**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 Youmy treasure and my joy are Youmy lovely, becoming son are YouI'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 meit's a great reason for careit's a great reason for homagethe 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, fìrinneachAir Rìoghachd Dhé nan gràs. | though You're a feeble babyfor sure, the King of Kings are YouYou're the rightful, true heirof the Kingdom of God of the graces |
| **4** | Ged is Rìgh na glòrach thuDhiùlt iad an taigh-òsda dhuit,Ach chualas ainglean solasachToirt glòir don Tì as àird. | though the King of Glory are Youthey refused the inn to Youbut joyful angels were heardgiving glory to the Highest One |
| **5** | Bu mhòr solas agus iongnadhBuachaillean bochda nan caorach,Nuair chual' iad na h-ainglean a' glaodhaich,"Thàinig Slànaighear thun an t-saoghail." | great was the joy and wonderof the poor shepherds of the sheepwhen they heard the angels crying out"a Saviour has come to the world" |
| **6** | B' e sin an ceòl, 's an naigheachd àghmhorSheinn na h-ainglean anns na h-àrdaibh,Ag innseadh gun d' rugadh SlànaighearAm Betlehem, am baile Dhaibhidh. | that was the music and the joyous newsthat the angels sang in the heightstelling that a Saviour was bornin 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 blessingsabout the guest that did descend from heavenit's no surprise that I'm light and cheerfulfairer/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 kingsthey followed her like a guide faithfullythey found You in my claspand 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 incensethey gave adoration to You and praisethat was the journey of joy for the three menwho came to see my dearest |
| **10** | Ò na dh'innis aingeal Dé dhuinnGun robh 'n fhoill an cridhe Heroid,Dh'fhalbh sinne leat don ÈiphitGa sheachnadh mun dèanta beud ort. | since the angel of God told usthat deceit was in the heart of Herodwe left with You for Egyptevading 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 heartyour contrivance will not gain you victorymany the mothers that you left wretchedwhen 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 Judeasafe from your sharp sword is Heamong the sons you didn't find HimYou 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 envymy Son will be renowned, famousHe won't show interest in gold or in silverHis Kingdom tis not an earthly kingdom |
| **14** | Gur galach, brònach, tùrsach iadAn-dràst ann an Ierusalem,A' caoidh nam macan ùra sin,'S b' e 'n diubhail 'n cur gu bàs. | wailing, sorrowful, weary are theynow in Jerusalemlamenting those new sonstheir 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 deòirBho nach eil iad aice beò. | Rachel today is sorrowfullamenting her lovely young childstreaming on her cheek are the tearssince 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 MajestyI'm the mother of the God of Gloryhow fortunate, how happy for memy 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 comeall the prophets have got their wishthey've long desired for You to comeYou'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 futileto buy the salvation of the children of menHe's the Reconciler and the RedeemerHe 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 gloireMac bhi agam ge d' is oigh mi. | how has it happened that Iamong the people am so specialit's the will and power of Gloryto 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 treasureworthy, noble, valuable and finetoday I'm not disposed to be discontenttis like a dream the truth |
| **21** | Cha tuig ainglean naomh no daoineGu la deireannach an t-saoghailMeud do throcair a's do ghaoil-sa,Tighinn a ghabhail coluinn daonnta. | neither holy angels nor men will understandtill the last day of the worldthe extent of Your mercy and Your lovecoming 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 adorationI give you praise, I give you loveI have you in my armstis 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 mildmy love the heart that is filled with lovethough You be a baby without a strong constitutionmany 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 fuasgladhBho chuibhreach an namhaid uaibhrich. | my treasure, my joy and my dearest are Youmy darling and love and love of the people are YouYou're the One who brings them liberationfrom 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 OnesGod the Son are You, eternal is Your ageYou're my God and my beloved babyYou'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 bhrònaichGu naomhachd, soilleireachd, a's eòlas. | You're the fair/white sun of hopewho banishes darknessYou bring the children of men from a sorry stateto 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 Youthey would pay homage to You as Saviourthere will be great joy among the seed of Adamthe 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 sgàrlaidBidh t'anam geal mar shneachd nan àrd-bheann. | come, O sinner, do not fearyou'll get what you want of gracesthough your faults be red like scarletyour 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 Davidmy King, my Lord and my Saviourgreat is my joy to be lulling Youblessed 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](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/T%C3%A0ladh_Chr%C3%ACosda) .

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](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allan_MacDonald_%28poet))

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