
And I'll happily give him –  
Humility of heart.*

## Laoidh Mhoire Mhaighdeann

Se do bheatha Mhoire Mhaighdeann,  
O's gille do Mhac na Ghrian  
Rugadh am mac an aois Athar  
Oighre Fhlathanais g'ar dion  
'S iosal an ceum thug ar Slanuighear  
A usas a Pharras gu talamh  
Nuair a rugadh E's an stabull  
Gun tuilleadh aite dha falamh.

Cha d'iarr ban-righinn na h-umhlachd  
Fuirneiseachadh, rum na seomar  
Cha mho dh'iarr I mnathan gluine  
Ach Rìgh nan Dul bhith ga comhnadh  
'S eibhinn an seallach a Fhuair I  
Nuair thainig e nuas a colainn  
Rothaill I'n anartaibh bana  
An Slanuighear thainig g'ar ceannach.

Cha d'iarr macan na h-uaisle  
Cuision na cluasag na leabaidh  
Gus an d'èirich leis a mhathair  
Ga chur 's a mhainnseir na chadal  
Chruinnich na buachaillean bochda  
Ghabhail beachd air anns an tim sin  
Chur misneach an lag 'sn laidir  
Bhith cho dana air an Rìgh sin.

Shoillsich rionnag anns an athar  
Rinn rathad dha na trì rìghrean  
Thainig ga ionnsaidh le h-abhachd  
Gaul is gràdh is failte's firinn  
Aig fheabhas rinn thu a ghleidheadh  
Dol leis a latha 's a dh'oidhche  
Aig fheabhas rinn thu air feitheamh  
Se do bheatha Mhoire Mhaighdeann.

## Hymn of the Virgin Mary

*Hail, Virgin Mary  
Your son is brighter than the sun,  
The Son was born in His Father's age  
The heir of heaven to protect us.  
Our Saviour took a humble step  
From Paradise down to earth  
When He was born in a stable  
As there was no other place to find.*

*The queen of humility didn't ask for  
Furnishings, a room nor a chamber,  
Neither did she ask for midwives,  
But that the King of Heaven be with her.  
She saw a lovely sight  
when He was born of her body  
She wrapped him in white linens  
The Saviour who came to redeem us.*

*The noble child didn't ask for  
a cushion or a pillow on His bed,  
Until His mother got up  
To put Him to sleep in the manger.  
The poor herdsmen gathered  
To visit Him at that time,  
To encourage the weak and the strong  
To be bold with that King.*

*A star shone in the sky  
Which lit the way for the three wise men,  
They came to Him with delight  
Love, affection, welcome and truth.  
You looked after Him well  
Being with Him day and night,  
You attended on him well,  
Hail, Virgin Mary.*

## Oidhche Nollaige Moire

Hoire! Hoire! Beannaicht e!  
Hoire! Hoire! Beannaicht e!  
Hoire! Hoire! Beannaicht e'n  
Rìgh dh'am bì sinn a'seinn,  
Ho! ro! Biodh aoibh!

Nochd oidhche Nollaige moire,  
Rugadh Mac na Moir Oighe,  
Rainig a bhonnaibh an lar,  
Mac nam buadh a nuas o'n ard,  
Dhealraich neamh is cruinne dha,  
Ho! Ro! Biodh aoibh!

Seimh saoghal dha, sona neamh dha,  
Feuch rainig a bhonn an lar,  
Fodhail Rìgh dha, failt Uain dha,  
Rìgh nam buadh, Uan nan agh,  
Shoillsich cluan agus cuanta dha,  
Ho! Ro! Biodh aoibh!

Shoillsich frìth dha, shoillsich fonn dha,  
Nuall nan tonn le fonn nan tragh,  
Ag innse dhuinne gun d'rugadh Crìosda  
Mac Rìgh nan rìgh a tìr na slaint;  
Shoillsich grian nam beannaibh ard dha,  
Ho! Ro! Biodh aoibh!

Shoillsich ce dha is cruinne comhla,  
Dh' fhosgail De an Domhnaich Dorus.  
A Mhic Mhuir Oighe greas ga'm chomhnadh,  
A Chrìosd an dochais, a Chomhla 'n  
t-sonais,  
Oradh Ghreine shleibh is mhonaidh.  
Ho! Ro! Biodh aoibh!

## Great Christmas Night

*Hail King! Hail King! Blessed is he! Hail King!  
Hail King! Blessed is he! Hail King! Hail  
King! Blessed is he,  
The King of whom we sing,  
All Hail! Let there be joy!*

*This night is the eve of the great Nativity,  
Born is the Son of Mary the Virgin,  
The soles of his feet have reached the earth,  
The Son of glory down from on high,  
Heaven and earth glowed to Him,  
All Hail! Let there be joy!*

*The peace of earth to Him, the joy of heaven to  
Him,  
Behold his feet have reached the world;  
The homage of a King be His,  
The welcome of a Lamb be His,  
King all victorious, Lamb all glorious,  
Earth and ocean illumed to Him,  
All Hail! Let there be joy!*

*The mountains glowed to Him, the plains glowed  
to Him,  
The voice of the waves with the song of the  
strand,  
Announcing to us that Christ is born,  
Son of the King of kings from the land of  
salvation;  
Shone the sun on the mountains high to Him,  
All Hail! Let there be joy!*

*Shone to Him the earth and sphere together,  
God the Lord has opened a Door;  
Son of mary Virgin, hasten thou to help me,  
Thou Christ of hope, thou Door of joy,  
Golden Sun of hill and mountain,*

*All Hail! Let there be joy!*

**Nach glòrmhor an naidheachd**

Nach glòrmhor an naidheachd,  
Th'air aithris do'n t-sluagh,  
A thàrnaich an toiseach  
'S an t-siorruidheachd shuas,  
gu'n d'rùnaich an Trianaid,  
An Dia tha bith-bhuan,  
'N dara-pearsa thighinn iosal,  
Mac Dhè mar an t-Uan.

Nach glòrmhor an naidheachd,  
Chaidh aithris o'n nèamh,  
'N uair dhealraich an solus,  
Bha milis 'n a ghnè,  
Bha Chrìodsa 's a gheallaidh,  
Mar ullachadh Dhè,  
'S e meadhon a' ghàraidh,  
'S e deàrrsadh ro threun.

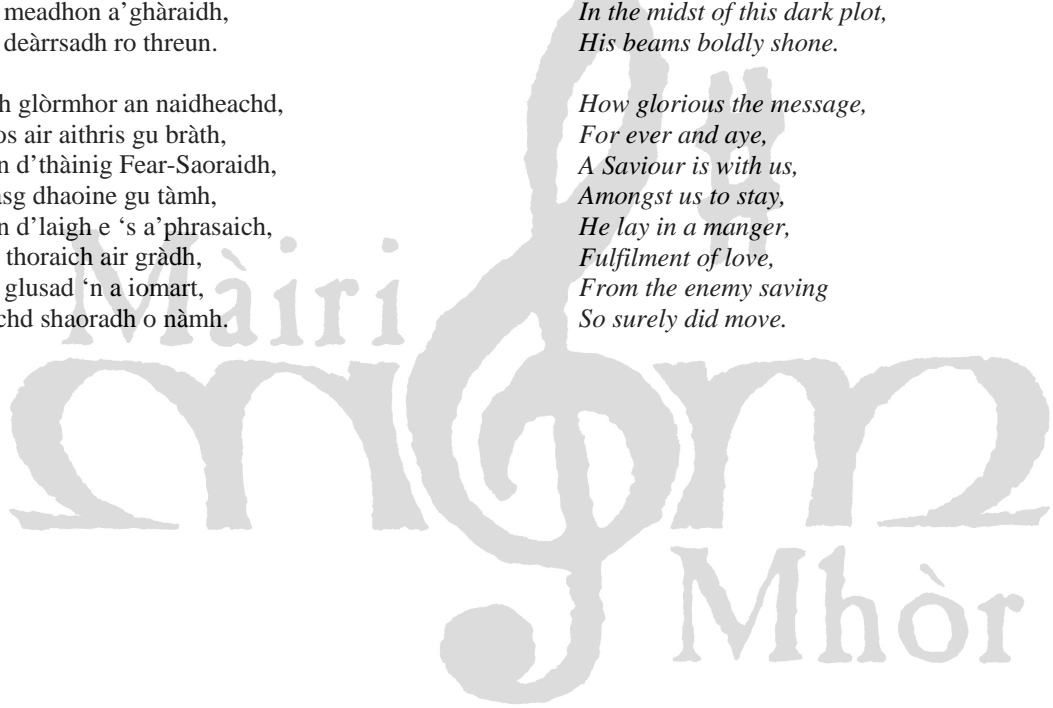
Nach glòrmhor an naidheachd,  
Bhios air aithris gu bràth,  
Gu'n d' thàinig Fear-Saoraidh,  
Measg dhaoine gu tàmh,  
Gu'n d' laigh e 's a' phrasaich,  
Mar thoraich air gràdh,  
Bha glusad 'n a iomart,  
Teachd shaoradh o nàmh.

***How glorious the message***

*How glorious the message,  
The people have heard,  
Everlastingly uttered  
As God's own true word,  
the eternal intention  
Of God Three in One  
Has come down among us,  
As Lamb and as Son.*

*How glorious the message,  
Told down from the height,  
So sweet in its nature,  
When first shone that light,  
For Christ had been promised,  
As God had foreknown,  
In the midst of this dark plot,  
His beams boldly shone.*

*How glorious the message,  
For ever and aye,  
A Saviour is with us,  
Amongst us to stay,  
He lay in a manger,  
Fulfilment of love,  
From the enemy saving  
So surely did move.*





## Òran na Bliadhna Ùire

*Sèist*

Ò, gur toigh leam, è gur toigh leam,  
Ò, gur toigh leam fios o m'chàirdean;  
'S mòr an toileachadh dha m'inntinn,  
A bhì cluinntinn gura slàn iad.

O'n tha bhliadhna so aig deireadh,  
'S Bliadhn' Ùr eile nise làimh ruinn;  
'S còir gun sgrìobh mi beagan fhacail  
Do'n tè dh'altrum mi 'n a phàisde.

Thoir an t-soraidh so thar chuaintean,  
Gu tìr uaine nam beann àrda;  
'S fàg aig a' Chladach-a-Tuath e  
Ged nach ann a fhuair mi m'arach.

Àit' as bòidhche feasgar sàmhradh,  
'S grian air chùl nam beann a' teàrnadh;  
Ach 's e dh'fhàg mi'n diugh an geall air,  
Gur ann a tha mo mhàthair.

Chan'eil ceòl an diugh no beadradh  
Anns an nead 's an deachaidh m'arach;  
'N uair a chaidh na h-eòin air iteig,  
Thug e misneach o'n am màthair.

Anns an tìm that tighinn 'n a m'chumhne,  
Gheibhte cruinn 's an aon làr sinn;  
An diugh fo chis sinn fad o'r daoine,  
'S fear mo ghaoil 'n a laighe sàmhach.

## New Year Song

*Chorus*

O, I am fond of e, I am fond of,  
O I am fond of hearing about my friends;  
Great is the satisfaction to my mind,  
To hear that they are well.

Since this year is at an end,  
And another New Year is now approaching,  
It is fitting that I write a few words in praise of  
the woman who nursed me when a child.

Bear this greeting over the oceans,  
To the green land of the high peaks,  
And leave it at North Shores  
Although i was not reared there.

The most beautiful place on a summer's evening,  
As the sun sets behind the bens;  
But what has left me today, so much in love with  
it,  
Is the fact that my mother lives there.

There is no music or merriment,  
In the nest where I was brought up,  
When the birds took to the wing,  
Their mother lost her courage.

I recall the time when we would be all together,  
Around the one hearth,  
Today, we are under subjection far away from  
our relatives,  
And the man of my love lies silent (in the grave).

### Alleluia

Tha sinne air an rathad mòr, a lorg am Prionnsa  
coir  
Ar slighe sabhailt' soilleireachd is stolda  
Toirt tiodhlacan gun diladh fhèin  
Ach gràdh cho blàth mar phlaide grèin'  
A sgaoileadh dìon a chaidh oh alleuia

Alleluia x4

Tha sinne air an rathad fhathast a lorg tro na  
linntean gasd'  
Slighe sabhailt' soilleireachd is stolda  
Leanabh na laighe le dòchas trom  
Solas nan rionnag air beul 's air bonn  
A sgaoileadh gaol a chaidh oh alleuia

Alleluia x4

### Haleluja

*We are on the way, searching for the kindly  
Prince  
Our safe way which is bright and still  
Bringing gifts to Him  
For love to envelop us as sunshine  
Protecting us forever o Halelujah*

*Halelujah X 4*

*We are still on the way seeking through the ages  
A safe way which is bright and still  
The child lying with great hope  
The light of the stars at beginning and end  
Loving us forever o Halelujah*



## Heire Bannag

Sèisd

Heire bannag, hoire bannag,  
Heire bannag air a'bheo,  
Heire bannag, hoire bannag,  
Heire bannag air a'bheo.

Mac na niula, Mac na neula,  
Mac na runna, Mac na reula!

Mac na dile, Mac na dèire,  
Mac na spire, Mac na speura!

Mac na lasa, Mac na leusa,  
Mac na cruinne, Mac na cè!

Mac na dula, Mac na nèamha,  
Mac na gile, Mac na grèine!

Mac Moire na Dè-meinne,  
Is Mac Dè thu- tùs gach sgeula!

G' innse dhuinn gu'n d'rugadh Chrìosd  
Rìgh nan Rìgh, à tir na slàint!

## Hail the giver

*Chorus*

*Hail the giver, hail the giving,  
Hail the Gift born for the living!  
Hail the giver, hail the giving,  
Hail the Gift born for the living!*

*Son of dawning, Son of morning,  
Son of planet, Son of star!*

*Son of depth, and water's face,  
Son of cosmos, Son of space!*

*Son of rays and flames and unfurled.  
Son of our created world!*

*Son of elements and sky,  
Son of moon and sun on high!*

*Son of Mary and God's thought,  
Son of God – good news has brought!*

*Telling of the Christ-child's birth  
King of Kings who saves all earth!*



## **An Rionnag**

Abair rionnag shoileir,  
O chionn fhad' an t-saoghail,  
Abair rionnag shoileir,  
Nuair a rugadh Tu.

Bha ciobairean air a' mhonadh,  
O chionn fhad' an t-saoghail,  
A' choimhead air an trued  
Nuair a rugadh Tu.

Bha draoidhean san fhàsach  
O chionn fhad' an t-saoghail,  
A' tighinn an dèidh na rionneig,  
Nuair a rugadh Tu.

Abair rionnag shoileir,  
O chionn fhad' an t-saoghail,  
Abair leanabh sònraicht'  
Nuair a rugadh Tu.

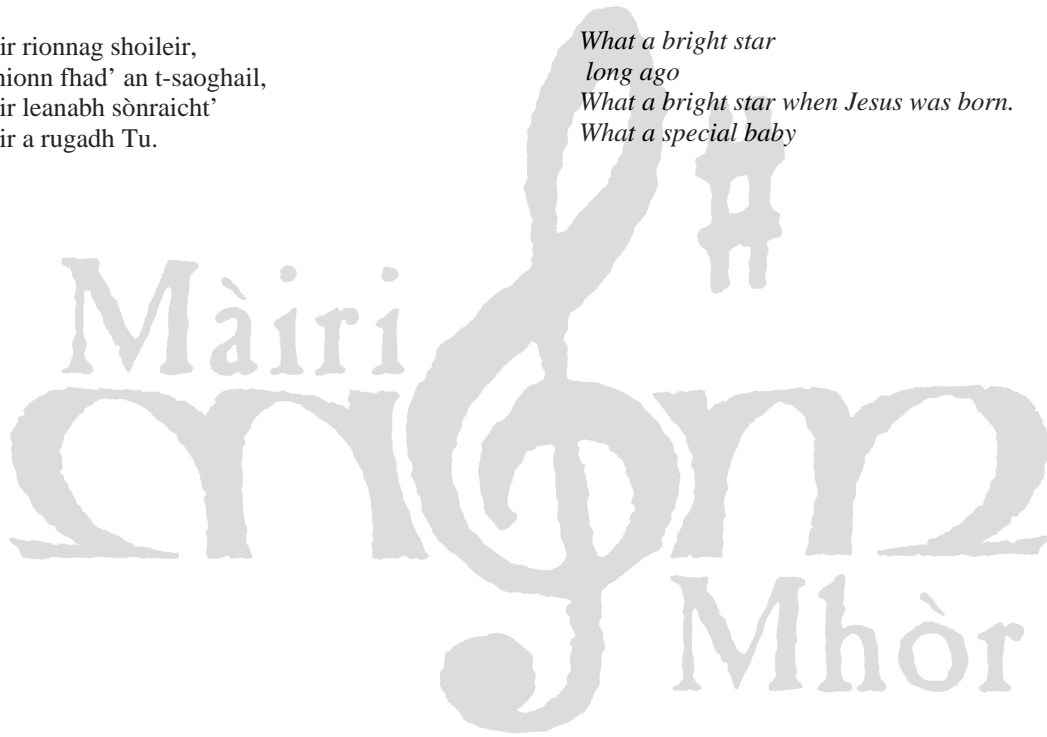
## **The Star**

*What a bright star long ago  
What a bright star when Jesus was born.*

*There were shepherds on the hill  
long ago  
Watching their flock  
When Jesus was born.*

*There were wise men in the wilderness long ago  
When Jesus was born.  
Following the star  
When Jesus was born.*

*What a bright star  
long ago  
What a bright star when Jesus was born.  
What a special baby*



**Iosa bu chòir a mholadh**

Bu cho fus a dh'Iosa  
An crann crìon ùradh,  
'S an crann ùr a chrìonadh,  
nan b'e rùn a dheanamh.  
Iosa! Iosa! Iosa!  
Iosa bu chòir a mholadh!

Chan eil lus air làr,  
Nach eil làn d'a thoradh,  
Chan eil cruth an tràigh,  
Nach eil làn d'a shonas.  
Iosa! Iosa! Iosa!  
Iosa bu chòir a mholadh!

Chan eil creubh am fairge,  
Chan eil iasg an abhainn  
Can eil luibh air lòn  
Nach eil dearbh d'a mhaitheas  
Iosa! Iosa! Iosa!  
Iosa bu chòir a mholadh!

Chan eil eun air sgèith,  
Chan eil reul 'san adhar,  
Chan eil sian fo'n ghrèin  
Nach tog sgeul d'a mhaitheas.  
Iosa! Iosa! Iosa!  
Iosa bu chòir a mholadh!

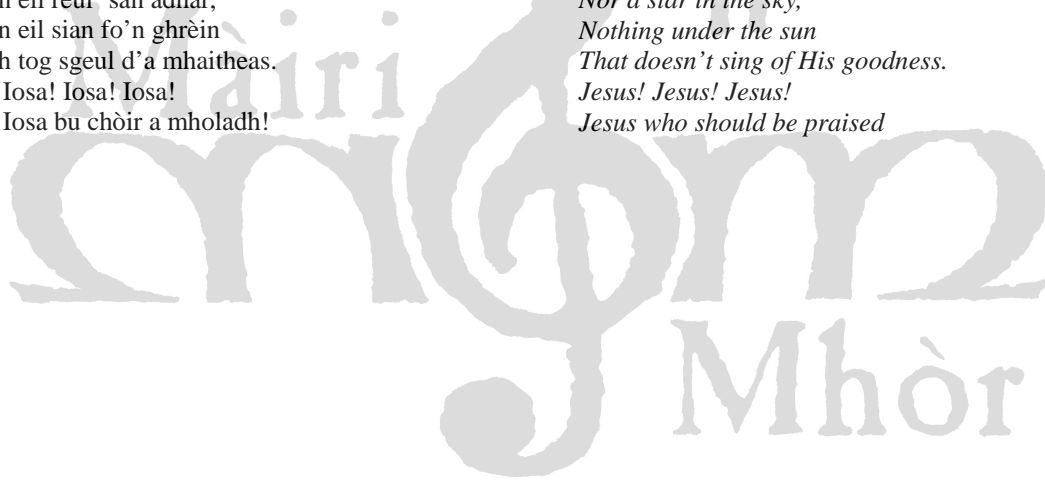
***Jesus who should be praised***

*How easy for Jesus  
To renew the withering tree,  
And to wither the new tree  
Were that to be His will.  
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!  
Jesus who should be praised*

*There isn't a plant on earth  
That isn't full of His fruit;  
Not a creature on the shore  
That isn't full of His joy.  
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!  
Jesus who should be praised*

*There isn't a being in the sea  
Nor fish in a river  
Not a plant in field  
That doesn't prove His goodness  
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!  
Jesus who should be praised.*

*Not a bird on the wing,  
Nor a star in the sky,  
Nothing under the sun  
That doesn't sing of His goodness.  
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!  
Jesus who should be praised*



**Fàilte, fàilte, dh'aon mhac Dhè.**

Fàilte, fàilte, dh'aon mhac Dhè,  
Thug e buaidh a mach leis fhèin,  
Seas fo bhratach, sgaoil an sgeul,  
Cuir na crùn air rìgh nam buadh.

Rinneadh dimeas air gu mòr,  
Thrèig a chàirdean e fa dheòidh,  
Cheusadh e ach ghlèidh e chòir,  
Cuir an crùn air rìgh nam buadh.

Cha dean aingeal do chur saor,  
Cha dean beusachd, cha dean gaol,  
Fhuradh èiric a bha daor,  
Cuir an crùn air rìgh nam buadh.  
Welcome, Only Son of God

***Welcome only Son of God***

*Welcome only Son of God  
Who gained the victory alone;  
Be under his banner, spread the news,  
Crown the King of victory.*

*He was greatly neglected,  
His friends forsook him in the end;  
He was crucified but retained his right,  
Crown the King of victory.*

*An angel will not set you free,  
Nor will virtue, nor love;  
A precious ransom was received,  
Crown the King of victory.*



## **Naoidhean Prìseil**

Naoidhean beag na shuain an sìth,  
Le cearcall òir os cionn a chinn:  
Mac na h-Oighe, Moire chiùin –  
Gu stàbull Bhetlehem thig leam.

*Sèist*

Alleluia! Glòir don Uan,  
'N leanabh prìseil 's E na shuain;  
Alleluia! Rìgh nan rìgh,  
Iosa Crìosda, Prionns' na Sìth.

Seo àm son sunnd is àm son sìth,  
Aig an Nollaig rugadh Ios';  
Thàinig e an gaol 's an gràdh  
A shaoradh saoghail a chaidh ceàrr.

Seud nan nèamhan suaint' an sìth,  
Am broilleach Màiri faotainn cìch,  
Thàinig E thoirt dhuinne saors' –  
Thug E bheatha son an t-saogh'il.

Còmhla riumsa seinn gu h-àrd  
Ann an cànan tìr an àigh;  
Ainglean Dhè a'seinn san speur:  
Tha sinne saor – nach ait an sgeul!

## **Precious Child**

*A little child sleeps in peace  
A golden halo round his head:  
The Son of the gentle Virgin Mary –  
Come to the stable in Bethlehem.*

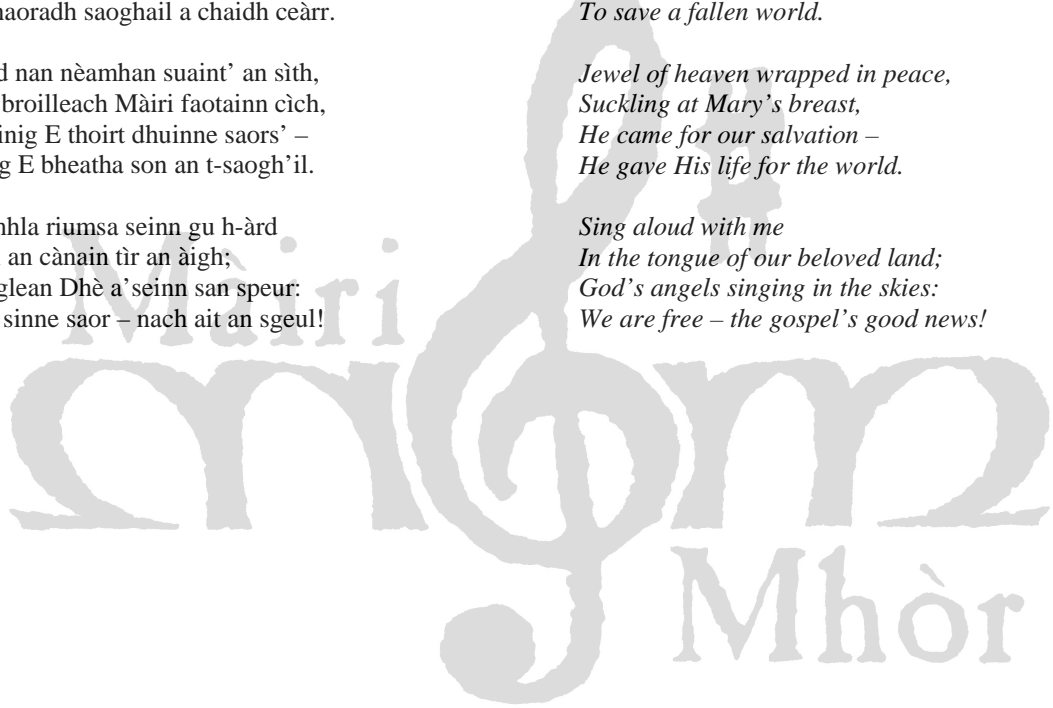
*Chorus*

*Hallelujah! Glory to the lamb,  
The precious child who's sound asleep;  
Hallelujah! King of kings,  
Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace.*

*This is a time for joy and peace,  
The time when Jesus was born;  
He came in love and humility  
To save a fallen world.*

*Jewel of heaven wrapped in peace,  
Suckling at Mary's breast,  
He came for our salvation –  
He gave His life for the world.*

*Sing aloud with me  
In the tongue of our beloved land;  
God's angels singing in the skies:  
We are free – the gospel's good news!*



**Bà mo leanabh beag bà**

Ann am baile fada bhuainn  
Rugadh leanabh bheag an àigh  
Ann am frasach blàth an stàbull  
Iosa Chrìosd ar Tighearn' air Rìgh.

*Bà ba ba ba*  
*Bà Bà mo leanabh beag bà.*

Anns na neamhain os ur cionn  
Bha an rionnag beag a b'aill  
Leanaidh sinne i mar chairt iùil  
Iosa Chrìosd r Tighearn ar Rìgh.

Sinne bu choir a bhith iriosal  
S a bhith uasal ar Rìgh  
Mar chuid chiobairean ga leantail  
Iosa Chrìosd r Tighearn ar Rìgh.

***Sleep my little child sleep***

*In a town far away*  
*A little child was born*  
*In a warm manger in a stable*  
*Jesus Christ our Lord and King*

*Sleep sleep sleep sleep*  
*Sleep sleep my little child sleep.*

*In the heavens above*  
*There was the most beautiful star*  
*We shall follow it as a guide*  
*Jesus Christ our Lord and King*

*We should be humble*  
*And honour our king*  
*To follow him like shepherds*  
*Jesus Christ our Lord and King*





## Fada cian ann an stàball

Fada cian ann an stàball, gun leabaidh gun tàmh,  
Tha Iosa na shineadh gun tuar air an làr,  
Tha na reultan sna Nèamhan a' sealltainn a-nuas  
Air an leanabh bheag bhiodach cho dìblidh 's  
cho fuar.

Tha'n crodh len cuid geumraich ga dhùsgadh à  
suain,  
Ach iosa na èiginn, cha chaoin e's cha ghluais.  
Mo ghaol ortsa, iosa! O seall orm a-nuas,  
Is fuirich rim thaobh gu'n tig madainn mun  
cuairt.

Fan dlùth dhomh, Thighearn' Iosa, na fàg mi rim  
bheò,  
Rim thaobh a'toirt gaoil dhomh gus am fàg mi  
an deò,  
Beannaich clann bheag an t-saoghail fod chùram  
's fod threòir,  
Los gu meal sinn do naomhachd nad rìoghachd  
sna neòil.

## Away in a stable/manger

*Away in a stable, without a bed, without rest  
Jesus is lying pale, on the floor  
The stars and the Heavens look down  
On the little child so abject and so cold*

*The cattle in their movements awake him from  
sleep  
But the restless Jesus, he neither cries nor moves  
My love to you Jesus! O look down on me  
And stay beside me till the dawn*

*Stay near me Lord Jesus and never leave me  
Beside me with love till I draw my last breath  
Bless the worlds children in your care and  
protection  
Till we envy your holiness in your Kingdom in  
the heavens*



## **Bodach na Nollaig**

Is mise is mise  
Co mi co mi  
Co eile co eile  
Ach santa Claus

Le mo chòta dearg cho blàth  
Chan fhairich mise fuachd  
Le'm bhotunnan dubh cho spaideil  
Sneachda tuiteam air mo ghruaig

Wheee sios an simieir  
Le suith air mo shròin  
Aobh aobh se dh'eugh mi  
S mi air tuiteam air mo thoin

Bidh chlann bheag na'n cadal  
S mi bhios air mo dhòigh  
Toirt tiodhlac do gach fear dhiubh  
Inneal cluich de'n h-uile seors'.

## ***Father Christmas***

*I am i am  
Who am I who am I  
Who else but Santa Claus*

*In my warm red coat  
I can feel the cold air  
Smart black wellies  
Snow falling on my hair.*

*Wheee down the chimney  
With some soot on my nose  
Ow ow hear me crying  
I have fallen on my bottom*

*Little children fast asleep  
But oh what fun  
Giving all of them their presents  
Games and toys for everyone.*



## Preusantan

*Sèisd (dà thuras)*

Bogsa mòr na parsail beag,  
Càr no doil, ball no baidhc,  
Cnogan suiteis, gèam no cèic –  
‘S toigh leam fhìn na preusantan.

Oidhch’ro Nollaig nuair bu chòir dhomh bhith  
nam shuain,  
‘S mi air mo stocainn a chrochadh suas,  
Laighe na mo leabaidh a’ feitheamh son fuaim –  
Santa Claus le na preusantan.

Latha na Nollaig an seo a-rithist –  
Seo an latha as fheàrr den bhliadhna;  
Feitheamh ‘s a mhadainn son Santa a tighinn  
A tighinn le mo’ phreusantan?

## Presents

*Chorus (twice)*

*A big box or small parcel,  
A car, a doll, a ball or bike,  
A jar of sweets, a game or cake –  
I like my presents.*

*On Christmas Eve I should be asleep,  
With my stocking hanging up,  
Lying in bed listening –  
For Santa with his presents.*

*Christmas Day here again  
The day of the year I like the best  
Waiting in the morning for Santa to come  
Come with my presents!*



**Rinn sinn bodach sneachd' an-diugh**

Rinn sinn bodach sneachd' an-diugh,  
Rinn sinn bodach sneachd' an-diugh,  
Rinn sinn bodach sneachd' an-diugh,  
Bodach reamhar sneachda.

Bodach mòr le sùilean dubh,  
Bodach mòr le sùilean dubh,  
Bodach mòr le sùilean dubh,  
Bodach reamhar sneachda.

Stoc mu amhaich 's ad mu cheann,  
Stoc mu amhaich 's ad mu cheann,  
Stoc mu amhaich 's ad mu cheann,  
Bodach reamhar sneachda.

Bodach bohd le casan fuar,  
Bodach bohd le casan fuar,  
Bodach bohd le casan fuar,  
Bodach reamhar sneachda.

***We made a snowman today***

*We made a snowman today,  
We made a snowman today,  
We made a snowman today,  
A big, sturdy snowman.*

*A snowman with black eyes  
A snowman with black eyes  
A snowman with black eyes  
A big, sturdy snowman.*

*With a scarf and a hat, a scarf and a hat,  
With a scarf and a hat, a scarf and a hat,  
With a scarf and a hat, a scarf and a hat,  
A big, sturdy snowman.*

*A snowman whose feet were cold,  
A snowman whose feet were cold,  
A snowman whose feet were cold,  
A big, sturdy snowman.*



**Tha e tighinn**

Tha e tighinn ann an cabhag tha e tighinn  
Co e?  
Tha e tighinn ann an cabhag tha e tighinn  
Co e?  
Tha e tighinn ann an cabhag  
Tighinn ann an cabhag  
Tha e tighinn ann an cabhag  
Tha e tighinn  
Co e?

Bidh preusantan 's suiteis na mo stocainnean x2  
Bidh preusantan 's suiteis  
Tioclaid 's rudan milis  
Bidh preusantan 's suiteis na mo stocainnean

Bidh e tighinn air an oidhche, bidh e tighinn  
Co e?  
Bidh e tighinn air an oidhche, bidh e tighinn  
Co e?  
Bidh e tighinn air an oidhche  
Tighinn air an oidhche  
Bidh e tighinn air an oidhche, bidh e tighinn  
Co e?

Co eile, ach Santa, Santa Claus, ho ho ho! X 2  
Co eile ach Santa  
Co eile ach Santa  
Co eile ach Santa, Santa Claus, ho ho ho!

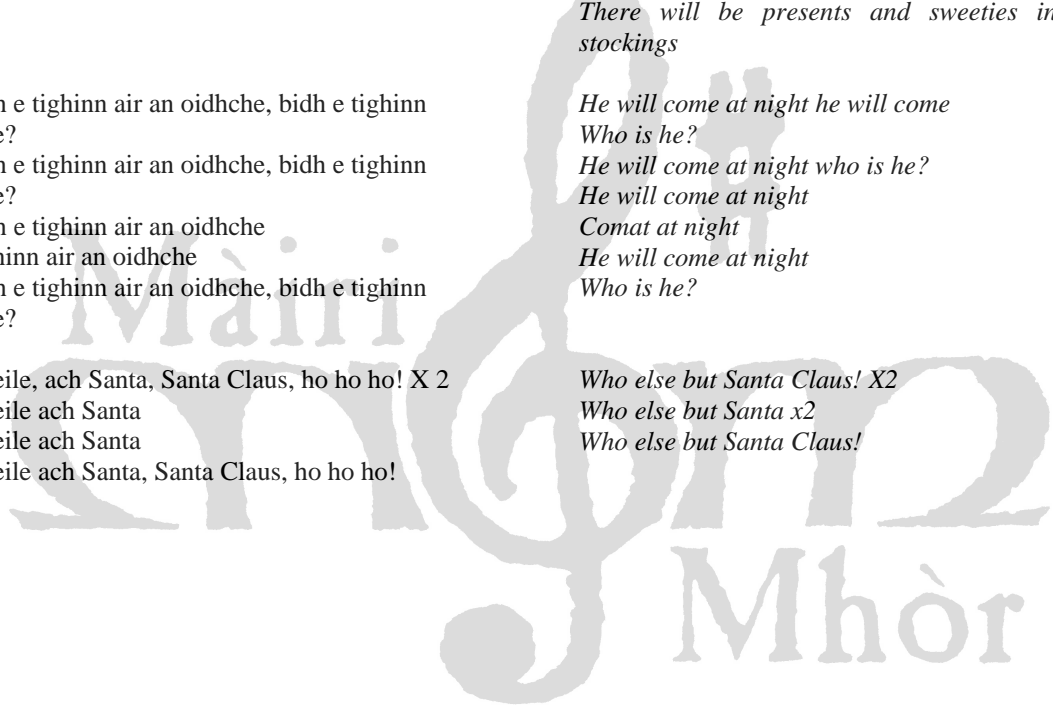
**He is coming  
(She'll be coming round the mountain)**

*He is rushing he is rushing  
Who is he, who is he  
He is rushing he is rushing  
Who is he who is he  
He is rushing he is rushing  
He is rushing he is rushing  
He is rushing he is rushing he is rushing  
Who is he?*

*There will be presents and sweeties in my  
stockings 2  
There will be presents and sweeties  
Chocolate and sweet things  
There will be presents and sweeties in my  
stockings*

*He will come at night he will come  
Who is he?  
He will come at night who is he?  
He will come at night  
Comat at night  
He will come at night  
Who is he?*

*Who else but Santa Claus! X2  
Who else but Santa x2  
Who else but Santa Claus!*



## Air a chiad là den Nollaig

Air a chiad là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Smeòrach le ceileireadh binn.

Air an darna là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn.

Air an treas là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn.

Air a'cheathramh là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Ceithir cuthagan, trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn.

Air a'chòigeamh là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn.

Air an t-siathamh là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Sia seòid, còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn.

Air an t-seachdamh là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Seachd mnathan uasal, sia seòid, còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn.

Air an ochdamh là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Ochd òigearan uallach, seachd mnathan uasal, sia seòid, còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn

Air an naoidheamh là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Naoi neamhain luachmhor, ochd òigearan uallach, seachd mnathan uasal, sia seòid, còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn

Air an deicheamh là den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Deich deochan sùghmhor, naoi neamhain luachmhor, ochd òigearan uallach, seachd mnathan uasal, sia seòid, còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn

Air an aona là deug den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Aon deug a'seinn ciùil dhomh, deich deochan sùghmhor, naoi neamhain luachmhor, ochd òigearan uallach, seachd mnathan uasal, sia seòid, còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn

Air an dàrna là deug den Nollaig, chuir m'eudail thugam fhìn,  
Cairt làn de phògan agus dusan ròsan, aon deug a'seinn ciùil dhomh, deich deochan sùghmhor, naoi neamhain luachmhor, ochd òigearan uallach, seachd mnathan uasal, sia seòid, còig cailleachan-oidhch', ceithir cuthagan,Trì cearcan-fraoich, dà chalman agus smeòrach le ceileireadh binn

Mhòr

### ***On the First Day of Christmas***

*On the first day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
A Thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the second day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the third day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the fourth day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the fifth day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the sixth day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Six handsome heroes, five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the seventh day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Seven noble ladies, six handsome heroes, five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the eighth day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Eight comely lads, seven noble ladies, six handsome heroes, five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

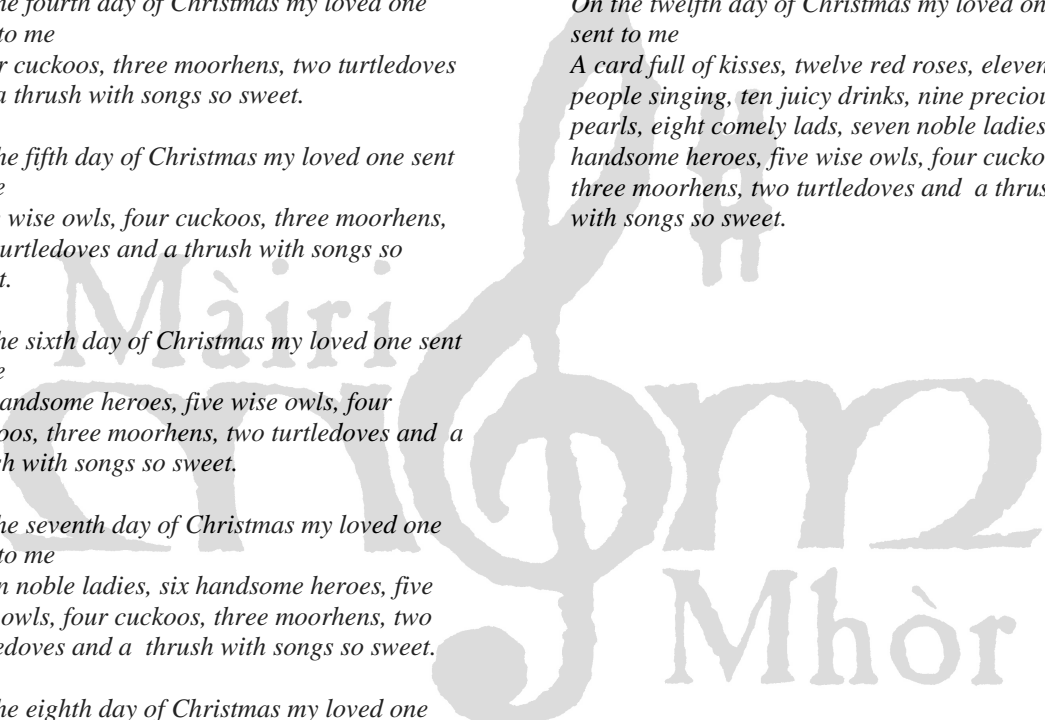
*On the ninth day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Nine precious pearls, eight comely lads, seven noble ladies, six handsome heroes, five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the tenth day of Christmas my loved one sent to me*

*Ten juicy drinks, nine precious pearls, eight comely lads, seven noble ladies, six handsome heroes, five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the eleventh day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
Eleven people singing, ten juicy drinks, nine precious pearls, eight comely lads, seven noble ladies, six handsome heroes, five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*

*On the twelfth day of Christmas my loved one sent to me  
A card full of kisses, twelve red roses, eleven people singing, ten juicy drinks, nine precious pearls, eight comely lads, seven noble ladies, six handsome heroes, five wise owls, four cuckoos, three moorhens, two turtledoves and a thrush with songs so sweet.*



**Tha e tighinn**

Tha e tighinn, tha e tighinn, Santa claus cho mor  
x 3  
Tha e tighinn, tighinn a nochd,  
Santa Claus cho mor.

Bidh Cota dearg, cota dearg, cota dearg air x3  
Cota dearg, is sron dearg, cota dearg air.

Feusag geal, feusag geal, feusag geal aig Santa  
x3  
Feusag geal is feusaf fad'  
Tha feusag fad aig Santa.

Bidh бага мор, бага мор, бага мор aig Santa x3  
Бага мор ле рудан math  
Баган мор aig Santa.

De bhios ann, de bhios ann de bhios ann am бага  
x3  
De bhios ann am бага мор  
Am бага мор aig Santa.

Preusantan, suiteis agus toidhs gu leor na bhaga  
x3  
Preusantan 's toidhs gu leor  
Toidhs gu leor na bhaga.

**He is coming**  
(Brochan Lom)

*He is coming he is coming Big Santa Claus  
He is coming tonight  
Big Santa Claus*

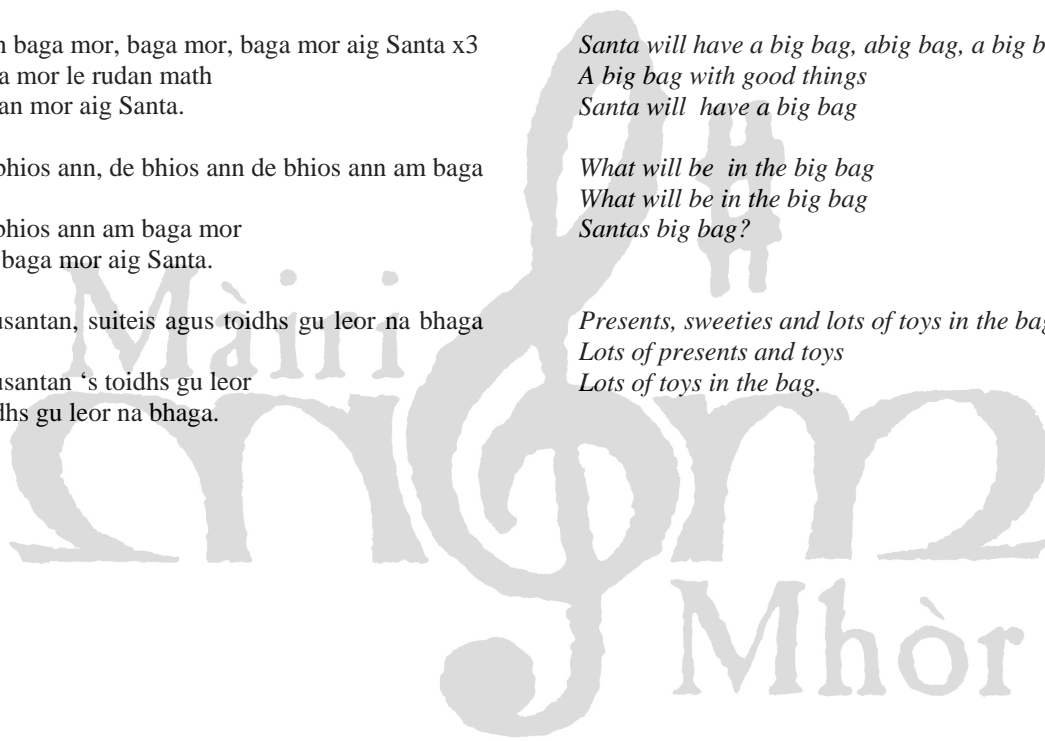
*He will have a red coat on, a red coat, a red coat  
A red coat, and a red nose  
A red coat on*

*Santa has white whiskers, white whiskers, white  
whiskers  
White whiskers and long whiskers  
Santa has long whiskers*

*Santa will have a big bag, a big bag, a big bag  
A big bag with good things  
Santa will have a big bag*

*What will be in the big bag  
What will be in the big bag  
Santa's big bag?*

*Presents, sweeties and lots of toys in the bag  
Lots of presents and toys  
Lots of toys in the bag.*





## Am Brù-Dhearg

*Sèist*

O Robein,a' Robein, a'Robein brù-dhearg,  
Carson tha thu coimheach, 's cho Ioma-làn fearg?  
O Robein,a'Robein,a'Robein brù-dhearg.

'N ann dhutsa nad ònar a chuir sinn mach sìol?  
Cha b'ann, ach dhan uile do dh'èoin sir an triall!  
O Robein,a'Robein, do dh'èoin air an triall.

Tha 'n smeorach 's an lòn-dubh, 's an gealbhonn  
beag ruadh  
Ag ithe an t-sìl is an reòthadh cho cruaidh,  
O Robein, a'Robein, is an reothadh cho cruaidh.

Nach seall thu an dreathann, an dreathannbeag  
donn,  
Le iorball mar bhratach, 's i sìor thogail fonn,  
O Robein,a'Robein, 's i sìor thogail fonn.

Seo ealtainn do dhruidean, a nuas os do chionn  
'S tu chaidh nad chabhaig, 's tu teicheadh gu  
raon,  
O Robein, a'Robein, 's tu teicheadh gu raon.

O Robein,a' Robein, a'Robein brù-dhearg,  
'S tu dh'fhaodhadh bhith buidheach, 's gun idir  
bhith searbh,  
O Robein,a' Robein, 's gun idir bhith searbh.

## The Robin

*Chorus*

*O, Robin of the red breast,  
Why are you so unfriendly and so full of anger?  
Oh, Robin, so full of anger.*

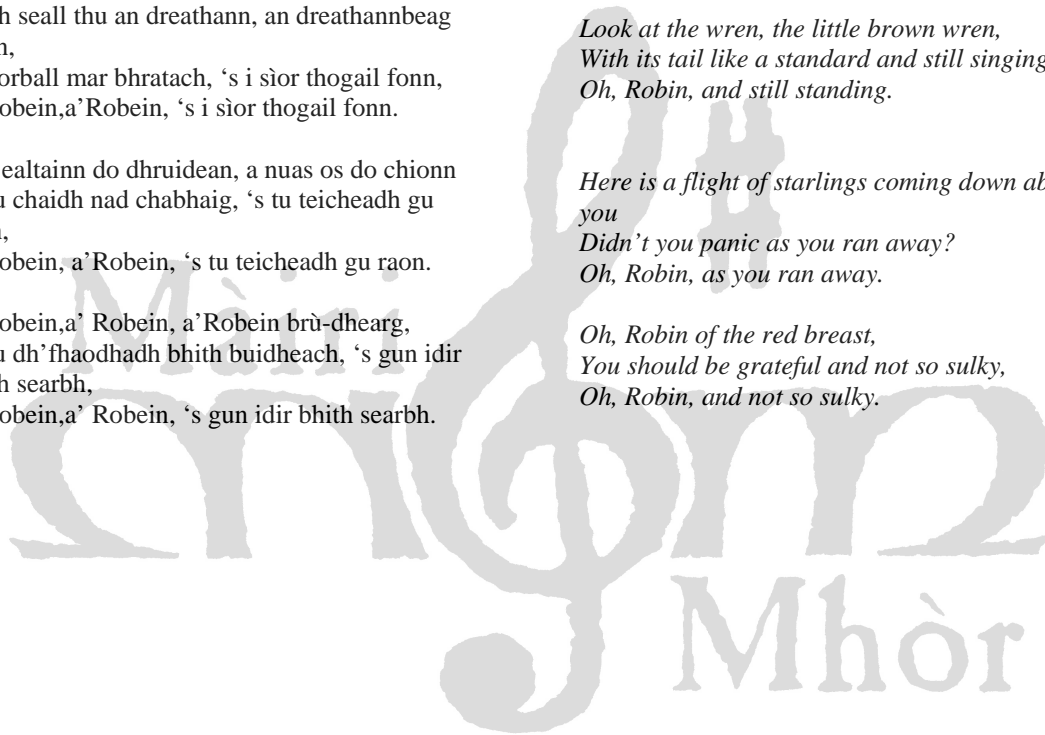
*Is it for you alone we have scattered the seed?  
No, it is for all the birds  
Oh Robin, for all the birds.*

*The thrush and the blackbird and the little brown  
sparrow,  
Are eating the seed in the hard frost  
Oh Robin, in the hard frost.*

*Look at the wren, the little brown wren,  
With its tail like a standard and still singing,  
Oh, Robin, and still standing.*

*Here is a flight of starlings coming down above  
you  
Didn't you panic as you ran away?  
Oh, Robin, as you ran away.*

*Oh, Robin of the red breast,  
You should be grateful and not so sulky,  
Oh, Robin, and not so sulky.*



## **Nollaig Chridheil**

Nollaig Chridheil dhuibh uile x3  
Agus Bliadhna Mhath Ur.

O Beannaicht' an Rìgh  
D'am bidh sinn a seinn  
Nollaig Chridheil dhuibh uile  
Agus Bliadhna Mhath Ur

Bidh sinn uile g'ithe rudan blasta x3  
Agus cluich fad an latha.

## ***A Happy Christmas***

*A Happy Christmas to you all  
And a Happy New Year*

*O Bless the King  
Of whom we sing  
A Happy Christmas to you all  
And a Happy New Year*

*We will all eat good things  
And have fun all day*



**Oran an t-sneachda**

*Look at the snow coming*

Seall an sneachda

Seall an sneachda

Tighinn a-nuas

Tighinn a-nuas

Feumaidh mi mo chota

*I need my coat*

Feumaidh mi mo chota

Tha mi fuar

*I am cold*

Tha mi fuar

Bidh Bodach na Nolaig a tighinn a nochd, a  
tighinn a nochd, a tighinn a nochd  
Bidh Bodach na Nollaig a tighinn a nochd, le  
suiteis agus preasantan.

*Father Christmas will be coming tonight  
With sweets and presents*

