**Tàladh Chrìosda / Tàladh ar Slànaighear – The Christ Child Lullaby /Lullaby of our Saviour**

**Chorus:** Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah, Aleluiah.

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| **V** | **Scottish Gaelic** | **English translation** |
| **1** | 1 Mo ghaol, mo ghràdh, a's m' fheudail thu,  M' ionntas ùr a's m' èibhneas thu,  Mo mhacan àlainn ceutach thu,  Chan fhiù mi fhèin bhith 'd dhàil. | My love, my love and my treasure are You  my treasure and my joy are You  my lovely, becoming son are You  I'm not worthy of being near You |
| **2** | Ge mòr an t-adhbhar cliù dhomh e,  'S mòr an t-adhbhar cùraim e,  'S mòr an t-adhbhar ùmhlachd e,  Rìgh nan dùl bhith 'm làimh. | Though it's a reason for praise to me  it's a great reason for care  it's a great reason for homage  the King of the Elements being in my arms |
| **3** | Ged is leanabh dìblidh thu,  Cinnteach 's Rìgh nan Rìghrean thu,  'S tu 'n t-oighre dligheach, fìrinneach  Air Rìoghachd Dhé nan gràs. | though You're a feeble baby  for sure, the King of Kings are You  You're the rightful, true heir  of the Kingdom of God of the graces |
| **4** | Ged is Rìgh na glòrach thu  Dhiùlt iad an taigh-òsda dhuit,  Ach chualas ainglean solasach  Toirt glòir don Tì as àird. | though the King of Glory are You  they refused the inn to You  but joyful angels were heard  giving glory to the Highest One |
| **5** | Bu mhòr solas agus iongnadh  Buachaillean bochda nan caorach,  Nuair chual' iad na h-ainglean a' glaodhaich,  "Thàinig Slànaighear thun an t-saoghail." | great was the joy and wonder  of the poor shepherds of the sheep  when they heard the angels crying out  "a Saviour has come to the world" |
| **6** | B' e sin an ceòl, 's an naigheachd àghmhor  Sheinn na h-ainglean anns na h-àrdaibh,  Ag innseadh gun d' rugadh Slànaighear  Am Betlehem, am baile Dhaibhidh. | that was the music and the joyous news  that the angels sang in the heights  telling that a Saviour was born  in Bethlehem, in the town of David |
| **7** | B' e sin sgeula binn nam beannachd,  Mun aoigh a rinn teàrnadh gu talamh,  Chan iongnadh mi bhith mùirneach, geanail.  Is gile na ghrian mo leanabh. | that was the sweet tale of the blessings  about the guest that did descend from heaven  it's no surprise that I'm light and cheerful  fairer/whiter than the sun is my baby |
| **8** | Dh'fhoillsich reulta dha na rìghrean,  Lean iad i mar iùil gu dìleas,  Fhuair iad nam achlais fhèin thu,  Is rinn iad ùmhlachd dhuit gu làr. | a star manifested for the kings  they followed her like a guide faithfully  they found You in my clasp  and they made obeisance to You [down] to the floor |
| **9** | Thairg iad òr dhuit, mirr a's tùis,  Thug iad adhradh dhuit is cliù,  B' e turas an àigh don triùir,  Thàinig a shealltainn mo rùin. | they offered gold to You, myrrh and incense  they gave adoration to You and praise  that was the journey of joy for the three men  who came to see my dearest |
| **10** | Ò na dh'innis aingeal Dé dhuinn  Gun robh 'n fhoill an cridhe Heroid,  Dh'fhalbh sinne leat don Èiphit  Ga sheachnadh mun dèanta beud ort. | since the angel of God told us  that deceit was in the heart of Herod  we left with You for Egypt  evading him before harm was done to You |
| **11** | Ò! Heroid a chridhe chruaidh,  Cha choisinn d' innleachd dhuit buaidh,  'S lìonar màthair dh'fhag thu truagh,  'S tu dian an tòir air bàs mo luaidh. | O Herod, o hard heart / O Herod of the hard heart  your contrivance will not gain you victory  many the mothers that you left wretched  when you were vehement in pursuit of the death of my dear one |
| **12** | 'S fhada, fhada, bho Iudea,  Tèarainte bho d' chlaidheamh geur e,  Measg nam mac cha d'fhuair thu fhèin e,  'S fallain, slàn thu, 's fàth dhomh èibhneas. | far, far from Judea  safe from your sharp sword is He  among the sons you didn't find Him  You are healthy, whole, and a cause of rejoicing to me |
| **13** | Dh'aindeoin do mhì-rùn] is d' fharmaid,  Bidh mo mhac-sa cliùiteach, ainmeil,  Cha chuir e ùidh an òr n' an airgead,  A rìoghachd cha rìoghachd thalmhaidh. | despite your ill-will and your envy  my Son will be renowned, famous  He won't show interest in gold or in silver  His Kingdom tis not an earthly kingdom |
| **14** | Gur galach, brònach, tùrsach iad  An-dràst ann an Ierusalem,  A' caoidh nam macan ùra sin,  'S b' e 'n diubhail 'n cur gu bàs. | wailing, sorrowful, weary are they  now in Jerusalem  lamenting those new sons  their putting to death was a tragedy indeed |
| **15** | Tha Rachel an-diugh fo bhròn,  A' caoidh a pàistean àlainn, òg,  'S frasach air a gruaidh na deòir  Bho nach eil iad aice beò. | Rachel today is sorrowful  lamenting her lovely young child  streaming on her cheek are the tears  since she doesn't have them alive |
| **16** | Tha mi 'g altrum Righ na mòrachd,  'S mise mathair Dhe na gloire –  Nach buidhe, nach sona dhomhsa,  Tha mo chridhe làn do sholas. | I'm rearing the King of Majesty  I'm the mother of the God of Glory  how fortunate, how happy for me  my heart is full of joy |
| **17** | Thainig, thainig am Messiah,  Fhuair na faidhean uile 'n guidhe,  'S fhada bho 'n b' aill leo thu thighinn,  'S aluinn thu air mo ruighe | the Messiah has come, has come  all the prophets have got their wish  they've long desired for You to come  You're lovely on my forearm |
| **18** | A ghnothach gu talamh cha b' fhaoin e,  Cheannach sabhaladh chloinn daoine,  'S e 'm Fear-reite 's am Fear-saoraidh,  Is e 'n Slanui'ear gradhach caomh e. | His business on earth, it isn't futile  to buy the salvation of the children of men  He's the Reconciler and the Redeemer  He is the loving gentle Saviour |
| **19** | Ciamar a dh' eirich dhomhsa  'Measg an t-sluaigh a bhi cho sonruicht'?  'S e toil a's cumhachd na gloire  Mac bhi agam ge d' is oigh mi. | how has it happened that I  among the people am so special  it's the will and power of Glory  to have a son though I be a virgin |
| **20** | 'S mise fhuair an ulaidh phrìseil,  Uiseil, uasal, luachmhor, fhinealt,  'N diugh cha dual dhomh bhi fo mhighean,  'S coltach ri bruadar an fhirinn. | tis I who have found the priceless treasure  worthy, noble, valuable and fine  today I'm not disposed to be discontent  tis like a dream the truth |
| **21** | Cha tuig ainglean naomh no daoine  Gu la deireannach an t-saoghail  Meud do throcair a's do ghaoil-sa,  Tighinn a ghabhail coluinn daonnta. | neither holy angels nor men will understand  till the last day of the world  the extent of Your mercy and Your love  coming to take a human body |
| **22** | Bheir mi moladh, bheir mi aoradh,  Bheir mi cliu dhuit, bheir mi gaol dhuit,  Tha thu agam air mo ghairdean,  'S mi tha sona thar chloinn daoine. | I give you praise, I give you adoration  I give you praise, I give you love  I have you in my arms  tis I who am happy over the children of men |
| **23** | Mo ghaol an t-suil a sheallas tlà,  Mo ghaol an cridh 'tha liont 'le gràdh,  Ged is leanamh thu gun chàil  'S lionmhor buaidh tha ort a' fàs | my love the eye that looks mild  my love the heart that is filled with love  though You be a baby without a strong constitution  many are the virtues which on You grow |
| **24** | M' ulaidh, m' aighear, a's mo luaidh thu,  Rùn, a's gaol, a's gràdh an t-sluaigh thu;  'S tus' an Tì a bheir dhoibh fuasgladh  Bho chuibhreach an namhaid uaibhrich. | my treasure, my joy and my dearest are You  my darling and love and love of the people are You  You're the One who brings them liberation  from the bond of the haughty Enemy |
| **25** | 'S tu Righ nan righ, 's tu naomh nan naomh,  Dia am Mac thu 's siorruidh t'aois;  'S tu mo Dhia 's mo leanamh gaoil,  'S tu àrd cheann-feadhna 'chinne-daonn'. | You're the King of Kings, You're the Holy One of the Holy Ones  God the Son are You, eternal is Your age  You're my God and my beloved baby  You're the high chief of the children of men |
| **26** | 'S tusa grian gheal an dòchais,  Chuireas dorchadas air fògairt ;  Bheir thu clann-daoin' bho staid bhrònaich  Gu naomhachd, soilleireachd, a's eòlas. | You're the fair/white sun of hope  who banishes darkness  You bring the children of men from a sorry state  to holiness, illumination and knowledge |
| **27** | Thigeadh na sloigh chur ort failte –  Dheanadh umhlachd dhuit mar Shlanui'ear,  Bidh solas mòr am measg siol Adhamh –  Thainig am Fear-saoraidh, thainig! | the peoples would come to welcome You  they would pay homage to You as Saviour  there will be great joy among the seed of Adam  the Redeemer has come, has come |
| **28** | Thig a pheacaich, na biodh sgàth ort,  Gheibh thu na dh' iarras tu 'ghrasan;  Ge d' bhiodh do chiontan dearg mar sgàrlaid  Bidh t'anam geal mar shneachd nan àrd-bheann. | come, O sinner, do not fear  you'll get what you want of graces  though your faults be red like scarlet  your soul will be white like the snow of the high hills |
| **29** | Hosanah do Mhac Dhaibhidh,  Mo Righ, mo Thighearna, 's mo Shlanui'ear,  'S mòr mo sholas bhi ga d' thaladh,  'S beannaichte am measg nam mnai mi. | hosanna to the Son of David  my King, my Lord and my Saviour  great is my joy to be lulling You  blessed among the women am I |
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Attributions:

Margaret Fay Shaw, Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist p154-155: written by Father Ranald Rankin. Given by Father Ranald Rankin (*An t-Urramach Raonall Mac Raing)* to the children of his congregation in Moidart when he left for Australia (Geelong, Victoria) in 1855, <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tàladh_Chrìosda> .

The above text is the version published by the Chief of Clan Chisholm, Colin Chisholm (1806–1896), in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness* Vol XV (1888–89), pp239–242, <https://wiki2.org/en/Taladh_Chriosda>

Also published in the collection of Gaelic hymns printed privately by Father Allan MacDonald in 1893.

Father Allan MacDonald, (b Fort William 1859, d Eriskay 1905):

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allan_MacDonald_(poet>)

Tune: collected by Marjorie Kennedy Fraser, Songs of the Hebrides, Vol 1 p 26.